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Author *Shanley - R*

Title *Morte Arthur*

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Morte Arthure

Monte Anthune.

An alliterative Poem of the 14th Century

From

The Lincoln MS.

Written by



Robert of Thornton

Edited, with Introduction, Notes, and Glossary, by
Mary Macleod Banks

Longmans, Green, and Co.,
39 Paternoster Row, London
New York and Bombay
1900

PART I
THE TEXT

MORTE ARTHURE.

ERRATA.

MISPRINTS : TEXT.

line 527 <i>the</i> for <i>þe</i>	1. 2261 <i>conquerour</i> for <i>conquer-</i> <i>our</i>
623 <i>castelles</i> for <i>castells</i>	2282 <i>what</i> for <i>whate</i>
656 <i>eure</i> „ <i>eure</i>	2808 <i>them</i> „ <i>þem</i>
694 <i>þat</i> „ <i>þat</i>	2857 <i>blode</i> „ <i>bolde</i>
986 <i>out</i> „ <i>owt</i>	3100 <i>stabilis</i> for <i>stabled</i>
1052 <i>tham</i> „ <i>þam</i>	3208 <i>note</i> ³ ; <i>r, rde</i> for <i>yr, gyrd</i>
1085 <i>þe</i> „ <i>þe</i>	3259 <i>comely</i> for <i>comly</i>
1097 <i>Lyme</i> „ <i>Lym</i>	3297 <i>fro</i> „ <i>for</i>
1485 semi-colon missing at the end of the line	3359 <i>as</i> „ <i>es</i>
1687 comma missing at the end of the line	3371 <i>frelich</i> „ <i>freliche</i>
1845 <i>soueraynþe</i> for <i>sou-</i> <i>raynþe</i>	3390 <i>sondire</i> „ <i>sondire</i>
2166 <i>kyng</i> for <i>kyng</i>	3753 <i>their</i> for <i>theire</i>
2239 <i>burlyched</i> „ <i>burlyche</i>	3760 comma missing at the end of the line
	4034 <i>note</i> of exclamation ditto
	4040 <i>thareto</i> for <i>þareto</i>

NOTES.

line 156 <i>Keus qui mont</i> for <i>Keus</i> <i>qui mout</i>	1. 3942 <i>Pre</i> for <i>pre</i>
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GLOSSARY.

Allblausters for allblawsters	Grewes for greues
(Baneoure) 3782 for 3732	Gwerddowns „ gwerdouns
Certyfye ; a. for v. (verb)	(Halely) 1101 „ 1001
Chawnes for chawnse	Hondem „ honden
Cleweworte for clereworte	Housynge „ howsynge
Creete „ creette	Lattede „ layttede
Deffure „ deffuse	(Rype) 1867 „ 1877
Dertflyche „ derflyche	(Salue) deal „ heal
Dowtle „ dowtte	(Sawturore, saltier) ordinarily for ordinary
(Dryssede) Drerce for dresce	Schirrewes for schirreues
(Ekken) ekys should be in small capitals	(Schone) 3559 for 3599
Faytherly for faythely	(Semble) 1547 „ 1457
Frekkely „ frekkly	Senegly „ sengely
(Frythes) v.s. pl. for v. 3 pl.	(Tak) tare „ tase
(Gledys) 177 for 117	(Tite) alle „ alls
(Graynes) 3163 for 3463	(Wiste) welte „ wiet
(Graythe) 1303 „ 4303	

MORTE ARTHURE.

INDEX OF NAMES.

Fawnell *for* Fawuell.

CORRECTIONS.

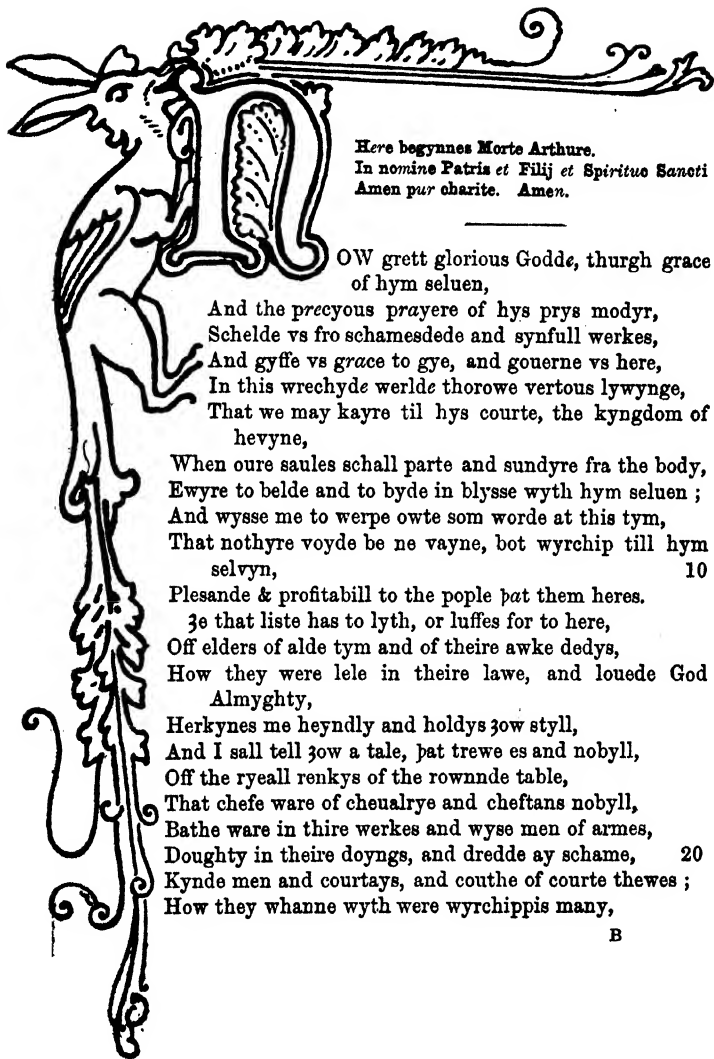
l. 1051, 'Cowlfull' should be cowle full

l. 3126, 'stabbis' wants a note, MS. stablis

l. 3996, 'kyhte' wants a note to say that the MS. has 'kyghte' with the g twice stroked out.

In the Glossary, 'mailes' should be males. 'Ercheuesques' wants the line-number, 67. To 'o, oo,' add of, from. 'Offyre' wants the line-number, 939. To 'Singulere' add *adv.* 172. To 'Toppe-castells' add line-number, 3616. To 'Ventelde' add the line-number, 737. 'Roo,' 3272 should be 4304. 'Brayell,' s. stomach, 793, is omitted. N.B. (Alfyn) elephant=alfyn, is not meant to suggest that alfyn is derived from elephant; the form of statement is misleading.

Morte Arthure.



Here begynnes Morte Arthure.

In nomine Patris et Filij et Spiritus Sancti
Amen pur charite. Amen.

OW grett glorious Godde, thurgh grace
of hym seluen,

And the precyous prayere of hys prys modyr,
Schelde vs fro schamesdede and synfull werkes,
And gyffe vs grace to gye, and gouerne vs here,
In this wrechyde werlde thorowe vertous lywyng,
That we may kayre til hys courte, the kyngdom of
hevyne,

When oure saules schall parte and sundyre fra the body,
Ewyre to belde and to byde in blysse wyth hym seluen ;
And wysse me to werpe owte som worde at this tym,
That nothyre voyde be ne vayne, bot wyrchip till hym
selvyn,

10

Plesande & profitabill to the pople pat them heres.

3e that liste has to lyth, or luffes for to here,
Off elders of alde tym and of their awke dedys,
How they were lele in their lawe, and louede God
Almyghty,

Herkynes me heyndly and holdys 3ow styll,
And I sall tell 3ow a tale, pat trewe es and nobyll,
Off the ryeall renkys of the rownnde table,
That chefe ware of cheualrye and cheftans nobyll,
Bathe ware in thire werkes and wyse men of armes,
Doughty in their doynge, and dredde ay schame, 20
Kynde men and courtays, and couthe of courte thewes ;
How they whanne wyth were wyrchippis many,

B

Slonghe Lucyus þe lythyre, that lorde was of Rome,
 And conqueryd that kyngryke thorowe craftys of armes.
 Herkenes now hedyrwarde, and herys this storye.

Qwen that the kyng Arthur by conqueste hade wonnyn
 Castells and kyngdoms, and contreez many,

And he had couerede the coroun of the kyth ryche,

Of all that Vter in erthe aughte in his tym,

Orgayle and Orkenay, and all this owte-iles,

30

Irelande vtirly, as Occyane rynnys ;

Scathyll Scottlande by skyll he skyftys as hym lykys,

And Wales of were he wane at hys will,

Bathe Flaundrez and Fraunce fre til hym seluyn ;

Holaund and Henawde they helde of hym bothen,

Burgoyne and Brabane, and Bretayn the lesse,

Gyan and Gothelande, & Grece the ryche.

Bayon and Burdeux he beldytt full faire,

Turoyn and Tholus *with* toures full hye ;

Off Peyters and of Prouynce he was prynce holdyn,

40

Of Valence & Vyenne, off value so noble,

Of Eruge & Anyon, thos erledoms ryche.

By conqueste full cruell þey knewe hym fore lorde

Of Nauerne and Norwaye, & Normaundye eke,

Of Almayne, of Estriche, and *oper* ynowe ;

Danmarke he dryssede all by drede of hym seluyn,

Fra Swynn vnto Swetherwyke, *with* his swerde ¹ kene.

Qwenn he thes dedes had don, he doubbyd hys knyghtez,

Dyuysyde dowcherys and delte in dyuerse remmes ;

Mad of his cosyns kyngys ennoyntede,

50

In kyth there they couaitte crounes to bere.

Whene he thys rewmes hade redyn & rewlyde the pople,

Then rystede that ryall and helde þe rounde tabyll ;

Suggeourns þat seson to solace hym seluen,

In Bretayn þe braddere, as hym beste lykys ;

Sythyn wente into Wales *with* his wyes all,

Sweys into Swaldye *with* his snell houndes,

For to hunt at þe hartes in thas hye laundes,

In Glamorgan *with* glee, thare gladchipe was eucere.

¹ MS. swrede. (Brock.)

And thare a citee he sette, be assentte of his lordys,
 That Caerlyon was callid, *with* curius walles,
 On the riche reuare þat rynnys so faire,
 There he myghte semble his sorte to see whenn hym lykyde.
 Thane aftyre at Carlelele a Cristynnese he haldes,
 This ilke kyde conquerour, & helde hym for lorde,
 Wyth dukez & dusperes of dyuers rewmes,
 Erles & ercheuesques, and oper ynowe,
 Byschopes & bachelers, & banerettes nobill
 þat bowes to his banere, buske when hym lykys.
 Bot on the Cristynmesdaye, when they were all semblyde,
 That comlyche conquerour commaundez hym seluyn
 þat ylke a lorde sulde lenge, and no lefe take,
 To the tende day fully ware takyn to þe ende.
 Thus on ryall araye he helde his rounde table,
With semblant & solace & selcouthe metes ;
 Whas neuer syche noblay, in no manys tym,
 Mad in mydwynter in þa weste marchys.
Bot on the newzere daye, at þe none euyne,
 As the bolde at the borde was of brede seruyde,
 So come in sodanly a senatour of Rome,
 Wyth sexten knyghtes in a soyte sewande hym one.
 He saluþed the souerayne & the sale aftyre,
 Ilke a kynge aftyre kynge, and mad his enclines ;
 Gaynour in hir degré he grette as hym lykyde,
 And syne agayne to þe gome he gaffe vp his nedys :
 “ Sir Lucius Iberius, the Emperour of Rome,
 Saluz the as sugett, vndyre his sele ryche ;
 It es credens, *sir* kynge, *with* cruell wordez,
 Trow it for no trufles, his targe es to schewe !
 Now in this newzers daye *with* notaries sygne,
 I make the somouns in sale to sue for þi landys,
 That on Lammesse daye thare be no lette founden,
 þat thow bee redy at Rome *with* all thi rounde table,
 Appere in his presens *with* thy price knyghtez,
 At pryme of the daye, in payne of þour lyvys,
 In þe kydde Capytoile before þe kyng selvyn,
 When he and his senatours bez sette as them lykes,

To ansuere anely why thow occupyes the launde,
 That awe homage of alde till hym & his eldyrs ;
 Why thow has redyn and raymede, & raunsound þe pople, 100
 And kyllyde doun his cosyns, kyngys ennoynttyde.
 Thare schall thow gyffe rekkynyng for all thy round table,
 Why thow arte rebell to Rome, and rentez them wytholdez.
 Jiff thow theis somouns wythsytt, he sendes thie thies wordes,
 He sall the seke ouer þe see wyth sexten kynges,
 Bryne Bretayn þe brade, and bryttyn thy knyghtys,
 And brynge the bouxsomly as a beste *with* brethe whare hym lykes,
 That thow ne schall rowte ne ryste vndyr the heuene ryche,
 Þofe thow for reddour of Rome ryne to þe erthe.
 For if thow flee into Fraunce or Freselaund owper, 110
 þou sall be fechede *with* force, and ouersetete fore euer.
 Thy fadyr mad fewtee, we fynde in oure rollez,
 In the regestre of Rome, who so ryghte lukez :
 Withowttyn more trouflynge the tribute we aske,
 That Iulius Cesar wan wyth his ientill knyghtes ! ”
THe kyng blyschit on the beryn *with* his brode eghn,
 þat full brymly for breth brynte as the gledys ;
 Keste colours as kyng *with* crouell lates,
 Luked as a lyon, and on his lyppe bytes.
 The Romaynes for radnesse ruschte to þe erthe, 120
 Fore ferdnesse of hys face, as they fey were ;
 Cowhide as kenetez before þe kyng seluyn,
 Because of his contenaunce confusede them semede.
 Then couerd vp a knyghte, & criede ful lowde,
 “ Kyng coronede of kynd, curtays and noble,
 Misdoos no messangere for menske of þi seluyn,
 Sen we are in thy mañrede, and mercy þe besekes ;
 We lenge *with* sir Lucius, that lorde es of Rome,
 That es þe meruylousteste man þat on molde lengez ;
 It es lefull till vs his likyng till wyrche ; 130
 We come at his commaundment ; haue vs excusede.”
 Then carpys þe conquerour crewell wordez,—
 “ Haa ! crauaunde knyghte ! a cowarde þe semez !
 þare [is]¹ some segge in this sale, and he ware sare greuede,

¹ Words and letters inserted in brackets are from Brock's edition.

Thow durste noghte for¹ all Lumberdye luke on hym ones."
 "Sir," sais þe senatour, "so Crist mott me helpe,
 þe voute of thi vesage has woundyde vs all !
 Thow arte þe lordlyeste lede þat euer I one lukyde ;
 By lukynge, *withowttyn* lesse, a lyon the semys ! " 139
 "Thow has me somonde," *quod* þe kyng, "& said what þe lykys ;
 Fore sake of thy soueraynge I suffre the þe more ;
 Sen I corounde in kyth wyth crysum enoyntede,
 Was neuer creature to me þat carpede so large.
 Bot I sall tak concell at kynges enoyntede,
 Off dukes & dusters and doctours noble,
 Offe peres of þe parlement, prelates & oper,
 Off þe richeste renkys of þe rounde table ;
 þus schall I take avisemente of valiant beryns,
 Wyrke aftyre the wytte of my wyes knyghttes :
 To warpe wordez in waste no wyrchiþe it were, 150
 Ne wilfully in þis wrethe to wreken my seluen,
 Forþi sall þow lenge here, & lugge wyth þise lordes,
 This seuenyghte in solace, to suggourne þour horses,
 To see whatte lyfe þat wee leede in thees lawe laundes."
 For by þe realtee of Rome, þat recheste was euere,
 He commande *sir Cayous*, "take kepe to thoos lordes,
 To styghtyll þa steryn men as theire statte askys,
 That they bee herberde in haste in thoos heghe chambres,
 Sythin sittandly in sale *seruyde* therafter ;
 That they fynd na fawte of fude to thiere horsez, 160
 Nowthire weyn, ne waxe, ne welthe in þis erthe ;
 Spare for no spycerye, bot spende what þe lykys,
 That there be largesce on lofte, and no lake founden ;
 If þou my wyrchiþe wayte, wy, be my trouthe,
 þou sall haue gersoms full grett, þat gayne sall þe euere !"
 Now er they herberde in hey, & in oste holden,
 Hastly wyth hende men *within* thees heghe wallez ;
 In chambyrs *with* chymynes þey chaungen þeire wedez,
 And sythyn the chauncelere þem fecchede *with* cheualrye² noble.
 Sone þe senatour was sett, as hym wele semyde, 170

¹ MS. full. (Brock.)² MS. chelualrye. (Brock.)

At þe kynges ownn borde ; twa knyghtes hym *seruede*,
 Singulere sothely, as Arthure hym seluyn,
 Richely on þe ryghte haunde at the rounde table ;
 Be resoun þat þe Romaynes whare so ryche holden,
 As of þe realeste blode þat reynede in erthe.
 There come in at þe fyrste course, befor þe kynges seluen,
 Barehenedys þat ware bryghte; burnyste *with syluer*,
 All *with* taghte men and town in togers full ryche,
 Of saunke reall in suyte, sixty at ones ;
 Flesch fluriste of fermyson *with* frumentee noble, 180
 Therto wylde to wale, and wynlyche bryddes,
 Pacokes and plouers in platers of golde,
 Pygges of porke despyne, þat pastured neuere ;
 Sythen herons in hedoyne, hyled full faire ;
 Grett swannes full swythe in silueryn *chargeours*,
 Tartes of Turkey, taste wham þem lykys ;
 Gumbaldes graythely, full gracious to taste ;
 Seyne bowes of wylde bores *with* þe braune lechyde,
 Bernakes and botures in baterde dysches,
 þareby braunchers in brede, bettyr was neuere, 190
With brestez of barowes, þat bryghte ware to schewe.
 Seyn come þer sewes sere, *with* solace þerafter,
 Ownde of azure all ouer & ardant þem semyde,
 Of ilke a leche þe lowe launschide full hye,
 þat all ledes myghte lyke þat lukyde þem apon ;
 þan cranes & curlues craftyly rosted,
 Connygez in cretoyne coloured full faire,
 Fesauntez enflureschit in flammande siluer,
With dariells endordide, and daynteez ynewe ;
 þane clarett and Crette, clergyally rennen, 200
 With condethes full curious all of clene siluyre ;
 Osay a[n]d algarde, and oper ynewe,
 Rynisch wyne and Rochell, richere was neuere ;
 Vernage of Venyce vertuose, and Crete
 In faucetez of fyn golde, fonode who so lykys.
 The kynges cope-borde was closed in siluer,
 In grete goblettez ouergylte glorious of hewe ;
 There was a cheeffe buttlere, a cheualere noble,

Sir Cayous þe curtaise, þat of þe cowpe seruede,
 Sixty cowpes of suyte fore þe kyng seluyn, 210
 Crafty & curious, coruen full faire,
 In euerilk a party pyghte with precyous stones,
 That nan enpoyson sulde goo preuely þervndyre,
 Bot þe bryght golde for brethe sulde briste al to peces,
 Or ells þe venym sulde voyde thurghe vertue of þe stones ;
 And the conquerour hymself, so clenly arayed,
 In colours of clene golde cleede, wyth his knyghttys,
 Drissid with his dyademe on his deesse ryche,
 Fore he was demyde þe doughtyeste þat duellyde in erthe.
 Thane þe conquerour kyndly carpede to þose lordes, 220
 Rehetede þe Romaines with realle speche,
 "Sirs, bez knyghtly of contenance, & comfurthes þour seluyn,
 We knowe noghte in þis countr  of curious metez ;
 In thees barayne landez, bredes non oper,
 Forethy wythowttyn feynyng , enforce þow þe¹ more
 To feede þow with syche feble as  e before fynde."
 "Sir," sais þe senatour, "so Criste motte me helpe !
 There ryngned neuer syche realtee within Rome walles.
 There ne es prelatte, ne pape, ne prynce in þis erthe,
 That he ne,² myghte be wele payede of þees pryce metes." 230
 Aftyre theyre welthe þey wesche, & went vnto chambyre,
 Þis ilke kydde conquerour with knyghtes ynewe.
 Sir Gaywayne þe worthye Dame Waynour he ledys ;
 Sir Owghtreth on þe toper syde, of Turry was lorde.
 Thane spyces vnsparyly þay spendyde thereaftyre,
 Maluesye & muskadell, þase meruelyous drynkes,
 Raykede full rathely in rossete cowpes,
 Till all þe riche on rawe, Romaines & oper.
 Bot the soueraingne sothely, for solauce of hym self, sen
 Assingnyde to þe senatour certaygne lordes, 240
 To lede to his leuer , whene he leue askes,
 With myrthe & with melodye of mynstralsy noble.
 Thane þe conquerour to concell cayres thereaftyre,
 Wyth lordes of his lygeaunce þat to hym selfe langys ;
 To þe geauntes toure iolily he wendes,

¹ MS. þe þow. (Brock.)² MS. ne he. (Brock.)

Wyth justicez & iūggez, and gentill knyghtes.
 Sir Cadour of Cornewayle to þe kynges carppes,
 Lughe on hym luffly *with* lykande lates,—
 “I thanke Gode of þat thraa þat vs þus thretys !
 3ow moste be traylede, I trowe, bot 3ife 3e tretȝ bettyre : 250
 Þe *lettres* of sir Lucius lyghttys myn herte.
 We hafe as losels liffyde many longe daye,
 Wyth delytted in this lande *with* lordchipez many,
 And forelytenede the loos þat we are layttede :
 I was abaischite, be oure Lorde, of oure beste bernes,
 Fore gret dule of deffuse of dedez of armes.
 Now wakkenyse þe were, wyrchipide be Cryste !
 And we sall wynn it ag[a]lyne be wyghtnesse & strenghe.”
 “Sir Cadour,” *quod* þe kynges, “thy concell es noble,
 Bot þou arte a meruailous man *with* thi mery wordez, 260
 For thou countez no caas, ne castes no forthire,
 Bot hurles furthe appon heuede, as thi herte thynkes ;
 I moste trette of a trew towchande þise nedes,
 Talke of thies tythdands þat tenes myn herte.
 Þou sees þat þe emperour es angerde a lyttill,
 Yt semes be his sandismen þat he es sore greuede ;
 His senatour has sommonde me, and said what hym lykyde,
 Hethely in my hall, wyth heyn3ous wordes,
 In speche disspyszed me, & sparede me lyttill ;
 I myght noghte speke for spytte, so my herte trymblyde. 270
 He askyde me tyrauntly tribute of Rome,
 That tenefully tynt was in tyme of myn elders ;
 There alyenes, in absence of all men of armes,
 Couerde it of commons, as cronicles telles.
 I haue title to take tribute of Rome,
 Myne ancestres ware emperours, & aughte it þem seluen,
 Belyn & Bremyn, & Bawdewyne the thyrd,
 They occupyede þe empyre aughte score wynttyrs,
 Ilkane ayere aftyre oþer, as awlde men telles ;
 Thei couerde þe capitoile, and keste down þe walles, 280
 Hyngede of þeire heddys-men by huñdretes at ones ;
 Seyn Constantyne, our kynsmane, conquerid it aftyre,
 Þat ayere was of Ynglande, and emperour of Rome,

He þat conquerid þe crosse be crafterz of armes,
 That Criste was on crucifiede, þat kyng es of heuen.
 Thus hafe we euydens to aske þe emperour þe same,
 That þus regnez at Rome whate ryghte þat he claymes."

Þan answarde kyng Aungers to Arthure hym seluyn,
 "Thow aughte to be ouerlynge ouer all oþer kynges,
 Fore wyseste, and worthyeste, and wyghteste of haundes, 290
 The knyghtlyeste of counsaile þat euer coron bare.

I dare saye fore Scottlande, þat we them schathe lympe,
 When þe Romaines regnede, þay raunsounde oure eldys,
 And rade in theire ryotte, and rauschet our wyfes,
 Withowttyn reson or ryghte reste vs oure gudes ;

And I sall make myn avowe deuotly to Criste,
 And to þe haly vernacle, vertuus and noble,
 Of this grett velany I sall be vengede ones
 On þone venemus men, wyth valiant knyghtes.

I sall the forthire of defence fosterde ynewe, 300
 Fifty thowsande men, wythin two eldes,
 Of my wage for to wende, whare so the lykes,
 To fyghte wyth thy faa men, þat vs unfaire ledes."

Thane the burelyche beryn of Bretayne þe lyttyll
 Counsayles sir Arthure, and of hym besekys
 To ansuere þe alyenes wyth austeren wordes,
 To entyce the emperour to take ouere the mounttes.

He said, "I make myn avowe verreilly to Cryste,
 And to þe haly vernacle, þat voide schall I neuere, 310
 For radnesse of na Romaine þat regnes in erthe ;
 Bot ay be redye in araye, and at areste founden,
 No more dowtte the dynte of theire derfe wapyns,
 þan þe dewe þat es daunke, when þat it doun falles ;
 Ne no more schoune fore þe swape of theire sharpe suerdde,
 Then fore þe faireste flour patt on the folde growes.

I sall to batell the brynge of brenyede knyghtes
 Thyrtty thosaunde be tale, thyrfty in armes,
 Wythin a monethe daye into whatte marche
 þat þow wyll sothelye assygne, when thy selfe lykes."

"A ! A !" sais þe Walsche kyng, "wirchipid be Criste ! 320
 Now schalle we wreke full wele þe wrethe of oure elders.

In West Walys i-wysse syche woundyrs þay wroghte,
 þat all for wandrethe may wepe, þat on þat were thynkes.
 I sall haue the avanttwarde wytterly my seluen,
 Tyll þat I haue venquiste þe Vicounte of Rome,
 þat wroghte me at Viterbe a velanye ones,
 As I paste in pylgremage by the Pounte Tremble.
 He was in Tuskayne þat tyme, and tuke of oure knyghttes,
 Areste them vnryghttwyslye, and raunsounde þam aftyre ;
 I sall hym surelye ensure, þat saghetyll sall we neuer, 330
 Are we sadlye assemble by oure selfen ones,
 And dele dynttys of dethe with oure derfe wapyns.
 And I sall wagge to þat were of wyrchipfull knyghtes,
 Of Wyghte and of Walschelande, and of þe weste marches,
 Twa thosande in tale, horsede one stedys,
 Of þe wyghteste wyes in all þone weste landys."
 Syre Ewan fytz Vryence¹ þane egerly fraynez,
 Was cosyn to þe conquerour, corageous hymselfen,
 "Sir, and we wyste þour wyll, we walde wirke þeraftyre,
 3if þis journee sulde halde, or be ajournede forthyre, 340
 To ryde one þone Romaines & ryott theire landez,
 We walde schape vs therefore to schippe whene þow lykys."
 "Cosyn," quod þe conquerour, "kyndly þou asches ;
 3ife my concell accorde to conquere þone landez,
 By þe kalendez of Iuny we schall encountre ones,
 Wyth full creuell knyghtez, so Cryste mot me helpe !
 Thereto make I myn avowe devottly to Cryste,
 And to þe holy vernacle, vertuou and noble,
 I sall at Lammesse take leue, to lenge at my large
 In Lorayne or Lumberdye, whethire me leue thynkys ; 350
 Merke vnto Meloyne, and myne doun þe wallez,
 Bathe of Petyrsande, & of Pys, and of þe Pounte Tremble,
 In þe Vale of Viterbe vetaile my knyghttes,
 Suggourne there sex wokes & solace my selfen ;
 Send prekers to þe price toun, and plaunte there my segge,
 Bot if þay profre me þe pece be processe of tym."
 "Certys," sais sir Ewayn, "and I avowe aftyre,
 And I þat hathell may see euer with myn eghn,

¹ Read Vryence. (Brock.)

þat ocupies thin heritage, þe empyere of Rome,
 I sall auntyre me anes hys egle to touche, 360
 þat borne es in his banere of brighte golde ryche,
 And raas it from his riche men, and ryfe it in sondyre,
 Bot he be redily reschowede *with* riotous knyghtez.
 I sall enforse þowe in þe felde *with* fresche men of armes,
 Fyfty thosande folke apon faire stedys,
 On thi foo men to fooñde, there the faire thynkes,
 In Fraunce or in Friselande, feghte when þe lykes."
 "By oure Lorde," *quod sir* Launcelott, "now lyghttys myn herte !
 I loue Gode of þis loue þis lordes has avowede.
 Nowe may lesse men haue leue to say whatt them lykes, 370
 And hafe no lettyng be lawe, bot lystynnys þise wordez.
 I sall be at journee *with* gentill knyghtes,
 On a jamby stede full jolyly graythide,
 Or any journee begane to juste *with* hym selfen,
 Emange all his geauntez Genyuers and oper,
 Stryke hym styfflye fro his stede, *with* strenghe of myn handys,
 For all þa steryn in stour, þat in his stale houys.
 Be my retenu arayede, I rekke bott a lytill
 To make rowtte into Rome, *with* ryotous knyghtes ;
 Within a seuenyghte daye, *with* sex score helmes, 380
 I sall be seen on the see, saile when þe lykes."
Thane laughes *sir* Lottez, and all on lowde meles,
 "Me likez þat *sir* Lucius launges aftyre sorowe ;
 Now he wylnez þe were, hys wanedrethe begynnys,
 It es owre weredes to wreke the wrethe of oure elders !
 I make myn avowe to Gode, and to þe holy vernacle,
 And I may se þe Romaines, þat are so ryche halden,
 Arayede in peire riotos on a rounde felde,
 I sall at þe reuerence of þe rounde table
 Ryde throughte all þe rowtte, rerewarde & oper, 390
 Redy wayes to make, and renkkos full rowme,
 Rynnande on rede blode, as my stede ruschez.
 He þat folowes my fare, and fyrste *commes* aftyre,
 Sall fynde in my fare-waye manye fay leuyde."
 Thane þe conquerour kyndly comforthes þese knyghtes,
 Alowes þaim gretly their lordly avowes,—

"Alweldande Gode wyrchipe þow all,
 And latte me neuere wauntte þow, whylls I in werlde regne !
 My menske and my manhede þe mayntene in erthe,
 Myn honour all vtterly in oþer kyngys landes ; 400
 My wele and my wyrchipe, of all þis werlde ryche,
 þe haue knyghtly conqueryde, þat to my coroun langes ;
 Hym thare be ferde for no faees, þat swylke a folke ledes,
 Bot euer fresche for to fyghte, in felde when hym lykes.
 I acounte no kynge þat vndyr Criste lyffes,
 Whills I see þowe all sounde, I sette be no more."

When they tristily had tetryd, þay trumppede vp aftyre,
 Q Descendyd doune with a daunce of dukes and erles ;
 Thane þey semblede to sale, and sowpped als swythe,
 All þis semly sorte, wyth semblante full noble. 410
 Thene the roy reall rehetes thes knyghttys,
 Wyth reuerence and ryotte of all his rounde table ;
 Till seuen dayes was gone þe senatour askes
 Answer to þe emperour with austeryn wordez.
 Aftyre þe Epiphanye, when þe purpos was takyn
 Of peris of þe parlement, prelates and oþer,
 The kyng in his concell, curtaise and noblee,
 Vtters þe alienes, and ansuers hym seluen :—
 "Gret wele Lucius, thi lorde, and layne noghte þise wordes ;
 Ife þow be lyg-mane¹ lele, late hym wiet sone 420
 I sall at Lammese take leue, and loge at my large
 In delitte in his launde, wyth lordes ynewe,
 Regne in my realtee, and ryste when me lykes,
 By þe reyuer of Reone halde my rounde table,
 Faunge the fermes in faithe² of all þa faire rewmes,
 For all þe manace of hys myghte, & mawgree his eghne,
 And merke sythen ouer the mounttez into his mayne londez,
 To Meloyne the meruaylous, and myn down the walles ;
 In Lorrayne ne in Lumberdye lefe schall I nowthire
 Nokyn lede appon liffe, þat þare his lawes þemes ; 430
 And turne into Tuschayne, whene me tyme thynkys,
 Ryde all þas rowme landes wyth ryotous knyghttes ;
 Byde hy[m] make reschewes fore menske of hym seluen,

¹ Or leygmane. (Brock.)

² Or fatthe. (Brock.)

And mette me fore his manhede in þase mayne landes.
 I sall be foundyn in Fraunce, fraiste when hym lykes,
 The fyrste daye of Feuerjere, in thas faire marches.
 Are I be fechyde wyth force, or forfeite my landes,
 þe flour of his faire folke full fay sall be leuyde.
 I sall hym sekyrly ensure, vndyre my seele ryche,
 To seege þe cetee of Rome wythin seuen wyntyre, 440
 And that so sekerly ensege apon sere halfes,
 That many a senatour sall syghe for sake of me one.
 My sommons er certifiende and þow arte full seruyde
 Of cūdit and credense, kayre whene the lykes :
 I sall thi journaye engyste, enjoyne them my seluen,
 Fro this place to þe porte, there þou sall passe ouer ;
 Seuen dayes to Sandewyche, I sette at the large,
 Sixty myle on a daye, þe somme es bott lyttill,
 Thowe moste spede at the spurs, and spare noghte thi fole,
 Thow weynde by Watlyng-strette, and by no waye ells. 450
 Thare thow nyghttes on nyghte, nede moste þou lenge,
 Be it foreste or felde, found þou no forthire ;
 Bynde thy blonke by a buske with thy brydill euen
 Lugge þi selfe vndyre lynde, as þe leefe thynkes ;
 There awes none alyenes to ayer appon nyghttys,
 With syche a rebawdous rowtte to ryot thy seluen.
 Thy lycence es lemete in presence of lordys,
 Be now lathe or lette, ryghte as þe thynkes,
 For bothe þi lyffe and thi lym lygges þerappon,
 þofe sir Lucius had laide þe lordchipe of Rome ; 460
 For be þow founden a fute withowte þe flode merkes,
 Aftyr þe aughtende day, when vndroun es rungen,
 þou sall be heuedede in hye, & with horsse drawen,
 And seyn heyly be hangede, houndes to gnawen ;
 The rente ne rede golde, þat vnto Rome langes,
 Sall noghte redily, renke, raunson thyn one."
 "Sir," sais þe senatour, "so Crist mot me helpe !
 Might I with wirchipe wyn awaye ones,
 I sulde neuer, fore emperour þat on erthe lenges,
 Efte vnto Arthure ayere on syche nedys. 470
 Bot I am sengilly here, with sex sum of knyghtes,

I beseke þow, *sir*, that we may sounde passe :
 If any vnlawefull lede lette vs by þe waye,
 Within thy lycence, lorde, thy loosse es enpeyrede."
 "Care noghte," *quod* the kyng, "thy coundyte es knawen
 Fro Carlelele to þe coste, there thy cogge lengges ;
 þoghe thy cofers ware full, cramede *with syluer*,
 Thow myghte be sekyre of my sele sixty myle forthire."
 They enclined to þe kyng, and counge þay askede,
 Cayers owtt of Carelele, *catchez* on theire horsez ; 480
 Sir Cadore þe curtayes kende them the wayes,
 To Catrike þem cunvayede, & to Crist þem bekennyde.
 So þey spede at þe spoures, þey sprangen þeire horses,
 Hyres þem hakenayes hastyly pereastyre ;
 So fore reddour þey reden, and risted them neuer,
 Bot ȝif they luggede vndire lynd, whills þem lyghte failede ;
 Bot euere þe *senatour* forsothe soghte at þe gayneste.
 By þe seuende day was gone þe cetee þai rechide ;
 Of all þe glee vndire Gode so glade ware þey neuere,
 As of þe sounde of þe see and Sandwyche belles. 490
 Wythowttyn more stownntyng they schippide þeire horsez,
 Wery to þe wane see þey went all att ones ;
 With þe men of þe walle they weyde vp þeire ankyrs,
 And fleede at þe fore flude, in Flaundrez þey rowede,
 And thorughe Flaundres þey founde, as þem faire thoghte,
 Till Akyn in Almayn in Arthur landes ;
 Gosse by þe Mount Goddarde full greuous wayes,
 And so into Lumberddye, lykande to schewe.
 They turne thurgh Tuskayne, *with* towres full heghe,
 In pris appairells them, in *precious* wedez ; 500
 The Sonondaye in Suters þay suggourne þeire horsez,
 And sekis þe seyntez of Rome, be assente of knyghtes
 Sythyn prekes to þe pales *with* portes so ryche,
 þare *sir Lucius* lenges *with* lordes enowe,
 Lowttes to hym lufly, and *lettres* hym bedes
 Of credence enclosyde, *with* knyghtlyche wordez.
 Then þe *emperour* was egree, and enkerly fraynes,
 þe answeere of Arthure he askes hym sone,
 How he arayes þe rewme, & rewlys þe pople,

3if he be rebell to Rome, whate ryghte þat he claymes : 510

“Thow sulde his ceptre haue sesede, & syttyn aboun,

Fore reuerence and realtee of Rome þe noble :

By sertes þow was my sandes, & senatour of Rome,

He sulde for solempnitee hafe seruede þe hym seluen.”

“**Þ**at will he neuer for no waye¹ of all þis werlde ryche,

Bot who may wynn hym of werre, by wyghtnesse of handes ;

Many fey schall be fyrste appon þe felde leuyde,

Are he appere in this place, profre when þe likes.

I saye the, *sir*, Arthure es thyn enmye fore euer,

And ettellis to bee ouerlynge of þe empyre of Rome, 520

That alle his ancestres aughte, bot Vtere hym selfe.

Thy nedes this newe 3ere, I notifiede my selfen,

Before þat noble of name & neynesom of kynges ;

In the moste reale place of þe rounde table,

I somounde hym solempnylye, one-seeande his knyghtez ;

Sen I was formyde in faythe so ferde was I neuere,

In all *the* placez ther I passede of prynce in erthe :

I wolde foresake all my suyte of segnourry of Rome,

Or I este to þat soueraygne whare sente one suyche nedes.

He may be chosyn cheftayne, cheefe of all *oper*, 530

Bathe be chauncez of armes and cheuallrye noble,

For whyeseste, & worthyeste, and wyghteste of haundez

Of all the wyes þate I watte in this werlde ryche,

The knyghtlyeste creatoure in Cristyndome halden,

Of kyng or of conquerour, crownede in erthe,

Of countenaunce, of corage, of crewelle lates,

The comlyeste of knyghtehode þat vndyre Cryste lyffes.

He maye be spoken in dyspens, despyser of syluere,

That no more of golde gyffes þan of grette stones,

No more of wyne þan of watyre, þat of þe welle rynnys, 540

Ne of welthe of þis werlde bot wyrchipe allone.

Syche contenauunce was neuer knowen in no kythe ryche,

As was with þat conuquerour in his courte halden ;

I countede at this Crystynmesse, of kynges enoyntede,

Hole ten at his table, þat tym with hym selfen.

He wyll werraye i-wysse, be ware 3if þe lykes,

¹ ?we. (Brock.)

Wage many wyghtemen, and wache thy marches,
 That they be redye in araye, and at areste foundyn ;
 For ȝife he reche vnto Rome, he raunsouns it for euer.
 I rede þow dresce the þerfore, and drawe no lytte langere, 550
 Be sekyre of þi sowdeours, and sende to þe mowntes ;
 Be þe quaterre of þis ȝere, and hym quarte staunde,
 He wyлле wyghtlye in a qwhyle on his wayes hye."

"Bee Estyre," sais þe emperour, "I ettyll my selfen
 To hostaye in Almayne *with* armede knyghtez ;
 Sende freklye into Fraunce, þat flour es of rewmes,
 Fande to fette þat freke, & forfette his landez ;
 For I sall sette kepers, full conaunde & noble,
 Many geaunte of Geen, justers full gude,
 To mete hym in the mountes, & martyre hys knyghtes, 560
 Stryke þem down in strates, and struye them fore euer.
 There sall appon Godarde a garette be reredē,
 That schall be garneschte & kepyde *with* gude men of armes,
 And a bekyn abouenn to brynne when þem lykys,
 Þat nane enmye *with* hoste sall entre the mountes ;
 There schall one Moute Bernarde be beyldede anopere,
 Buschede *with* bancrettes and bachelers noble :
 In at the portes of Pavye schall no prynce passe,
 Thurgh the perelous places, for my pris knyghtes." 570

Thane *sir* Lucius lordlyche *lettres* he sendys 570
 Onone into þe Oryente, *with* austeryn knyghtez,
 Till Ambyganye and Orcage, and Alysaundyre eke,
 To Inde and to Ermonye, as Ewfrates rynnys,
 To Asye, and to Affrike, and Ewrope þe large,
 To Irritayne, and Elamet, and all pase owte ilez ;
 To Arraby and Egipt, till erles and oper
 That any erthe occupyes in pase este marches
 Of Damaske and Damyat, and dukes and erles.
 For drede of his daungere they dresside þem sone ;
 Of Crete and of Capados the honourable kyngys 580
 Come at his commandmente, clenly at ones ;
 To Tartary & Turkey, when tythynngez es comen,
 They turne in by Thebay, terauntez full hugge,
 The flour of þe faire folke, of Amazonnes landes ;

All thate faillez on þe felde þe forfette fore eucere !
 Of Babyloyn and Baldake the burlyche knyghtes,
 Bayous *with* þeire baronage bydez no langere,
 Of Perce, and of Pamphile, and Preter Iohne landes,
 Iche prynce *with* his powere appertlyche graythede.
 The Sowdane of Surrye assemblez his knyghtes, 590
 Fra Nylus to Nazarethe, nommers full huge ;
 To Garyere & to Galelé þey gedyre all at ones.
 The Sowdanes that ware sekyre sowdeours to Rome,
 They gadyrede ouere þe Grekkes See *with* greuours wapyns,
 In theire grete galays, wyth gletecande scheldez ;
 The kyng of Cyprys on þe see þe Sowdane habydys,
With all þe realls of Roodes, arayede *with* hym one ;
 They sailede *with* a syde wynde oure þe salte strandez,
 Sodanly þe Sarezenes, as them selfe lykede ;
 Craftyly at Cornett the kynges are aryefede, 600
 Fra þe ceté of Rome sexti myle large.
 Be that the Grekes ware graythede, a full gret nombyre,
 The myghtyeste of Macedone, *with* men of þa marches,
 Pull and Pruyslande presses *with* oper,
 The lege-men of Lettow *with* legyons ynewe.
 Thus they semble in sortes, summes full huge,
 Sowdanes and Sarezenes owt of sere landes ;
 The Sowdane of Surry and sextene kynges,
 At the cetee of Rome assemblede at ones.
 Thane yschewes þe emperour armede at ryghtys, 610
 Arayede *with* his Romaynes appon ryche stedys ;
 Sixty geauntes before, engenderide *with* fendez,
 With weches and warlaws to wacchen his tentys,
 Ayware whare he wendes, wyntrez and jeres.
 Myghte no blonkes them bere, thos bustous churles,
 Bot couerde camellez of tourse, enclosyde in maylez ;
 He ayerez oute *with* alyenez, ostes full huge,
 Ewyn into Almayne, þat Arthure hade wonnyn ;
 Rydes in by þe ryuere, and ryottez hym seluen,
 And ayerez *with* a huge wyll all þas hye landez. 620
 All Westwale of werre he wynnys as hym lykes,
 Drawes in by Danuby, and dubbez hys knyghtez ;

In the contré of Coloine castelles enseggez,
And suggeournez þat seson wyth Sarazenes ynewe.

At the vtas of Hillary, syr Arthure hym seluen
In his kydde counsell commande þe lordes,—
“Kayere to *your* cuntrez, and semble *your* knyghtes,
And kepys me at *Constantyne* clenlyche arayede;
Byddez me at Bareflete apon þa blythe stremes,
Baldly *within* borde with *your* beste beryns;
I schall menskfully *your* mete in thos faire marches.”

630

He sendez furthe sodaynly *sergeantes* of armes,
To all hys mariners on rawe, to areste hym schippys;
Wythin sexten dayes hys fleet whas assemblede,
At Sandwyche on þe see, saile when hym lykys.
In the palez of *yorke* a *parlement* he haldez,
With all þe perez of þe rewme, *prelates* and *oper*,
And aftyre þe *prechyng*e in *presence* of lordes,
The kyng in his concell carpys þes wordes;—

640

“I am in *purpos* to *passe* *perilous* wayes,
To kaire with my kene men, to conquere *your* landes,
To owtraye myn enmy, *if* auenture it schewe,
That occupyes myn heritage, þe empyre of Rome.
I sett *your* here a *soucraynge*, ascente *if* *your* lykys,
That es me sybb, my syster son, sir Mordrede hym seluen,
Sall be my leutenante, with lordchipez ynewe,
Of all my lele lege-men, þat my landez *zemes*.”

He carpes till his cosyne þane, in counsaile hym seluen,—

“I make the kepare, *sir* knyghte, of kyngrykes manye,
Wardayne wyrchipfull, to weilde al my landes
That I haue wonnen of werre in all þis werlde ryche.

650

I wyll þat Waynour, my weife, in wyrchipe be holden,
That hire waunte noo wele, ne welthe þat hire lykys;
Luke my kydde castells be clenlyche arrayede,
There cho maye suggourne hire selfe, wyth semlyche berynes.
Faunde my forestez be frythede, o frenchepe for euere,
That nane werreye my wylde, botte Waynour hir seluen,
And þat in þe seson whene grees es assignyde,
That cho take hir solauce in certayne tymms.¹

¹ MS. not quite clear.

Chauncelere and chambyrleyn chaunge as þe lykes, 660
 Audytours and offcers ordayne thy seluen,—
 Bathe jureez, and juggez, and justicez of landes,
 Luke thow justyfye them wele that injurye wyrkes :
 If me be destaynede to dye at Dryghtyns wyll,
 I charge the my sektour, cheffe of all oper,
 To mynystre my mobles, fore mede of my saule,
 To mendynauntez and mysese in myscheffe fallen :
 Take here my testament of tresoure full huge,
 As I trayste appon the, betraye thowe me neuer !

As þow will answeze before the austeryn jugga, 670
 That all þis werlde wyuly wysse as hym lykes,
 Luke þat my laste wyll be lelely perfournede.
 Thow has clenly þe cure that to my coroune langez,
 Of all my werdez wele, and my weyffe eke ;
 Luke þowe kepe the so clere, there be no cause fonden,
 When I to contré come, if Cryste will it thole ;
 And thow haue grace gudly to gouerne thy seluen,
 I sall coroune þe, knyghte, kyng with my handez.”

Þan sir Modrede full myldly meles hym seluen, 680
 Knelyd to þe conquerour, and carpes þise wordez,—
 “ I beseke þow, sir, as my sybbe lorde,
 þat ȝe will for charyté cheese þow anoper ;
 For if ȝe putte me in þis plytte, þowre pople es dyssauyde,
 To presente a prynce astate my powere es symple.
 When oper of werre wysse are wyrchipide hereaftyre,
 Than may I forsothe be sette bott at lyttill.
 To passe in þour presance my purpos es takyn,
 And all my purueaunce apporte fore my pris knyghtez.”
 “ Thowe arte my neuewe full nere, my nurrrree of olde,
 That I haue chastyede and chosen, a childe of my chambyre ; 690
 For the sybredyn of me, foresake noghte þis offyce
 That thow ne wyrk my will, thow watte whatte¹ it menes.”

Nowe he takez hys leue, and lengez no langere,
 At lordez, at lege-men, þat leues hym byhynden.
 And seyne þat worthilyche wy went vnto chambyre
 For to comfurthe þe qwene, þat in care lenges ;

¹ MS. whatte watte. (Brock.)

Waynour waykly wepande hym kyssiz,
 Talkez to hym tenderly *with* teres ynewe,—
 “ I may wery the wye thatt this werre mouede,
 That warnes me wyrchippe of my wedde lorde ; 700
 All my lykyng of lyfe owte of lande wendez,
 And I in langour am leste, leue 3e, for eue !
 Why ne myghte I, dere lufe, dye in *3our* armes,
 Are I pis destanye of dule sulde drye by myne one ? ”
 “ Grefe þe noghte, Gaynour, fore Goddes lufe of hewen,
 Ne gruche noghte my ganggyng, it sall to gude turne.
 Thy wonrydez and thy wepyng woundez myn herte,
 I may noghte wit of þis woo, for all þis werlde ryche ;
 I haue made a kepare, a knyghte of thyn awen,
 Ouerlyng of Ynglande vndyre thy seluen, 710
 And that es *sir* Mordrede, þat þow has mekyll praysede,
 Sall be thy dictour, my dere, to doo whatte the lykes.”
 Thane he takes hys leue at ladys in chambyre,
 Kysside them kyndlyche, and to Criste beteches,
 And then cho swounes full swythe, whe[u] he hys swerde aschede,
 Twys in a swounyng, swelte as cho walde.
 He pressed to his palfray, in *presance* of lordes,
 Prekys of the palez *with* his prys knyghtes,
 Wyth a reall rowte of þe rounde table,
 Soughte towarde Sandwyche ; cho sees hym no more ! 720
 Thare the grete ware gederyde, wyth galyarde knyghtes,
 Garneschit on þe grene felde and graythelyche arayed ;
 Dukkes and duzseperez daynttehely rydes,
 Erlez of Ynglande *with* archers ynewe :
 Schirreues scharply schiftys the comouns,
 Rewlys before þe ryche of the rounde table,
 Assingnez ilke a contree to certayne lordes,
 In the southe on þe see banke saile when þem lykes.
 Thane bargez them buskez, and to þe baunke rowes,
 Bryngez blonkez on bourde, and burlyche helmes ; 730
 Trussez in tristly trappyde stedes,
 Tenntez and othire toylez, and targez full ryche,
 Cabanes, & clathe-sekkes, and coferez full noble,
 Hukes and haknays, and horsez of armez ;

Thus they stowe in the stuffe of full steryn knyghtez.

Qwen all was schyppede that scholde, they schounte no lengere,
Bot ventelde them tyte, as þe tyde rynnez ;

Coggez and crayers þan crosseþ þaire mastez,
At the commandment of þe kyng, vncouerde at ones.

Wyghtly on þe wale þay wye vp þaire ankers, 740

By wytt of þe watyre-men of þe wale ythez ;

Frekes on þe forestayne faken þeire coblez,

In floynes, and fercostez, and Flemesche schyppes,

Tytt saillez to þe toppe, and turnez þe lufe,

Standez appon stere-bourde, sterynly þay songen.

The pryce schippez of the porte prouen theire depnesse,

And fondez wyth full saile ower þe fawe ythez ;

Holly withowttyn harme þay hale in bottes,

Schipe-men scharply schoten þaire portez,

Launchez lede apon lufe, lacchen þer depez, 750

Lukkes to þe lade-sterne, when þe lyghte faillez,

Castez coursez be crafte, when þe clowde rysez,

With þe nedyll and þe stone one þe nyghte tydez.

For drede of þe derke nyghte þay drecchede a lyttill,

And all þe steryn of þe streme strekyn at ones.

The kyng was in a gret cogge, with knyghtez full many,

In a cabane enclosede, clenlyche arayede,

Within on a ryche bedde rystys a littyll,

And with þe swoghe of þe sec in swefnyng he fell.

Hym dremyd of a dragon, dredfull to beholde, 760

Come dryfande ouer þe depe to drenschen hys pople,

Ewen walkande owte of the weste landez,

Wanderande vnworthyly ouere the wale ythez ;

Bothe his hede and hys hals ware halely all ouer

Oundyde of azure, enamelde full faire :

His scoulders ware schalyde all in clene syluere,

Schreede ouer all þe schrympe with schrinkande poyntez ;

Hys wombe and hys wenges of wondyrfull hewes,

In meruaylous maylys he mountede full hye ;

Whaym þat he towchede he was tynt for euer. 770

Hys feete ware floreschede all in fyne sabyll,

And syche a vennyxious flayre flowe fro his lyppez,

That the flode of þe flawez all on fyre semyde.

Thane come of þe Oryente, ewyn hym agaynez,
 A blake bustous bere abwen in the clowdes,
 With yche a pawe as a poste, and paumes full huge,
 With pykes full *perilous*, all plyande þam semyde,
 Lothen and lothely, lokkes and oper,
 All with lutterde legges, lokerde vnfaire,
 Filtyrde vnfrely, wyth fomaunde lyppez,
 The fouleste of segure that fourmede was euer.
 He baltyrde, he bleryde, he braundyschte þerafter;
 To bataile he bounnez hym with bustous clowez:
 He romede, he rarede, that roggede all þe erthe,
 So ruydly he rappyd at to ryot hym seluen.

780

Thane the dragon on dreghe dressede hym aȝaynez,
 And with hys d[i]nttez hym drafe one dreghe by þe walkyn:
 He fares as a fawcon, frekly he strykez;
 Bothe with feete and with fyre he feghttys at ones.
 The bere in the bataile þe bygger hym semyde,
 And byttes hym boldlye wyth balefull tuskez;
 Syche buffetez he hym rechez with hys brode klokkes,
 Hys brest and his brayell whas blodye all ouer.
 He rawmpyde so ruydly that all þe erthe ryfez,
 Rynnande on reede blode as rayne of the heuen.
 He hade weryede the worme by wyghtnesse of strenghte,
 Ne ware it fore þe wylde fyre þat he hym wyth defendez.

790

Thane wandrys þe worme awaye to hys heghttez,
 Commes glydande fro þe clowddez, and cowpez full euen,
 Towchez hym wyth his talounez, and terez hys rigge,
 Betwyx þe taile and the toppe ten fote large.
 Thus he brittenyd the bere, and broghte hym o lyfe,
 Lette hym fall in the flode, fleete whare hym lykes.
 So they brynge þe bolde kyng bynne þe schippe-burde,
 þat nere he bristez for bale, on bede whare he lyggez.

800

Than waknez þe wyese kynge, wery foretrauaillede,
 Takes hym two phylozophirs, that folowede hym cuer,
 In the seyn scyence the suteleste fonden,
 The cony[n]geste of clergie vndyre Criste knowen;
 He tolde þem of hys tourmente, þat tym þat he slepede;

810

“ Drechede *with* a dragon, and syche a derfe beste,
Has mad me full wery ; 3e tell me my swefen,
Ore I mon swelte as swythe, as wysse me oure Lorde.”

“ Sir,” saide þey son thane, thies sagge philosopherse,
“ The dragon þat þow dremyde of, so dredfull to schewe,
That come dryfande ouer þe deepe, to drynchen thy pople,
Sothely and certayne thy seluen it es,
That thus saillez ouer þe see *with* thy sekyre knyghtez.
The colurez þat ware castyn appon his clere wengez
May be thy kyngrykez all, that thow has ryghte wonnyn ; 820
And the tachesesede taile, *with* tonges so huge,
Betakyns þis faire folke, that in thy fleet wendez.
The bere that bryttenede was abowen in þe clowdez,
Betakyns the tyrauntez þat tourmentez thy pople ;
Or ells *with* somme gyaunt some journee sall happyn,
In syngulere batell by 3oure selfe one,
And þow sall hafe þe victorye thurgh the helpe of oure Lorde,
As þow in thy vision was opynly schewede.
Of this dredfull dreame ne drede the no more,
Ne kare noghte, *sir* conquerour, bot comforth thy seluen ; 830
And thise þat saillez ouer þe see, *with* thy sekyre knyghtez.”

With trumppez then trustly, they trisen vpe paire saillez,
And rowes ouer the ryche see, this rowtte all at onez ;
The comely coste of Normandye they cachen full euen,
And blythely at Barflete theis holde are arryfed,
And fyndys a flete there of frendez ynewe ;
The floure and þe faire folke of fyftene rewmez
Fore kynges and capytaynez kepyde hym fayre,
As he at Carelele commaundyde at Cristymesse hym seluen.

Be they had taken the lande, and tentez vpe rerede, 840
Comez¹ a templere tyte, and towchide to þe kyng—
“ Here es a teraunt besyde that tourmentez thi pople,
A grett geaunte of Geen, engenderde of fendez ;
He has fretyn of folke mo than fyfe hondrethe,
And als fele fawntekyns of freebornne chylde.
This has bene his sustynauce all this seuen wyntteres,
And 3itt es that sotte noghte sadde, so wele hym it lykez ;

¹ Or Commiez. (Brock.

In þe contree of Constantyne no kynde has he leuede,
 Withowttyn kydd castells enclosid wyth walles,
 That he ne has clenly dystroyede all the knaue childyre, 850
 And them caryede to þe cragge, and clenly deworyde.

The duchez of Bretayne todaye has he takyn,
 Beside Reynes as scho rade with hire ryche knyghttes,
 Ledd hyre to þe mountayne, thare þat lede lengez,
 To lye by that lady, aye whyls hir lyfe lastez.
 We folowede o ferrom moo then fyfe hundrethe,
 Of beryns, and of burgeys, and bachelers noble,
 Bot he couerde the cragge ; cho cryede so lowde,
 The care of þat creatoure couer sall I neuer.

Scho was flour of all Fraunce, or of fyfe rewmes, 860
 And one of the fayreste that fourmede was euere,
 The gentileste jowell ajuggede with lordes,
 Fro Geen vnto Geron, by Ihesu of heuen !
 Scho was thy wyfes cosyn, knowe it if þe lykez,
 Comen of þe rycheeste, that rengnez in erthe :
 As thow arte ryghtwise kyngre rewre on thy pople,
 And fande for to venge them, that thus are rebuykyde."

"Allas !" sais *sir* Arthure, "so lange haue I lyffede,
 Hade I wyten of this, wele had me chefedre ;
 Me es noghte fallen faire, bot me es foule happynede, 870
 That thus this faire ladye this fende has dystroyede.
 I had leuere thane all Fraunce, this fyftene wynter,
 I hade bene before thate freke, a furlange of waye,
 When he that ladye had laghte and ledde to þe montez :
 I hadde lefte my lyfe are cho hade harme lymppyde.
 Bot walde þow kene me to þe crage, thare þat kene lengez,
 I walde cayre to þat coste, and carpe wythe hym seluen,
 To trette with that tyraunt fore treson of loñdes,¹
 And take trewe for a tym, till it may tyde bettyre."

"Sire, see 3e 3one farlande, with 3one two fyrez ? 880
 þar filsnez þat fende, fraiste when the lykes,
 Appone the creste of the cragge, by a colde welle,
 That enclosez þe clyfe with þe clere strandez ;
 Ther may thow fynde folke fay wythowttyn nowmer,

¹ Originally *lordez*. (Brock.)

Mo florenez in faythe than Fraunce es in aftyre ;
 And more tresour vntrewely that traytour has getyn,
 Thane in Troye was, as I trowe, pat tym pat it was wonn."

Thane romyez the ryche kyng for rewthe of þe pople,
 Raykez ryghte to a tente, and restez no lengere ;
 He welterys, he wisteles, he wryngez hys handez, 890
 Thare was no wy of þis werlde, pat wyste whatt he menede.
 He calles *sir Cayous*, pat of þe cowpe serfede,
 And *sir Bedvere* þe bolde, pat bare hys brande ryche,—
 "Luke 3e aftyre euensange be armyde at ryghttez,
 On blonkez by 3one buscayle, by 3one blythe stremez,
 Fore I will passe in pilgremage preuely hereaftyre,
 In the tyme of suppere, whene lordez are seruede,
 For to seken a saynte be 3one salte stremes,
 In seynt Mighell mount, there myraclez are schewede."

Aftyre euesange, *sir Arthure* hym se[l]fen 900
 Went to hys wardrope, and warpe of hys wedez,
 Armede hym in a acton with orfraez full ryche,
 Abouen on pat a jeryn of Acres owte ouer,
 Abouen pat a jesseraunt of jentyll maylez,
 A jupon of Ierodyn jaggede in schrede.
 He brayedez one a bacenett burneschte of syluer,
 The beste pat was in Basill, wyth bordurs ryche ;
 The creste and þe coronall, enclosed so faire
 Wyth clasppis of clere golde, couched wyth stones ;
 The vesare, þe aventaille, enarmede so faire, 910
 Voyde withowttyn vice, with wyndowes of syluer ;
 His gloues gaylyche gilte, and grauen at þe hemmez,
 With graynez and gobelets, glorious of hewe ;
 He bracez a brade schelde, and his brande aschez,
 Bounede hym a broun stede, and on þe bente houys.
 He sterte till his sterepe and stridez on lofte,
 Streynz hym stowttly, and sterys hym faire,
 Brochez þe baye stede, and to þe buske rydez,
 And there hys knyghtes hym kepede full clenlyche arayed.

Than they roode by pat ryuer,¹ pat rynnyd so swythe, 920
 þare þe ryndez ouerrechez with reall bowghez ;

¹ MS. ryuerer.

The roo and þe rayne-dere reklesse thare ronnen,
 In ranez and in rosers to ryotte þam seluen ;
 The frithez ware floreschte with flourez full many,
 Wyth fawcouns and fesantez of ferlyche hewez ;
 All þe feulez thare fleschez, that flyez *with* wengez,
 Fore thare galede þe gowke one greuez full lowde,
 Wyth alkyn gladchipe þay gladden þem seluen :
 Of þe nyghtgale notez þe noizez was swette,
 They threpið wyth the throstills, thre hundreth at ones, 930
 þat whate swowyng of watyre, and syngyng of byrdez,
 It myghte salue hym of sore, þat sounde was neuere.

Than ferkez this folke, and on fotte lyghttez,
 Festenez theire faire stedez o ferrom bytweñe ;
 And thene the kyng kenely comandye hys knyghtez
 For to byde *with* theire blonkez, and bowne no forthyre,—
 “Fore I will seke this seynte by my selfe one,
 And mell *with* this mayster mane, þat this monte 3emez ;
 And seyn sall 3e offyre, aythyre aftyre oper,
 Menskfully at Saynt Mighell full myghtty *with* Criste !” 940

The kyng coueris þe cragge wyth cloughes full hye,
 To the creste of the clyffe he clymbez on lofte ;
 Keste vpe hys vmbreze, and kenly he lukes
 Caughte of þe colde wynde to comforth the hym seluen ;
 Two fyrez he fyndez flawmande full hye,
 The fourtedele a furlange betwene þus he walkes ;
 The waye by þe welle strandez he wandyrde hym one,
 To wette of þe warlawe, where þat he lengez ;
 He ferkez to þe fyrste fyre, and euen there he fyndez
 A wery wafull wedowe, wryngande hire handez, 950
 And gretande on a graue gryssely teres,
 New merkyde on molde, sen myddaye it semede :
 He salu3ede þat sorowfull *with* sittande wordez,
 And fraynez aftyre the fende fairely thereaftyre.
 Thane this wafull wyfe vñwynly hym gretez,
 Couerde vp on hire kneesse, and clappyde hire handez ;
 Said, “carefull careman, thow carpez to lowde,
 May 3one warlawe wyt, he worows vs all.
 Weryd worthe þe wyghte ay, that þe thy wytt refede,

That mase the to wayfe here in pise wylde lakes ! 960
 I warne þe fore wyrchipe, þou wynnez aftyr sorowe.
 Whedyre buskes þou berne? vnþlysside þow semes,
 Wenez thow to britten hym *with* thy brande ryche?
 Ware thow wyghttere than Wade or Wawayn owthire,
 Thow wynnys no wyrchipe, I warne the before;
 Thow saynned the vnsekyrly to seke to þese mountez,
 Siche sex ware to symple to semble *with* hym one;
 For and thow see hym *with* syghte, the seruez no herte,
 To sayne the sekerly, so semez hym huge.

Thow arte frely and faire, and in thy fyrste flourez, 970
 Bot thow arte fay be my faythe, and þat me forthynkkys.
 Ware syche fyfty on a felde, or one a faire erthe,
 The freke walde *with* hys fyste fell þow at ones.
 Loo! here the ducheze dere,—to daye was cho takyn,—
 Depe doluen and dede, dyked in molde;
 He hade morthirede this mylde be myddaye war rongen,
 Withowttyn mercy one molde, I not watte it ment:
 He has forsede hir and fylede, and cho es fay leuede;
 He slewe hir vnslely, and slitt hir to þe nauyll,
 And here haue I bawmede hir, and beryede þeraftyr; 980
 For bale of þe botelesse, blythe be I neuer.
 Of alle þe frendeze cho hade, þere folowede none aftyre,
 Bot I, hir foster modyr of fyftene wynter;
 To ferke of this farlande, fande sall I neuer,
 Bot here be founden on felde, till I be fay leuede.”

Thane answers *sir* Arthure to þat alde wyf;
 “I am comyn fra þe conquerour, curtaise and gentill,
 As one of þe hatheldest of Arthur knyghtez,
 Messenger to þis myxen,¹ for mendemente of þe pople,
 To mele *with* this maister man, that here this mounte þomez; 990
 To trete *with* this tyraunt for tresour of landez,
 And take trew for a tym, to bettyr may worthe.”
 “ȝa, thire wordis are bot waste,” *quod* this wif thane,
 “For bothe landez and lythes full lyttill by he settes;
 Of rentez ne of rede golde rekkez he neuer,
 For he will lenge out of lawe, as hym selfe thynkes,

¹ MS. has unusual contraction for *en* here.

Withouten licence of le le, as lorde in his awen.

Bot he has a kyrtyll one, kepide for hym seluen,
 That was sponen in Spayne with specyall byrdez,
 And sythyn garnescht in Grece full graythly togedirs ; 1000
 It es hydede all *with* hare hally al ouere,
 And bordyrde *with* the berdez of burlyche kynggez,
 Crispid and kombide, that kempis may knawe
 Iche kyngz by his colour, in kythe there he lengez.
 Here the fermez he fangez of fyftene rewmez,
 For ilke Esterne ewyn, howeuer that it fall,
 They send it hym sothely for saughte of þe pople,
 Sekerly at þat seson *with* certayne knyghtez,
 And he has aschede Arthure all þis seuen wyntter.
 Forthy hurdez he here, to owtraye hys pople, 1010
 Till þe Bretons kyngz haue burneschte his lyp pys,
 And sent his berde to that bolde wyth his beste berynes ;
 Bot thowe hafe broghte þat berde, bowne the no forthire,
 For it es butelesse bale thowe biddez oghte ells ;
 For he has more tresour to take when hym lykez,
 Than euere aughte Arthure, or any of hys elders.
 If thowe hafe broghte þe berde, he bese more blythe
 Thane þowe gafte hym Burgoyne, or Bretayne þe more ;
 Bot luke nowe for charitee, þow chasty thy lypys,
 That the no wordez eschape, whate so betydez ; 1020
 Luke þi presante be priste, and presse hym bott lytill,
 For he es at his sowper, he will be sone greuyde.
 And þow my concell doo, þow dosse of thy clothes,
 And knele in thy kyrtyll, and call hym thy lorde.
 He sowppes all þis seson *with* seuen knaue childre,
 Choppid in a chargour of chalke whytt syluer,
With pekill & powdyre of precious spycez,
 And pyment full plenteuous of Portyngale wynes ;
 Thre balefull birdez his brochez þey turne,
 þat byddez his bedgatt, his byddyngz to wyrche ; 1030
 Siche foure scholde be fay *within* foure hourez,
 Are his fylth ware filledz that his flesch ȝernes."

"3a, I haue broghte þe berde," quod he, "the bettyre me lykez ;
 Forthi will I boun me, and bere it my seluen ;

Bot, lefe, walde þow lere me whare þat lede lengez,
 I sall alowe þe and I liffe, oure Lorde so me helpe ! ”
 “ Ferke fast to þe fyre,” *quod* cho, “ that flawmez so hye ;
 Thare fillis þat fende hym, fraist when the lykez ;
 Bot thow moste seke more southe, sydlyngs a lyttill,
 For he will hafe sent hym selfe sex myle large.” 1040

To þe sowre of þe reke he soghte at þe gayneste,
 Sayned hym sekerly *with* certeyne wordez,
 And sydlyngs of þe segge the syghte had he rechide,
 How vnsemy þat sott satt sowpande hym one.
 He lay lenand on lange, lugande vnfaire,
 þe thee of a manns lymme lyfte vp by þe haunche ;
 His bakke, and his bewschers, and his brode lendez,
 He bekez by þe bale-fyre, and breklesse hym semede ;
 þare ware rostez full ruyde, and rewfull bredez,
 Beerynes and bestaile brochede togeders, 1050
 Cowlefull cramede of crysmede chilydre,
 Sum as brede brochede ; and bierdez *tham* tournede.

And þan this comlych kyng, bycause of his pople,
 His herte bledez for bale, one bent ware he standez.
 Thane he dressede one his schelde, schuntes no lengere,
 Braundesche his bryghte swerde by þe bryghte hiltz,
 Raykez towarde þe renke reghte *with* a ruyde will,
 And hyely hailsez þat hulke *with* hawtayne wordez,—

“ Now, all-weldand Gode, þat wyrscheppez vs all,
 Giff the sorowe and syte, sotte, there thow lygges, 1060
 For the fulsomeste freke that *fourmede* was eue ;
 Fouilly thow fedys the, þe fende haue thi saule !
 Here es cury vnclene, carle, be my trowthe,
 Caffe of creatours all, thow curssede wriche,
 Because that þow killide has þise cresmede chilydre,
 Thow has marters made, and broghte oute of lyfe,
 þat here are brochede on bente, and brittenede *with* thi handez,
 I sall merke þe thy mede, as þou has myche serfede,
 Thurghe myghte of seynt Mighell, þat þis monte ȝemes.
 And for this faire ladye, þat þow has fey leuyde, 1070
 And þus forcede one foulde, for fylth of þi selfen,
 Dresse the now, dogge-sone, the deuell haue þi saule,

For þow sall dye this day, thurghe dynt of my handez."

Than glopene þe gloton and glorede vnfaire,
 He grenede as a grewhonde, *with* gryslly tuskes ;
 He gapede, he groned faste, *with* grucchande latez,
 For grefe of þe gude kynge, þat hym *with* grame gretez.
 His fax and his foretoppe was filterede togeders,
 And owte of his face fome ane halfe fote large ;
 His frount and his forheuede, all was it ouer, 1080
 As þe fell of a froske, and fraknede it semede,
 Huke-nebbyde as a hawke, and a hore berde,
 And herede to þe hole eyghn *with* hyngande browes ;
 Harske as a hunde-fisch, hardly who so lukez,
 So was þe hyde of þat hulke hally al ouer.
 Erne had he full huge, and vgly to schewe,
With eghne full horrible, and ardaunt for sothe ;
 Flatt-mowthede as a fluke, *with* fleryande lypmys,
 And þe flesche in his fortethe fowly as a bere.
 His berde was brothy and blake, þat till his brest rechede, 1090
 Grassede as a mereswyne *with* corkes full huge,
 And all falterde þe flesche in his foule lippys,
 Ilike wrethe as a wolfe-heuede, it wraythe owtt at ones !
 Bullenekkyde was þat bierne, and brade in the scholders,
 Brok-brestede as a brawne, *with* brustils full large,
 Ruyd armes as an ake *with* rusclede sydes,
 Lyme and leskes full lothyn, leue 3e for sothe :
 Schouell-fotede was þat schalke, and schaylande hym semyde,
With schankez vnschaply, schowand togedyrs ;
 Thykke theese as a thursse, and thikkere in þe hanche, 1100
 Greesse growen as a galte, full grylych he lukez.
 Who þe lenghe of þe lede lelly accountes,
 Fro þe face to þe fote was fyfe fadom lange.

Thane stertez he vp sturdely on two styffe schankez,
 And sone he caughte hym a clubb all of clene yryn.
 He walde hafe kyllede þe kynge *with* his kene wapen,
 Bot thurghe þe crafte of Cryste 3it þe carle failede.
 The creest and the coronall, þe claspes of syluer,
 Clenly *with* his clubb he crasschede doune at onez.

The kynge castes vp his schelde, and couers hym faire, 1110

And *with* his burlyche brande a box he hym reches ;
 Full butt in þe frunt the fromonde he hittez,
 That the burnyscht blade to þe brayne rynnez ;
 He feyede his fysnamye *with* his foule hondez,
 And frappez faste at hys face fersely *per*aftyre.
 The kyng chaungez his fote, eschewes a lyttill,
 Ne had he eschapede þat choppe, cheuede had euyll ;
 He folowes in fersly, and festenesse a dynte
 Hye vpe on þe hanche, *with* his harde wapyn,
 That he hillid þe swerde halfe a fote large ;
 The hott blode of þe hulke vnto þe hilde rynnez,
 Ewyn into inmette the gyaunt he hyttez,
 Iust to þe genitales,¹ and jaggede þam in sondre.

1120

Thane he romyede and rarede, and ruydly he strykez
 Full egerly at Arthure, and on the erthe hittez
 A swerde lenghe *within* þe swarthe, he swappez at ones,
 That nere swounes þe kyng for swoughe of his dynttez.
 Bot ȝit the kyng sweperly full swythe he byswenkez,
 Swappez in *with* the swerde þat it þe swange brystedde ;
 Bothe þe guttez and the gorre guschez owte at ones,
 þat all englaymez þe gresse one grounde *per* he standez.

1130

Thane he castez the clubb and the kyng hentez,
 On þe creeste of þe cragg he caughte hym in armez,
 And enclosez hym clenly, to cruschen hys rybbez ;
 So harde haldez he þat hende, þat nere his herte brystez.
 þane þe balefull bierdez bownez to þe erthe,
 Kneland and cryande, and clappide peire handez,—
 “ Criste comforthe ȝone knyghte, and kepe hym fro sorowe,
 And latte neuer ȝone fende fell hym o lyfe ! ”

ȝitt es þe warlow so wyghte, he welters hym vnder,
 Wrothely þai wrythyn and wrystill togederz,
 Welters and walowes ouer *within* þase buskez,
 Tumbellez and turnes faste, and terez þaire wedez,
 Vntenderly fro þe toppe þai tiltin togederz,
 Whilom Arthure ouer, and oþerwhile vndyre,
 Fro þe heghe of þe hyll vnto þe harde roche ;
 They feyne neuer are they fall at þe flode merkes.

1140

¹ MS. genitates. (Brock.)

Bot Arthur *with* ane anlace egerly smyttez,
 And hittez euer in the hulke vp to þe hilttez.
 Þe theeffe at þe dede-thrawe so throly hym thryngez, 1150
 þat three rybbys in his syde he thrystez in sundere.

Then *sir* Kayous þe kene vnto þe kyng styrtez,—
 Said, “allas ! we are lorne, my lorde es confundede,
Ouerfallen with a fende, vs es full hapnede !
 We mon be forfetede in faith, and flemyde for euer.”
 þay hafe vp hys hawberke þan and handilez þer vndyre,
 His hyde and his haunche eke, on heghte to þe schuldrez,
 His flawnke and his feletez, and his faire sydez,
 Bothe his bakke and his breste, and his bryghte armez.
 þay ware fayne þat þey fande no flesche entamede, 1160
 And for þat journee made joye, þir gentill knyghttez.

“Now, certez,” saise *Sir* Bedwere, “it semez, be my Lorde !
 He sekez seyntez bot selden, þe sorere he grypes,
 þat þus clekys this corsaunt owte of þir heghe clyffez,
 To carye forthe sicke a carle at close hym in siluere.
 Be Myghell, of syche a makk I hafe myche wondyre
 That euer owre soueraygne Lorde suffers hym in heuen ;
 And all seyntez be syche, þat seruez oure Lorde,
 I sall neuer no seynt bee, be my fadyre sawle !”

Thane bouredez þe bolde kyng at Bedvere wordez,— 1170
 “þis seynt haue I soghte, so helpe me owre Lorde !
 Forthy brayd owtte þi brande, and broche hym to þe herte ;
 Be sekere of this *sergeaunt*, he has me sore greuede.
 I faghte noghte wyth syche a freke þis fyftene wyntyrs,
 Bot in þe montez of Araby I mett syche anoper ;
 He was þe forcyere be ferre þat had I nere funden,
 Ne had my fortune bene faire, fey had I leuede.
 Onone stryke of his heuede, and stake it thereafyre,
 Gife it to thy sqwyere, fore he es wele horsede ;
 Bere it to *sir* Howell þat es in herde bandez, 1180
 And byd hym herte hym wele, his enmy es destruede ;
 Syne bere it to Bareflete, and brace it in yryne,
 And sett it on the barbycane, biernes to schewe.
 My brande and my brode schelde apon þe bent lyggez,
 On þe creeste of þe cragge, thare fyrste we encountrede,

And þe clubb parby, all of clene iren,
 þat many Cristen has kyllde in *Constantyne* landez ;
 Ferke to the farlande, and fetch me þat wapen,
 And late founde till oure flete, in flode þare it lengez.
 If thou wyll any *tresour*, take whate the lykez ; 1190
 Hane I the kyrtyll and þe clubb, I coueite noghte ells."

Now þey caire to þe cragge, þise comlyche knyghtez,
 And broghte hym þe brade schelde, and his bryghte wapen,
 þe clubb and þe cotte alls, syr Kayous hym seluen,
 And kayres with [þe] *conquerour*, the kynges to schewe ;
 That in couerte þe kyng helde closse to hym seluen,
 Whills clene day fro þe clowde clymbyd on lofte.

Be that to courte was comen clamour full huge,
 And before þe comlyche kyng they knelyd all at ones,—
 " Welcom, oure liege lorde, to lang has thou duellyde, 1200
Gouernour vndyr Gode, graytheeste and noble,
 To wham grace es graunted, and gyffen at his will.
 Now thy comly come has comforthede vs all,
 Thou has in thy realtee reuengyde thy pople.
 Thurghe helpe of thy hande thyne enmyse are struyede,
 That has thy renkes ouerronne, and reft them their chylde ;
 Whas neuer rewme owte of araye so redyly releuede."

Than þe *conquerour* cristenly carpez to his pople,
 " Thankes Gode," *quod* he, " of þis grace, and no gome ells,
 For it was neuer manns dede, bot myghte of Hym selfen, 1210
 Or myracle of Hys modyre, þat mylde es till all."
 He somond þan þe schippemen scharpely *perastyre*,
 To schake furthe with þe schyre-men to schifte þe gudez ;
 " All þe myche *tresour* þat traytour had wonnen,
 To comouns of the contré, clergye and oper,
 Luke it be done and delte to my dere pople,
 That none pleyne of their parte, o peyne of þour lyfez."
 He comande hys cosyn with knyghtlyche wordez,
 To make a kyrke on þe cragg, ther the corse lengez,
 And a couent therein, Criste for to serfe, 1220
 In mynde of þat martyre, þat in þe monte rystez.

Q wen Sir Arthur the kyng had kyllid þe gyaunt,
 Than blythely fro Bareflete he buskes on þe morne,

With his batell on brede, by þa blythe stremes ;
 Towarde Castell Blanke he chesez hym the waye,
 Thurghe a faire champayne, vndyr schalke hyllis.
 The kyng fraystez a furth ouer the fresche strandez,
 Foundez with his faire folk ouer as hym lykez :
 Furthe stepes that steryn and strekez his tentis
 One a strenghe by a streme, in þas straytt landez. 1230

Onone aftyre myddaye, in the mene-while,
 þare comez two messangers of tha fere marchez,
 Fra þe marschall of Fraunce, and menskfully hym gretes,
 Besoghte hym of sucour, and saide hym þise wordez, —
 “ Sir, thi marschall, þi mynistre, thy mercy besekez,
 Of thy mekill magestee, fore mendement of thi pople,
 Of þise marchez-men, that thus are mys-karyede,
 And thus merrede amange, maugree theire eghne.
 I witter þe þe emperour es entirde into Fraunce,
 With osten of enmyse, horrible and huge ; 1240
 Brynnez in Burgoyne thy burghes so ryche,
 And brittenes thi baronage, that bieldez þarein ;
 He encrochez kenely by craftez of armez,
 Countrese and castells þat to thy coroun lañgez ;
 Confoundez thy comouns, clergy and oper ;
 Bot thow comfurth them, *sir* kyng, couer sall they neuer.
 He fellez forestez fele, forrayse thi landez,
 Frysthez no fraunchez, bot fraisez the pople.

þus he fellez thi folke, and fangez theire gudez
 Fremedly the Franche tungz fey es belefede. 1250
 He drawes into dounce Fraunce, as Duchemen tellez,
 Dresside with his dragouns, dredfull to schewe ;
 All to dede they dyghte with dynttys of swerddes,
 Dukez and dusperes, þat dreches tharein.
 Forthy the lordez of the lande, ladys and oper,
 Prayes the for Petyr luffe, þe apostyll of Rome,
 Sen thow arte presant in place, þat þow will profyre make
 To þat perilous prynce, be processe of tym.

He ayers by þone hilles, þone heghe holtez vndyr,
 Hufes thare with hale strenghe of haythen kynges ; 1260
 Helpe nowe for His lufe, that heghe in heuen sittez,

And talke tristly to them, þat thus vs destroyes."

The kynge biddis *sir* Boice, "buske the belyfe !
Take *with* the *sir* Berill, and Bedwere the ryche,
Sir Gawayne and *sir* Gryme, these galyarde knyghtez,
And graythe þowe to þone grene wode, and gose on þer nedes ;
Saise to syr Lucius, to vnlordly he wyrkez,
Thus letherly agaynes law to lede my pople ;
I lette hym or oghte lange, ȝif me þe lyffe happene,
Or many lyghte sall lawe, þat hym ouere lande folowes. 1270
Comande hym kenely wyth crewell wordez,
Cayre owte of my kygryke with his kydd knyghtez ;
In caase that he will noghte, þat cursede wreche,
Com for his curtaisie, and countere me ones.
Thane sall we rekken full rathe, whatt ryghte þat he claymes,
Thus to ryot þis rewme and raunsone the pople ;
Thare sall it derely be delte *with* dynttez of handez :
The Dryghtten at Domesdaye dele as hym lykes."

Now thei graythe them to goo, theis galyarde knyghttez,
All gleterande in golde, appon grete stedes, 1280
Towarde þe grene wode, þat *with* grownden wapyn,
To grete wele the grett lorde, that wolde be grefede sone.

Thise hende houeȝ on a hill by þe holte eyues,
Behelde þe howsynge full hye of hathen kynges—
Thei herde in theire herbergage hundretheȝ full many,
Horneȝ of olyfanteȝ full helych blawen—
Palaiseȝ proudliche pyghte, þat palyd ware ryche,
Of pall and of *purpure*, wyth *precyous* stones ;
Pensels and pomell of ryche prynce armez,
Pighte in þe playn mede, þe pople to schewe ; 1290

And than the Romayns so ryche had arayede their tentes,
On rawe by þe ryuere, vndyr þe round hilleȝ,
The emperour for honour ewyn in the myddes,
Wyth egles al ouer ennelled so faire ;
And saw hym and þe sowdane, and senatours many,
Seke towarde a sale *with* sextene kynges,
Syland softely in, swettly by them selfen,
To sowpe withe þat soueraygne full selcouthe metez.
Nowe they wende ouer the watyre, pise wyrchipfull knyghttez,

Thurghe þe wode to þe wone, there the wyese rystez ; 1300
 Reght as þey hade weschen, and went to þe table,
 Sir Wawayne þe worthethy vnwynly he spekes,—

“ The myghte & þe maiestee, þat menskes vs all,
 That was merked and made thurghe þe myghte of Hym seluen,
 Gyffe þow sytte in þowr sette, Sowdane and oþer,
 That here are semblede in sale, vnsawghte mott þe worthe !

And þe fals heretyke, þat emperour hym callez,
 That occupyes in erreure the empyre of Rome,
 Sir Arthure herytage, þat honourable kyngē,
 That all his auncestres aughte bot Vtere hym one, 1310
 That ilke cursynge þat Cayme kaghte for his brothyre,
 Cleffe on þe, cukewalde, with croune ther thow lengez,
 For the vnlordlyeste lede þat I on lukede euer !

My lorde meruailles hym mekyll, man, be my trouthe,
 Why thow morthires his men, þat no mysse serues,
 Comouns of þe countré, clergye and oþer,
 þat are noghte coupable þerin, ne knawes noght in armez.
 Forthi the comelyche kyngē, curtais and noble,
 Comandez þe kenely to kaire of his landes,

Ore ells for thy knyghthede encontre hym ones ; 1320
 Sen þow couettes the coroune, latte it be declarede !
 I hafe dyschargide me here, chalange whoo lykez,
 Before all thy cheualrye, cheftaynes and oþer.

Schape vs an ansuere, and schunte þow no lengere,
 þat we may schifte at þe schorte, and schewe to my lorde.”

The emperour ansuerde wyth austeryn wordez,
 “ þe are with myn enmy, sir Arthure hym seluen ;
 It es non honour to me to owtray hys knyghttez,
 þoghe þe bee irous men, þat ayres on his nedez.
 Bot say to thy soueraygne, I send hym thes wordez, 1330
 Ne ware it for reuerence of my ryche table,

þou sulde repent full rathe of þi ruyde wordez,
 Siche a rebawde as þowe rebuke any lordez,
 Wyth theire retenuz arrayede, full reall & noble !
 Here will I suggourne, whills me lefe thynkes,
 And sythen seke in by Sayne with solace þeraftere ;
 Ensegge all þa cetese be þe salte strandez,

And seyn ryde in by Rone, þat rynnez so faire,
 And of all his ryche castells rusche doun þe wallez ;
 I sall noghte lefe in Paresche, by processe of tyme, 1340
 His parte of a pechelyne, proue when hym lykes."

"Now, certez," sais *sir* Wawayne, "myche wondyre haue I,
 þat syche an alfyn as thow dare speke syche wordes !
 I had leuer then all Fraunce, that heuede es of rewmes,
 Fyghte *with* the faythefully on felde be oure one."
 Thane answers *sir* Gayous full gobbede wordes,—
 Was eme to be emperour, and erle hym selfen,—
 "Euere ware þes Bretouns braggers of olde !

Loo ! how he brawles hym for hys bryghte wedes,
 As he myghte bryttyn vs all *with* his brande ryche ! 1350
 ȝitt he berkes myche boste, ȝone boy þere he standes ! "

Than greuyde *sir* Gawayne at his grett wordes,
 Graythes towarde þe gome *with* grucchande herte ;
With hys stelyn brande he strykes of hys heuede,
 And sterttes owtte to hys stede, and *with* his stale wendes.
 Thurghe þe wacches þey wente, thes wirchipfull knyghtez,
 And fyndez in their farewaye wondyrlyche many ;
 Ouer þe watyre þey wente by wyghtnesse of horses,
 And tuke wynde as þey walde by þe wodde hemmes.

Thane folous frekly one fote frekkes ynewe, 1360

And of þe Romayns arrayed appon ryche stedes, :
 Chasede thurghe a champayne oure cheualrous knyghtez,
 Till a cheefe forest, on schalke whitte horses.

Bot a freke all in fyne golde, and fretted in sable,
 Come forpermaste on a freson, in flawmande wedes ;
 A faire floreschte spere in fewtyre he castes,
 And folowes faste on owre folke, and freschelye ascryez.

Thane *sir* Gawayne the gude appone a graye stede,
 He gryppes hym a grete spere, and graythely hym hittez ;
 Thurghe þe guttez into þe gorre he gyrdes hym ewyn, 1370
 That the grounden stele glydez to his herte.

The gome and þe grette horse at þe grounde lyggeez,
 Full gryselyche gronande, for grefe of his woundez.
 Þane presez a preker in, full proudly arayede,
 That beres all of *pourpour*, palyde *with* syluer :

Byggly on a broune stede he profers full large.
 He was a paynyme of Perse pat þus hym persuede.
 Sir Boys vnabaiste all he buskes hym agaynes,
 With a bustous launce he berez hym thurghe,
 pat þe breme and þe brade schelde appon þe bente lyggeþ, 1380
 And he bryngez furthe the blade, & bownez to his felowez.

Thane *sir Feltemour* of myghte, a man mekyll praysede,
 Was mouede on his manere, and manacede full faste ;
 He graythes to *sir Gawayne* graythely to wyrche,
 For grefe of *sir Gayous*, pat es on grounde leuede.
 Than *sir Gawayne* was glade ; agayne hym he rydez,
 Wyth Galuth his gude swerde graythely hym hytteþ ;
 The knyghte on þe coursere he cleuede in sondyre ;
 Clenlyche fro þe croune his corse he dyuysyde,
 And þus he killeþ þe knyghte with his kydd wapen. 1390

Than a ryche man of Rome relyede to his byerns,—
 “ It sall repent vs full sore and we ryde forthir ;
 3one are bold bosturs, pat syche bale wyrkez ;
 It befell hym full foule, pat þam so fyrste namede.”

Thane þe riche Romainys retournes paire brydills
 To paire tentis in tene, telles theire lordez
 How *sir Marschalle de Mowne* es on þe monte lefede,
 Forejustyde at that journee, for his grett japez.
 Bot thare chazez on oure men cheuallrous knyghtez,
 Fyfe thosande folke appon faire stedes, 1400
 Faste to a foreste ouer a fell watyr,
 That fillez fro þe falow see fyfty myle large.

Thare ware Bretons enbuschide, and banarettez noble,
 Of þe cheualrye cheefe of þe kynges chambyre,
 Seese them chase oure men, and changen þeire horsez,
 And choppe doun cheftaynes, that they moste chargyde.

Thane þe enbuschement of Bretons brake owte at ones,
 Brothely at banere, and Bedwyne knyghtez,
 Arrestede of þe Romayns, pat by þe fyrthe rydez,
 All þe realeste renkes pat to Rome lengez ; 1410
 Thay iche on þe enmyse and egerly strykkys,
 Erles of *Englande*, and “ *Arthure !* ” ascryes.
 Thrughe brenes and bryghte scheldez, brestez they thyrl,

Bretons of the boldeste with theire bryghte swerde.
 Thare was Romayns ouerredyn, and ruydly wondyde,
 Arrestede as rebawdez, with ryotous knyghttez.
 The Romaynes owte of araye remouede at ones,
 And rydes awaye in a rowtte, for reddoure it semys.
 To be senatour Petyr a sandes-mane es commyn,
 And saide, "*sir*, sekyrly, *your* seggez are supprysside." 1420
 Than ten thowsande men he semblede at ones,
 And sett sodanly on oure seggez, by þe salte strandez.
 Than ware Bretons abaiste, and greuede a lyttill,
 Bot jit the banerettez bolde, and bachellers noble,
 Brekes that baitailles *with* brestez of stedes.
 Sir Boice and his bolde men myche bale wyrkes ;
 The Romaynes redyes þan, arrayez þam better,
 And al toruscheez oure men withe theire ryste horsez,
 Arrestede of the richeste of þe rounde table,
 Ouerrydez oure rerewarde, and grette rewthe wyrkes. 1430
 Thane the Bretons on þe bente habyddez no lengere,
 Bot fleede to þe foreste, and the feelde leuede ;
 Sir Beryll es born down and *sir* Boice taken,
 The beste of oure bolde men vnblythely wondyde.
 Bot jitt oure stale on a strenghe stotais a lyttill,
 All tostonayede *with* þe stokes¹ of þa steryn knyghtez,
 Made sorowe fore theire soueraygne, þat so þare was nomen,
 Besoughte Gode of socure, sende whene hym lykyde.
 Than *commenez sir* Idrus, armede vp at all ryghttez,
 Wyth fyue hundrethe men appon faire stedes, 1440
 Frayneze faste at oure folke freschely pareafytre,
 jif *per* frendez ware ferre, þat on þe felde foundide.
 Thane sais *sir* Gawayne, "so me God helpe !
 We hafe bene chased to daye, and chullede as hares,
 Rebuyked *with* Romaynes appon þeire ryche stedeze,
 And we lurkede vndyr lee as lowrande wrechis.
 I luke neuer on my lorde þe dayes of my lyfe,
 And we so lytherly hym helpe, þat hym so wele lykede."
 Thane the Bretons brothely brochez theire stedeze,
 And boldly in batell appon þe bent rydes ; 1450

¹ ? strokes. (Brock.)

All þe ferse men before frekly ascryes,
 Ferhand in þe foreste, to freschen þam selfen.
 The Romaynes than redyly arrayes them bettyre,
 On rawe on a rowm felde, reghttez theire wapyns,
 By the ryche reuare, and rewles þe pople ;
 And with reddour *sir* Boice es in areste halden.

Now thei semlede vnsaughte by þe salte strandez ;
 Saddly theis sekere menn settys þeire dynttez,
 With lufly launcez on lofte they luyshen togedyres,
 In lorayne so lordlye on leppande stedes. 1460

Thare ware gomes thurghегirde with grundyn wapyns,
 Grisely gayspande with grucchande lotes,
 Grete lordes of Greke greffede so hye ;
 Swyftly with swerdes they swappen thereaftyre,
 Swappez down full sweperlye swelltande knyghtez,¹
 That all swellttez one swarthe, that they ouerswyngen,
 So many sweys in swoghe swounande att ones.
 Syr Gaweayne the gracyous, full graythelye he wyrkkes,
 The gretteste he gretez wyth gryeslye wondēs ;
 Wyth Galuth he gyrdez down full galyarde knyghtez, 1470
 Fore greefe of þe grett lorde, so grymlye he strykez.

He rydez furthe ryallye and redely thereaftyre,
 Thare this reall renke was in areste halden ;
 He ryfez þe raunke stele, he ryghttez þeire brenez,
 And refte them the ryche man, and rade to his strengthes.
 The senatour Peter thane persewede hym aftyre,
 Thurghе þe presse of þe pople, wyth his pryce knyghttes ;
 Appertly fore þe prysonere proues his strengthes,
 Wyth prekers the proudeste that to þe presse lengez ;
 Wrothely on the wrange hande *sir* Gawayne he strykses, 1480
 Wyth a wapen of were vnwynnly hym hittez,
 The breny one þe bakhalfe he brystez in sondyre ;
 Bot ȝit he broghte forthe *sir* Boyce, for all þeire bale biernez.

Thane þe Bretons boldely braggen þeire tromppez,
 And fore blysse of *sir* Boyce was broghte owtte of bandez
 Boldely in batell they bere down knyghtes,
 With brandes of broun stele þey brettene maylez ;

¹ MS. knyghtez. (Brock.)

pay stekede stedys in stoure with stelen wapyns,
 And all stewede wyth strenghe, þat stode þem agaynes.
 Sir Idrus fitz Ewayn þan "Arthure!" ascryeez, 1490
 Assemblez on þe senatour wyth sextene knyghttez,
 Of þe sekereste men þat to oure syde lengede.
 Sodaynly in a soppe they sett in att ones,
 Foynes faste att þe fore breste with flawmande swerdez,
 And feghttes faste att þe fronte freschely pareafyre;
 Felles fele on þe felde appon þe ferrere syde,
 Fey on þe faire felde by þa fresche strandez.

Bot *sir* Idrus fytz Ewayn anters hym seluen,
 And enters in anly, and egyrly strykez,
 Sekez to þe senatour and sesez his brydill; 1500
 Vnsaughtely he saide hym þese sittande wordez,—
 "ʒelde þe, *sir*, ʒapely, ʒife þou þi lyfe ʒernez,
 Fore gyftez þat þow gyffe may, þou ʒeme now þe selfen;
 Fore dredlez dreche þow, or droppe any wylez,
 Thow sall dy þis daye thorowe dyntt of my handez."
 "I ascente," *quod* þe senatour, "so me Criste helpe"
 So þat I be safe broghte before þe kyngz seluen;
 Raunson me resonabillye, as I may ouerreche,
 Aftyre my renttez in Rome may redyly forthire."

Thane answers *sir* Idrus with austeryn wordez, 1510
 "Thow sall hafe condycyon, as þe kyngz lykes,
 When thow comes to þe kyth there the courte haldez;
 In caase his concell bee to kepe the no langere,
 To be killyde at his commandment his knyghttez before."
 þay ledde hym furthe in þe rowte, and lached ofe his wedes,
 Lefte hym wyth Lyonell and Lowell hys brothire.

O lawe in þe launde þane, by þe lythe strandez,
 Sir Lucius lygge-men loste are fore euer;
 The senatour Peter es prysoner takyn,
 Of Perce and of Porte Iaffe full many price knyghttez, 1520
 And myche pople wyth all perischede þam selfen.
 For presse of þe passage, they plunged¹ at onez.
 Thare myghte men see Romayne rewfully wondyde,
 Ouerredyn with renkes of the round table.

¹ MS. *repeats* they plunged. (Brook.)

In þe raike of þe furthe they righten þeire brenys,
 þat rane all on reede blode redylve all ouer ;
 They raughte in þe rerewarde full ryotous knyghtez,
 For raunsone¹ of rede golde and reall stedys ;
 Radly relayes, and restez theire horsez,
 In rowtte to þe ryche kyng they rade al at onez. 1530

A knyghte cayrez before, and to þe kyng telles,—
 “ Sir, here *commez* thy messangerez with myrthez fro þe mountez,
 pay hafe bene machede todaye with men of þe marchez,
 Foremaglede in þe marras with meruailous knyghtez.
 We hafe foughten in faithe, by þone fresche strandez,
 With þe frekkeste folke that to þi foo langez ;
 Fyfty thosaunde on felde of ferse men of armez,
 Wythin a furlange of waye, fay ere bylefede.
 We hafe eschewede þis chekke, thurghe chance of oure Lorde,
 Of tha cheualrous men that chargede thy pople. 1540
 The cheefe chaunchelere of Rome, a cheftayne full noble,
 Will aske þe chartyre of pesse for charitee hym selfen ;
 And the *senatour* Petire to presoner es takyn.
 Of Perse and of Porte Iaffe paynymmez ynewe
Commez prekande in the presse, with thy prysse knyghttez,
 With pouerte in thi preson theire paynez to drye.
 I beseke þow, sir, say whate þowe lykys,
 Whethire þe suffyre them saughte, or sone delyuerde.

þe may haue fore þe *senatour* sextie horse chargede
 Of siluer be Seterdaye, full sekyrly payede, 1550
 And for þe cheefe chauncelere, þe cheualere noble,
 Charottez chokkefull charegyde with golde ;
 The remenaunt of þe Romainez be in areste halden,
 Till thihere renttez in Rome be rightewissly knawen.
 I beseke þow, sir, certyfye þone lordez,
 3if þe will send þam ouer þe see, or kepe þam þour selfen.
 All þour sekyre men, for sothe, sounde are byleuyde,
 Saue sir Ewayne fytz Henry es in þe side wonddede.”

“ Crist be thankyde,” *quod* the kyng, “ and hys clere modyre,
 That þowe comforthede and helpede be crafte of hym selfen ; 1560
 Skilfull skomfyture he skiftez as hym lykez,

¹ MS. raunsone.

Is none so skathlye may skape, ne skewe fro his handez ;
 Desteny and doughtynes of dedys of armes,
 All es demyd and delte at Dryghtynez will ;
 I kwn the thanke for thy come, it comfortes vs all.
 Sir knyghte," sais þe conquerour, "so me Criste helpe !
 I ȝif the for thy thyzandez Tolouse þe riche,
 The toll and þe tachmentez, taucernez and oper,
 þe town and þe tenementez *with* towrez so hye,
 That towchez to þe temporaltee, whills my tym lastez.

1570

Bot say to þe senatour I sende hym þes wordez,
 Thare sall no siluer hym saue, bot [*sir*] Ewayn recouere ;
 I had leuer see hym synke on the salte strandez,
 Than the seegge ware seke, þat es so sore woundede ;
 I sall disseuere that sorte, so me Criste helpe,
 And sett them full solytarie, in sere kynges landez :
 Sall he neuer sownde see his seynowres in Rome,
 Ne sitt in þe assemblé, in syghte wyth his feris.
 For it comes to no kyng, þat conquerour es holden,
 To comon with his captifis fore couatys of siluer :
 It come neuer of knyghthede, knawe it ȝif hym lyke,
 To carpe of coseri, when captyfis ere takyn ;
 It aughte to no presoners to prese no lordez,
 Ne come in presens of prynce, whene partyes are mouede.
 Comaunde ȝone constable, þe castell þat ȝemes,
 That he be clenlyche kepede, and in close halden ;
 He sall haue maundement tomorne or myddaye be rounge,
 To what marche þay sall merke, *with* maugere to lengen."

1580

þay conuaye this captyfe with clene men of armez,
 And kend hym to þe constable, alls þe kyng byddez ;
 And seyn to Arthure þey ayre, and egerly hym towchez
 The answeere of þe emperour, irows of dedez.
 Thane *sir* Arthure, on erthe atheliste of opere,
 At euen at his awen borde auantid his lordez,—
 "Me aughte to honour them in erthe ouer all oper thynges,
 þat þus in myn absens awnters þem selfen ;
 I sall them luffe whylez I lyffe, so me our Lorde helpe !
 And gyfe þem landys full large, whare them beste lykes ;
 They sall noghte losse, on þis layke, ȝif me lyfe happen,

1590

þat þus are lamede for my lufe be þis lythe strandez." 1600
 Bot in þe clere daweyng, þe dere kyngþe hym selfen
 Comaundyþ *sir Cadore with his dere knyghttes*,
Sir Cleremus, sir Cleremonde, with clene men of armez,
Sir Clowdmur, sir Clegis, to conuaye theis lordes ;
Sir Boyce and sir Berell with baners displayede,
Sir Bawdwyne, sir Bryane, and sir Bedwere þe ryche,
Sir Raynalde and sir Richere, Rawlaunde chilydre,
 To ryde *with þe Romaynes in rowtte wyth theire feres*.

"Prekez now preualye to Parys the ryche,
 Wyth Petir the pryssonere and his price knyghttez ; 1610
 Beteche þam þe proueste, in presens of lordes,
 O payne and o perell þat pendes theretoo,
 That they be weisely wachede and in warde holden,
 Wardede of warantizez *with wyrchipfull knyghttez* ;
 Wagge hym wyghte men, and woonde for no siluyre ;
 I haffe warnede þat wy, be ware ȝife hym lykes !"

Now bownes þe Bretons, als þe kyngþe byddez,
 Buskez theire batells, theire baners displayez ;
 Towardez Chartris they chese, thes cheualrous knyghttez,
 And in the champayne lande full faire pay eschewede : 1620
 For þe emperour of myghte had ordande hym selfen
Sir Vtolfe and sir Ewandyre, two honourable kynges,
Erles of þe Oriente, with austeryn knyghttez,
 Of þe awntrouseste men þat to his oste lengede,
Sir Sextynour of Lyby and senatours many,
 The kyngþe of Surrye hym selfe *with Sarzynes ynowe*,
 The senatour of Sutere wyth sowmes full huge,
 Whas assygnede to þat courte be sent of his peres,
 Traise towarde Troys þe treson¹ to wyrke,
 To hafe betrappede with a trayne oure trauelande knyghttez, 1630
 That hade persayfede þat Peter at Parys sulde lenge,
 In presonne with þe prouoste, his paynez to drye.
 Forthi they buskede them bownn with baners displayede,
 In the buskayle of his waye, on blonkkes full hugge ;
 Planttez them in the pathe with powere arrayede,
 To pyke up þe presoners fro oure pryse knyghttez.

¹ MS. þe treson the treson. (Brock.)

Syr Cadore of Cornewalle comaundez his peris,
 Sir Clegis, *sir Cleremus*, *sir Cleremownde* þe noble ;
 "Here es þe close of Clyme with clewes so hye ;
 Lokez the contree be clere, the corners are large ; 1640
 Discoueres now sekerly skrogges and oþer,
 That no skathell in þe skroggez skorne vs hereaftyre ;
 Loke ȝe skyfte it so þat vs no skathe lympe,
 For na skomfitoure in skoulkery is skomfite euer."
 Now þey hye to þe holte, thes harageous knyghttez,
 To herken of þe hye men to helpen theis lordes ;
 Fyndeþ them helmede hole and horsesyde on stedys,
 Houande on þe hye waye by þe holte hemmes.
 With knyghttly contenaunce Sir Clegis hym selfen
 Kryes to þe compayne, and carpes thees wordez, — 1650
 "Es there any kyde knyghte, kaysere or oþer,
 Will kyth for his kynges lufe craftes of armes ?
 We are comen fro þe kyng of þis lythe¹ ryche,
 That knawen es for conquerour, corownde in erthe,
 His ryche retenuz here all of his round table,
 To ryde with þat reall in rowtt where hym lykes ;
 We seke justynge of werre, ȝif any will happyn,
 Of þe jolyeste men ajuggede be lordes ;
 If here be any hathell man, erle or oþer,
 That for þe emperour lufe will awntere hym selfen." 1660
 And ane erle þane in angere answeres hym son, —
 "Me angers at Arthure, and att his hathell bierns,
 That thus in his errour occupyes theis rewmes ;
 And owtrayes þe emperour, his erthely lorde.
 The araye and þe ryalltez of þe rounde table
 Es wyth rankour rehersed in rewmes full many ;
 Of oure renttez of Rome syche reuell he haldys,
 He sall ȝife resoun full rathe, ȝif vs reghte happen,
 That many sall repente that in his rowtte rydez,
 For the reklesse roy so rewlez hym selfen." 1670
 "A !" sais *sir Clegis* þan, "so me Criste helpe !
 I knawe be thi carpynge a cowntere þe semes,
 Bot be þou auditoure, or erle, or emperour thi selfen,

¹ *Read* kythe.

Appon Arthurez byhalue I answere the sone.

The renke so reall, þat rewillez vs all,

The ryotous men and þe ryche of þe rounde table,

He has araysede his accownte, and redde all his rollez,

For he wyll gyfe a rekenyng that rewe sall aftyre,

That all þe ryche sall repeñte þat to Rome langez,

Or þe rereage be requit¹ of rentez þat he claymez.

1680

We crafe of *your* curtaisie three coursez of werre,

And claymez of knyghthode, take kepe to *your* selfen !

3e do bott trayne vs to daye wyth trefelande wordez,

Of syche *trauaylande* men trecherye me thynkes.

Sende owte sadly certayne knyghttez,

Or say me sekerly sothe, forsake 3if 3owe lykes."

Þane sais þe kynge of Surry, "Alls saue me oure Lorde
3if þow hufe all þe daye, þou bees noghte delyuerede,

Bot thow sekerly ensure with certeyne knyghtez,

þat þi cote and thi breste be knawen with lordez,

1690

Of armes of ancestrye, entyrde with londez."

"Sir kyng," sais *sir* Clegys, "full knyghttly þow askez :

I trowe it be for cowardys thow carpes thes wordez.

Myn armez are of ancestrye enueryde with lordez,

And has in banere bene borne sen *sir* Brut tyme ;

At the cité of Troye þat tymme was ensegede,

Ofte seen in asawtte with certayne knyghttez,

Fro þe Borghte broghte vs and all oure bolde elders,

To Bretayne þe braddere, within chippe-burdez."

"Sir," sais *sir* Sextenour, "saye what þe lykez,

1700

And we sall suffyre the, als vs beste semes ;

Luke thi troumppez be trussede, and trofull no lengere,

For þoghe þou tarye all þe daye, the tyddes no bettyr ;

For there sall neuer Romaine, þat in my rowtt rydez,

Be with rebawdez rebuykyde, whills I in werlde regne."

Thane *sir* Clegis to þe kynge a lyttill enclinede,

Kayres to *sir* Cadore, and knyghtly hym tellez,—

"We hafe founden in 3one firthe, floreschede with leues,

þe flour of þe faireste folke þat to þi foo langez,

Fifty thosandez of folke of ferse men of armez,

1710

¹ Looks like requiter in MS. (Brock.)

pat faire are fewteride on frounte vndyr 3one fre bowes.
They are enbuschede on blonkkes, with baners displayede,
In 3one bechen wode appon the waye sydes.

Thay hafe the furthe forsette all of þe faire watyre,
That fayfully of force feghte vs byhowys ;
For thus vs schappes to daye, schortly to tell,
Whedyre we schone or schewe, schyft¹ as þe lykes."

"Nay," quod Cador, "so me Criste helpe !

It ware schame þat we scholde schone for so lytyll ;
Sir Lancelott sall neuer laughe, þat with þe kyng lengez, 1720
That I sulde lette my waye for lede appon erthe.

I sall be dede and vndone ar I here dreche,
For drede of any doggeson in 3one dym schawes."

Syr Cador thane knyghtly comforthes his pople,
And with corage kene he karpes þes wordes,—

"Thynk on þe valyaunt prynce þat vesettez vs euer,
With landez and lordcheppez, whare vs beste lykes ;
That has vs ducherés delte, and dubbyde vs knyghttez,
Gifen vs gersoms and golde, and gardwynes many, 1730
Grewhoundez and grett horse, and alkyn gamnes,
That gaynez till any gome, that vndyre God leuez ;
Thynke on riche renoun of þe rounde table,

And late it neuer be refte vs fore Romaine in erthe ;
Feyne 3ow noghte feyntly, ne frythes no wapyns,
Bot luke 3e fyghte faythefully, frekes 3our selfen ;
I walde be wellyde all qwyke, and quarterde in sondre,
Bot I wyrke my dede, whils I in wrethe lenge."

Than this doughtty duke dubbyd his knyghttez,

Ioneke and Askanere, Aladuke and oþer, 1740
That ayarez were of Esexe, and all pase este marchez ;
Howell and Hardelfe, happy in armez,

Sir Heryll and sir Herygall, þise harageouse knyghttez.

Than the souerayn assignede certayne lordes,

Sir Wawayne, sir Vryell, sir Bedwere þe ryche,

Raynalde and Richeere, and Rowlandez chilydre,—

"Takez kepe on this prynce with 3oure price knyghtez,
And 3ife we in þe stour withstonden the better,

¹ MS. appears to read schyst.

Standez here in this stede, and stirrez no forthire ;
 And ȝif þe chaunce fall þat we bee ouercharggede,
 Eschewes to som castell, and chewyse ȝour selfen ; 1750
 Or ryde to þe riche kyng ȝif ȝow roo happyn,
 And bidde hym com redily to rescewe hys biernez."

And than the Bretons brothely enbrassez þeire scheldez,
 Braydez one bacenetez, and buskes theire launcez.

Thus he fittez his folke, and to þe felde rydez,
 Fif hundreth on a frounte fewtrede at onez.

With trompes þay trine, and trappede stedes,
 With cornettes and clarions, and clergiall notes ;
 Schokkes in with a schakke, and schontez no langere,
 There schawes ware scheen vndyr þe schire eyuez. 1760

And thane the Romayne rowtwe remowes a lyttill,
 Raykes with a rerewarde þas reall knyghttez ;
 So raply þay ryde thare, that all þe rowte rynges,
 Of ryues and raunke stele, and ryche golde maylez.

Thane schotte owte of þe schawe schiltounis many,
 With scharpe wapynns of were schotande at ones :

The kyng of Lebe before the wawarde he ledez,

And all his lele ligemen o laundon ascriez.

Thane this cruell kyng castis in fewtire,
 Kaghte hym a couerde horse, and his course haldez, 1770

Beris to sir Berill, and brathely hym hitted,

Throwghe golet and gorgere he hurtez hym ewyne.

The gome and þe grette horse at þe grounde liggez,

And gretez graythely to Gode, and gyffes hym þe saule.

Thus es Berell the bolde broghte owte of lyue,

And byddez aftyre beryell, þat hym beste lykez.

And thane sir Cador of Cornewayle es carefull in herte,

Because of his kynyse-mane, þat þus es myscaryede ;

Vmbeclappes the cors, and kyssez hym ofte,

Gerte kepe hym couerte with his clere knyghttez. 1780

Thane laughs the Lebe kyng, and all on lowde meles,—

"ȝone lorde es lyghttede, me lykes the bettyre !

He sall noghte dere vs to daye, the deuyll haue [his] bones !"

"ȝone kyng," said Cador, "karpes full large,

Because he killyd þis kene ; Criste haue þi saule !

He sall hafe corne bote, so me Criste helpe !
 Or I kaire of þis coste, we sall encountre ones ;
 So may þe wynde weile turne, I quytte hym or ewyn,
 Sothely hym selsen, or sum of his ferez."

Thane *sir* Cador þe kene, knyghttly he wyrkez, 1790

Cryez, "A Cornewale," and castez in fewtere,
 Girdez streke thourghe þe stour on a stede ryche ;
 Many steryn mane he steride by strenghe of hym on.
 Whene his spere was sprongen, he spede hym full þerne,
 Swappede owtte *with* a swerde, that swykede hym neuer,
 Wroghte wayes full wyde, and wounded knyghttez ;

Wyrkez his in wayfare, full werkand sydez,
 And hewes of þe hardieste halsez in sondyre,
 That all blendez with blode thare his blanke rynnez.

So many biernez the bolde broughte owte of lyfe, 1800

Tittez tirauntez down, and temez¹ theire sadills,
 And turnez owte of þe toile, when hym tyme thynkkez.
 Thane the Lebe kynge criez full lowde

One *sir* Cador the kene, *with* cruell wordez,
 "Thowe hase wyrchipe wonne, and wondyde knyghttez !
 Thowe wenes fore thi wightenez the werlde es thy nowen.
 I sall wayte at thyne hounde, wy, be my trowthe !
 I haue warnede þe wele, be ware ȝif the lykez !"

With cornuse and clariones þeis newe made knyghttez

Lythes vnto þe crye, and castez in fewtire ; 1810

Ferkes in on a frounte one feraunte stedez,
 Fellede at þe fyrste come fyfty att ones,
 Schotte thorowe the schiltrouns, and scheuereðe launcez,
 Laid down in þe lumppe lordly biernez.

And thus nobilly oure newe men notez þeire strenghez :
 Bot new notte es onon þat noyes me sore.

The kynge of Lebe has laughte a stede þat hym lykede,
 And comes in lordely in lyonez of siluere,
 Ymbelappez þe lumpe, and lattes in sondre ;
 Many lede *with* his launce þe liffe has he refede. 1820

Thus he chaces þe childire of þe kyngez chambire,
 And killez in þe champanyse cheualrous knyghttez,

¹ MS. *repeats* and temez. (Brock.)

With a chasyng^e spere he choppes doun many.

There was *sir* Alyduke slayne, and Achinour wondyde,
Sir Origge and *sir* Ermyngall hewen al to pecez ;
 And ther was Lewlyn laughte, and Lewlyns brothire,
 With lordez of Lebe, and lede to peire strenghez :
 Ne hade *sir* Clegis comen, and Clemente þe noble,
 Oure newe men hade gone to noghte, and many ma oþer.

Þane *sir* Cador þe kene castez in fewtire 1830

A cruell launce and a kene, and to þe kyng^e rydez,
 Hittez hym heghe on þe helme *with* his harde wapen,
 That all þe hotte blode of hym to his hande rynnez.
 The hethen harageous kyng^e appon þe hethe lyggez,
 And of his hertly hurte helyde he neuer.
 Thane *sir* Cador þe kene cryez full lowde, —

“Thow has corne botte, *sir* kyng^e, þare God gyfe þe sorowe,
 Thow killyde my cosyn, my kare es the lesse.

Kele the nowe in the claye, and comforthe thi selfen!
 Thow skornede vs lang ere *with* thi skornefull wordez, 1840
 And nowe has þow cheuede soo ; it es thyn awen skathe !
 Holde at þow hente has, it harmez bot lyttile,
 For hethynge es hame-holde, vse it who so will.”

The kyng of Surry þan es sorowfull in herte,
 For sake of this souerayn^e, þat þus was supprisede ;
 Semblede his Sarazenes, and senatours manye :
 Vnsaughtly þey sette thane appon oure sere knyghttez.

Sir Cador of Cornewaile, he cownterez them sone,
 With his kydde companye clenlyche arrayede ;
 In the frount of þe fyrthe, as þe waye forthis, 1850
 Fyfty thosande of folke was fellide at ones.

Thare was at þe assemble certayne knyghttez,
 Sore wondede sone appone sere halfes ;
 The sekereste Sarzanez that to pat sorte lengede,
 Behynde the sadylls ware sette sex fotte large ;
 They scherde in the schiltrone scheldyde knyghttez,
 Schalkes they schotte thrughe schrenkande maylez,
 Thurghe brenys browden brestez they thirllide,
 Brasers burnyste bristez in sondyre ;
 Blasons blode and blankes they hewen, 1860

With brandez of browne stele brankkand stedez.
 The Bretones brothely brittenez so many,
 The bente and þe brode felde all on blode rynnys.
 Be thane *sir* Cayous þe kene a capitayne has wonnen ;
Sir Clegis clynges in and clekes anoper,
 The capitayne of Cordewa, vndire þe kyng selfen,
 That was keye of þe kythe of all þat coste ryche ;
 Vtolfe and Ewandre Ioneke had nommen,
 With þe erle of Affryke and oper grette lordes.

The kyng of Surry the kene to *sir* Cador es ȝelden,¹
 þe synechall of Sotere to Segramoure hym selfen.
 When þe cheualrye saw theire cheftanes were nommen,
 To a cheefe foreste they chesen theire wayes,
 And felede them so feynte, they fall in þe greues,
 In the ferynne of þe fyrthe, fore ferde of oure pople.
 Thare myght men see the ryche ryde in the schawes,
 To rype vpe the Romayne ruydlyche wondyde,
 Schowttes aftyre men, harageous knyghttez,
 Be hundrethez they hewede down be þe holte eyuys.
 Thus oure cheualrous men chazez þe pople,
 To a castell they eschewede a fewe þat eschappede.

1870

1880

Thane relyez þe renkez of þe rounde table,
 For to ryotte þe wode, þer þe duke restez ;
 Ransakes the ryndez all, raughte vp theire feres,
 That in þe fightyng before fay ware byleuyde.
Sir Cador garte chare theym, and couere them faire,
 Kariede them to þe kyng with his beste knyghttez ;
 And passez vnto Paresche with presoners hym selfen,
 Betoke theym the proueste, prynce and oper ;
 Tase a sope in the toure, and taryez no langere,
 Bot tournes tytte to þe knyge, and hym wyth tunge telles.

1890

Syr," sais *sir* Cador, "a caas es befallen ;
 We hafe cownterede to day, in ȝone coste ryche
 With kynges and kayseres, krouell and noble,
 And knyghtes and kene men clenlych arayede.
 Thay hade at ȝone foreste forsette vs þe wayes,
 At the furthe in þe fyrthe, with ferse men of armes ;

¹ ȝolden. (Brock.)

Thare faughtte we in faythe, and foynede with sperys,
 One felde with thy foo-men, and fellyd them on lyfe.
 The kyng of Lebe es laide, and in þe felde leuyde, 1900
 And manye of his lege men þat þare to hym langede,
 Oper lordez are laughte of vncouthe ledes ;
 We hafe lede them at lenge, to lyf whilles þe lykez.
 Sir Vtere and *sir* Ewaynedyre, theis honourable knyghttez,
 Be a nawntere of armes Ioneke has nommen,
 With erlez of þe Oryentte, austeren knyghttez,
 Of awncestrye þe beste men þat to þe oste langede ;
 The senatour Barouns es kaughte with a knyghtte,
 The capitayne of Cornette, that crewell es halden,
 The syneschall of Sutare vnsaughte wyth þes oper, 1910
 The kyng of Surry hym selfen, and Sarazenes.

Bot fay of ours in þe felde a fourtene knyghttez,
 I will noghte feyne ne forbere, bot faythfully tellen ;

Sir Berell es one, a bancrette noble,
 Was killyde at þe fyrste come *with* a kyng ryche ;
 Sir Alidoyke of Towell, *with* his tende knyghtez,
 Emange þe *Turkys* was tynte, and in tym fonden ;
 Gude sir Mawrell of Mauncez, and Mawren his broþer,
 Sir Meneduke of Mentoche, *with* meruailous knyghttez."

Thane the worthy kyng wrythes, and wepede *with* his eughne,
 Karpes to his cosyn *sir* Cadore theis wordez,— 1921
 "Sir Cadore, thi corage confunde vs all !

Kowardely thow castez owtte all my beste knyghttez ;
 To putte men in perille, it es no pryce holden,
 Bot þe partyes ware *puruayede*, and powere arayed ;
 When they ware stade on a strenghe, þou sulde hafe *withstonden*,
 Bot 3if thowe wolde all my steryn stroye for þe nonys."

"Sir," sais *sir* Cadore, "3e knowe wele 3our selfen,
 3e are kyng in þis kythe, karpe whatte 3ow lykys,
 Sall neuer vpbrayde me, þat to þi burde langes, 1930
 That I sulde blyn fore their boste, thi byddyng to wyrche ;
 When any stirttez to stale, stuffe þam þe bettere,
 Ore thei will be stonayede, and stroyede in 3one straye londez.
 I dide my delygens to daye, I doo me one lordez,
 And in daungere of dede fore dyuerse knyghttez,

I hafe no *grace* to þi gree, bot syche grett wordez ;
 3if I heuen my herte, my hape es no bettyre."

3ofe *sir* Arthure ware angerde, he ansuers faire,
 "Thow has doughttily donn, *sir* duke, *with* thi handez,
 And has donn thy deuer with my dere knyghttez ; 1940
 Forthy thow arte demyde, *with* dukes and erlez,
 For one of þe doughtyeste þat dubbede was euer,
 Thare es non ischewe of vs, on this erthe sprongen ;
 Thow arte apparant to be ayere, are one of thi childeyre ;
 Thow arte my sister sone, forsake sall I neuer."

Thane gerte he in his awen tente a table be sette,
 And tryede in *with* trompez trauailede biernez,
 Serfede them solempnely *with* selkouthe metez,
 Swythe semly in syghte with sylueren dischees.
 Whene the *senatours* harde say þat it so happenede, 1950
 They saide to þe *emperour*, "thi seggez are supprysede,
Sir Arthure, thyn enmy has owterayed þi lordez,
 That rode for þe rescowe of 3one riche knyghttez.
 Thow dosse bot tynnez þi tym, and turmenttez þi pople,
 Thow arte betrayede of þi men, that moste thow on traystede :
 That schall turne the to tene and torfere for euer."

Than the *emperour* irus was angerde at his herte,
 For oure valyant biernez siche prowesche had wonnen.
 With kyng and with kaysere to consayle they wende,
Souerayngez of *Sarazenez*, and *senatours* manye. 1960

Thus he semblez full sone certayne lordez,
 And in the assemble thane he sais them theis wordez,—

"My herte sothely es sette, assente 3if 3owe lykes,
 To seke into Sexon, *with* my sekyre knyghttez,
 To fyghte with my foo-men, if fortune me happen,
 3if I may fynde the freke *within* the four haluez ;
 Or entire into Awguste awnters to seke,
 And byde with my balde men *within* þe burghe ryche ;
 Riste vs and reuell, and ryotte oure selfen,
 Lende pare in delytte in lordechippez ynewe, 1970
 To *sir* Leo be comen *with* all his lele knyghtez,
 With lordez of Lumberdye, to lette hym þe wayes."

Bot owre wyese kyng es warre to waytten his renkes,

And wyesly by þe woddez voydez his oste ;
 Gerte felschen his fyrez, flawmande full heghe,
 Trussen full traystely, and treunt thereaftere.
 Sepen into Sessoyne, he soughte at the gayneste,
 And at the surs of þe sonne disseucerez his knyghttez :
 Forsette them the cité appon sere halfez,
 Sodaynly on iche halfe, with seuen grett stales.

1980

Anely in the vale a vawewarde enbusches ;
 Sir Valyant of Vyleris, with valyant knyghttez,
 Before þe kynges visage made siche avowez,
 To venquyse by victorie the vescuwnthe of Rome.
 Forthi the kyng chargez hym, what chaunce so befall,
 Cheftayne of þe cheekke, with cheualrous knyghttez,
 And sythyn meles with mouthe, þat he moste traitez ;
 Demenys the medylwarde menskfully hym selfen,
 Fittes his fote-men, alls hym faire thynkkes,
 On frounte in the fore breste, the flour of his knyghttez,
 His archers on aythere halfe he ordaynede þeraftyre
 To schake in a sheltroñe, to schotte when þam lykez.
 He arrayed in þe rerewarde full riall knyghtez,
 With renkkes renownnd of þe rounde table,

1990

Sir Raynalde, sir Richere, that rade was neuer,
 The riche duke of Rown wyt[h] ryders ynewe ;
 Sir Cayous, sir Clegis, and clene men of armes,
 The kyng castes to kepe be þaa clere strands.
 Sir Lott and sir Launcelotte, þise lordly knyghttez,
 Sall lenge on his lefte hande, wyth legyones ynewe,
 To meue in þe morne-while, ȝif þe myste happynne ;
 Sir Cador of Cornewaile, and his kene knyghtez,
 To kepe at þe karfuke, to close in þer opere :
 He plantez in siche placez pryncez and erlez,
 That no powere sulde passe be no prcué wayes.

2000

Bot the emperour onone, with honourable knyghtez

And erlez enteres the vale, awnters to seke,
 And fyndez sir Arthure with hostez arayede ;
 And at his income, to ekken his sorowe,
 Oure burlyche bolde kynges appon the bente howes,

2010

With his bataile on brede, and baners displayede.
 He hade þe ceté forsett appon sere halfes,
 Bothe the clewez and þe clyfez with clene men of armez,
 The mosse and þe marrasse, the mounttez so hye,
 With gret multytude of men, to marre hym in þe wayes.

When *sir Lucius* sees, he sais to his lordes,
 "This traytour has treunt¹ this treson to wyrche !
 He has the ceté forsett appon sere halfes,
 All þe clewez and the cleyffez with clene men of armez !
 Here es no waye i-wys, ne no wytt ells,
 Bot feghte with oure foo-men for flee may we neuer !"
 Thane this ryche mane rathe arayes his byernez,
 Rewlede his Romayne, and reall knyghtez,
 Buschez in the awawmewarde the vescounte of Rome,
 Fro Viterbe to Venyse, theis valyante knyghtez ;
 Dresses vp dredfully the dragone of golde,
 With egles alouer, enamelede of sable ;
 Drawen dreghely the wyne, and drynkyn thareafyre,
 Dukkez and dusseperez, dubbede knyghtez,
 For dauncesynge of Duchemen, and dynnyng of pypez, 2030
 All dynned fore dyn that in þe dale houede.

And thane *sir Lucius* on lowde said lordlyche wordez,
 "Thynke on the myche renownn of þour ryche fadyrs,
 And the riatours of Rome, þat regnede with lordes
 And the renkez ouerrane all that regnede in erthe,
 Encrochede all Cristyndome be craftes of armes ;
 In eueriche a viage the victorie was halden ;
 Insette all þe Sarazenes within seuen wyntter,
 The parte fro the porte Iaffe to Paradyse zatez !
 Thoghe a rewme be rebelle, we rekke it bot lyttill ! 2040
 It es resone and righte the renke be restreynede !
 Do dresse we tharefore, and byde we no langere,
 Fore dredlesse withowttyn dowtte, the daye schall be ourez !"

Whene þeise wordez was saide, the Walsche kynge hym selfen
 Whas warre of this wyderwyn, þat werrayed his knyghttez :
 Brothely in the vale with voyce he ascryez,—

"Viscownte of Valewnce, enuyous of dedys,

¹ Word not clear in MS.

The vassallage of Viterbe to daye schall be reuengede !
 Vnuenquiste for¹ þis place voyde schall I neuer !”

Thane the vyscownte valiante, with a uoyse noble, 2050
 Auoyeddyde the awawewarde, enuierounde his horse ;
 He drissede in a derfe schelde, endenttyd with sable,
 With a dragone engowschede, dredfull to schewe,
 Deuorande a dolphyn with dolefull lates,
 In seyne that oure soueraygne sulde be distroyede,
 And all don of dawez with dynttez of swerddez ;²
 For thare es noghte bot dede thare the dragone es raissede !

Thane the comlyche kynge castez in fewtyre,
 With a crewell launce cowpez full euen
 Abowne þe spayre³ a spanne, emange þe schortte rybbys, 2060
 That the splent and the spleen on the spere lengez.
 The blode sprete owtte and sprede as þe horse sprynges,
 And he sproulez full spakely, bot spekes he no more.
 And thus has *sir* Valyant halden his avowez,
 And venqwyste þe viscownte, þate victor was halden !

Thane *sir* Ewayne *sir* Fytz Vriene full enkerlye rydez
 Onone to the emperour his egle to towche ;
 Thrughe his brode bataile he buskes belyfe,
 Braydez owt his brande with a blyth chere,
 Reuerssede it redelye, and awaye rydys ; 2070
 Ferkez in with the fewle in his faire handez,
 And fittez in freely one frounte with his feris.

Now buskez *sir* Launcelot, and braydez full euen
 To *sir* Lucius the lorde, and lothelye hym hyttez ;
 Thurghe pawnce & platez he percede the maylez,
 That the prowde pensell in his pawnche lengez,
 The hede haylede owtt behynde ane halfe fote large,
 Thurghe hawberke and hanche, with þe harde wapyn,
 The stede and the steryn mane strykes to þe grownde,
 Strake down a standerde, and to his stale wendez. 2080

“Me lykez wele,” sais *sir* Loth, “þone lordez are delyuerede !
 The lott lengez nowe on me, with leue of my lorde :
 To day sall my name be laide, and my life aftyre,
 Bot some leppe fro the lyfe, that on þone lawnde houez.”

¹ *Read* fro.

² MS. swreddez. (Brock.)

³ MS. þe spayre the spayere. (Brock.)

Thane strekez the steryn, and streynys his brydyll,
 Strykez into the stowre on a stede ryche,
 Enjoynede with a geaunt, and jaggede hym thorowe.
 Jolyly this gentill forjustede anoper,

Wroghte wayes full wyde, werrayande knyghtez,
 And wondes all wathely, that in þe waye stondez, 2090
 Fyghttez *with* all the frappe a furlange of waye,
 Felled fele appon felde *with* his faire wapen,
 Venqwiste and has the victorie of valyaunt knyghtez,
 And all enverounde the vale, and voyde when hym likede.

Thane bowmen of Bretayne brothely therafter
 Bekerde *with* bregaundez of ferre in tha laundez,
 With flonez fleterede þay flitt full frescly *per* frekez,
 Fichene *with* fetheris thurghe þe fyne maylez :
 Siche flyttynge es foule þat so the flesche derys,
 That flowe o ferrome in flawnkkes of stede; 2100

Dartes the Duchemen dalten azaynes,
 With derfe dynttez of dede, dagges thurghe schelde; ;
 Qwarells qwayntly swappez thorowe knyghtez,
With iryn so wekyrly, that wynche they neuer.
 So they scherenken fore schotte of þe scharppe arowes,
 That all the scheltron schonte, and schoderide at ones.
 Thane riche stedes rependez and rasches on armes ;
 The hale howndrethe on hye appon heyghe lygges,
 Bott zitte þe hathelieste on hy, haythen and oper,
 All hoursches ouer hede harmes to wyrke. 2110

And all theis geauntez before, engenderide *with* fendez,
 Ioynez on sir Ienitall, and gentill knyghtez,
 With clubbez of clene stele clenkkede in helmes,
 Craschede doun crestez, and craschede braynez,
 Kyllede cou[r]sers and couerde stedes,
 Choppode thurghe cheualers on chalke-whytte stede.
 Was neuer stele ne stede myghte stande them azaynes
 Bot stonays and strykez doun, that in þe stale houys,
 Till þe conquerour come with his kene knyghttez.
With crewell contenauunce he cryede full lowde,— 2120

“ I wende no Bretonns walde bee basschede for so lyttill,
 And fore barelegyde boyes, þat on the bente houys ! ”

He clekys owtte Collbrande, full clenlyche burneschte,

Graythes hym to Golapas, pat greuyde moste,

Kuttess hym euen by þe knees clenly in sondyre.

"Come down," *quod* the kyng, "and karpe to thy ferys !

Thowe arte to hye by þe halfe, I hete þe in trouthe !

Thow sall be handsomere in hye, *with* þe helpe of my Lorde !"

With þat stelen brande he strake ofe his hede.

Steryngly in þat stoure he strykes a-noper ; 2130

Thus he settez on seuē with his sekyre knyghttez.

Whylles sixty ware seruede soo ne sessede they neuer ;

And thus at the joynenyge the geauntez are distroyede,

And at þat journey forjustede *with* gentill lordes.

Than the Romaines, and the rennkkez of þe rounde table,

Rewles them in arraye, rerewarde ande oper,

With wyghte wapynez of werre, thay wroghten on helmes,

Rittez with raunke stele full ryalle maylez ;

Bot they fitt them fayre, thes frekk byernez,

Fewters in freely one feraunte stedes, 2140

Foynes ful felly with flyschande speris,

Freten of orfrayes feste appon scheldez.

So fele fay es in fyghte appon þe felde leuyde

That iche a furthe in the firthe of rede bode rynnys.

By that swyftely one swa^{re} rydystt es byleuede,

Swerdez swangen in two, ^{his faire} hanyghtez

Lyes wyde opyn welterande ^{with} h^{is} pande stedes ;

Wondes of wale men, werkand brayys,

Facez feteled vnfaire in filterede lyes,

All craysed fortrodyn with trappē ^{to} stedes, 2150

The faireste figured folde that fygyrede was euer,

Alls ferre alls a furlange, a thosande at ones.

Be than the Romainez ware rebuykyde a lyttill,

Withdrawes theym drerely, and dreches no lengare ;

Oure prynce with his powere persewes theym aftyre,

Prekez on ¹ þe proudeste *with* his price knyghttez.

Sir Kayous, sir Clegis, with clene men of armes.

Encontres them at þe clyffe *with* clene men of armes,

Fyghttes faste in þe fyrth, frythes no wapen,

¹ Or over. (Brock.)

Felled at þe firste come fyfe hundrethe at ones. 2160
 And when they fand theym foresett with oure fers knyghtez,
 Fewe men agayne fele mot fyche them bettyre ;
 Feghttez with all þe frappe, foynes with speres,
 And faughte with the frekkeste þat to Fraunce langez.
 Bot sir Kayous þe kene castis in fewtyre,
 Chasez one a coursere, and to a kynge rydys ;
 With a launce of Lettowe he thirleth his sydez,
 That the lyuer and þe lunggez on þe launce lengez.
 The schafte sc[h]odyrde and schott in the schire byerne,
 And soughte thorowowte þe schelde, and in þe schalke rystez. 2170
 Bot Kayous at the income was kepyd vnfayre
 With a cowarde knyghte of þe kythe ryche ;
 At þe turnynge that tym the traytoure hym hitte
 In thorowe the felettes, and in þe flawnke aftyre,
 That the boustous launce þe bewells attamede,
 þat braste at þe brawlynge, and brake in þe myddys.
 Sir Kayous knewe wele, þe þat kyde wounde,
 That he was dede of þe dynte, and don owte of lyfe.
 Than he raykes in arraye and one rawe rydez,
 One this ryall his dede to reuenge ; 2180
 "Kepe the, cowarde," and calles hym son,
 Cleues hym wyth his clepe brande clenliche in sondire.
 "Hadde thou wele done thy dynt with thi handes,
 I hade forgeffen þe my dede, be Crist now of hewyn !"
 He weyndes to þe wyese kynge, and wynly hym gretes,
 "I am wathely woundide, waresche mon I neuer !
 Wirke nowe thi wirchipe, as þe worlde askes,
 And brynge me to beryell, byd I no more.
 Grete wele my ladye þe qwere, ȝife þe werlde happyne,
 And all þe burliche birdes þat to hir boure lengez, 2190
 And my worthily weife, þat wrethide me neuer,
 Bid hire fore hir wyrchipe wirke for my saulle !"
 The kyngez confessour come, with Criste in his handes,
 For to comforth the knyghte, kende hym þe wordes.
 The knyghte coueride on his knees with a kaunt herte,
 And caughte his Creatoure þat comfurthes vs all.
 Thane remmes þe ricke kynge fore rewthe at his herte,

Rydes into rowte his dede to reuenge ;
 Presede into þe plumpe and with a prynce metes,
 That was ayere of Egipt in thos este marches, 2200
 Cleues hym with Collbrande clenlyche in sondyre.
 He broches euen thorowe þe byerne, and þe sadill bristes,
 And at þe bake of þe blonke þe bewelles entamede !

Manly in his maly[n]coly he metes anoper,
 The medill of þat myghtty, þat hym myche greuede ;
 He merkes thurghe the maylez the myddes in sondyre,
 That the myddys of þe mane on þe mounte fallez,
 þe toper halfe of þe haunche on þe horse leuyde.
 Of þat hurte, alls I hope, heles he neuer !
 He schotte thorowe þe schiltrouns with his scharpe wapen, 2210
 Schalkez he schrede thurghe, and schrenkede maylez ;
 Baneres he bare downne, bryttenede scheldes,
 Brothely with brown stele his brethe he þare wrekes ;
 Wrothely he wryththis by wyghtnesse of strenghe,
 Woundes þese whydyrewyns, werrayede knyghttes,
 Threppede thorowe þe thykkys thryttene sythis,
 Thryngez throly in the thrange, and chis euen aftyre.

Thane sir Gawayne the gude, with wyrchipfull knyghttez,
 Wendez in the awawewarde be tha wodde hemmys ;
 Was warre of *sir* Lucius, one launde there he houys, 2220
 With lordez and ligge-men, that to hym selfe lengede.

Thane the emperour enkerly askes hym sonne,
 " What will thou, Gawayne, wyrke with thi wapyn ?
 I watte be thi wauerynge, thou willnez aftyre sorowe ;
 I sall be wrokyn on thi wrethe, fore all thi grete wordez ! "

He laughte owtte a lange swerde, and luyschede one faste,
 And *sir* Lyonell in the launde lordely hym strykes,
 Hittes hym on þe hede, þat þe helme britis ;
 Hurttes his herne-pane an haunde-brede large.
 Thus he layes one þe lumppe, and lordly þem seruede, 2230
 Wondide worthily wirchipfull knyghttez !
 Fighttez with Florent that beste es of swerdez,
 Till þe fomande blode till his fyste rynnes.

Thane þe Romainys relenyde, þat are ware rebuykkyde,
 And all torattysoure men with their riste horsse ;

Fore they see paire cheftayne be chauffe so sore,
 They chasse and choppe doun oure cheualrous knyghtes.
 Sir Bedwere was borne thurghe, and his breste thyrllede,
 With a burlyched braunde, brode at þe hiltis ;
 The ryall raunke stele to his herte rynnys, 2240
 And he rusches to þe erthe, rewthe es the more !

Thane þe conquerour tuke kepe, and come with his strengthes
 To reschewe þe ryche men of þe rounde table,
 To owtttraye þe emperour, ȝif auntire it schewe,
 Ewyn to þe egle, and " Arthure !" askryes.
 The emperour thane egerly at Arthure he strykez,
 Awkarde on þe vmbrere, and egerly hym hittez !
 The nakyde swerde at þe nese noyes hym sare,
 The blode of [the] bolde kyng euer þe breste rynnys,
 Beblede at ¹ þe brode schelde and þe bryghte mayles ! 2250
 Oure bolde kyng bowes þe blonke be þe bryghte brydyll,
 With his burlyche brande a buffette hym reches,
 Thourghe þe brene and þe breste with his bryghte wapyn,
 O slante doun fro þe slote he slyttes at ones.

Thus endys þe emperour of Arthure hondes,
 And all his austeryn oste þareof ware affrayede.

Now they ferke to þe fyrthe, a fewe þat are leuede,
 For ferdnesse of oure folke, by þe fresche strandez.
 The floure of oure ferse men one ferant stede
 Folowes frekly on þe frekes, thate frayede was neuer. 2260

Thane þe kyde conquerour cryes full lowde,—
 " Cosyn of Cornewaile, take kepe to þi selfen,
 That no captayne be keypde for non siluer,
 Or *sir Kayous* dede be cruelly vengede ! "
 " Nay," sais *sir Cador*, " so me Cryste helpe !
 Thare ne es kayser ne kyng, þat vndire Criste ryngnes,
 þat I ne schall kill colde dede be crafte of my handez ! "
 Thare myghte men see chiftaynes, on chalke-whitte stede,
 Choppe doun in the chaas cheualrye noble ;
 Romaines þe rycheste and ryall kynges, 2270
 Braste with ranke stele theire rybbys in sondyre,
 Braynes forebrusten thurghe burneste helmes,

¹ Read al. (Brock.)

With brandez forbrittenede one brede in þe launde.

They hewed doun haythen men with hiltede swerde,
Be hole hundreth on hye, by þe holte eyues.
Thare myghte no siluer thaym saue, ne socoure theire lyues,
Sowdane, ne Sarazene, ne senatour of Rome.

Thane releuis þe renkes of the rounde table,
Be þe riche reuare that rynnys so faire ;
Lugegez thaym lufye by þa lyghte strandez, 2280
All on lawe in þe lawnde, thas lordlyche byernes.
Thay kaire to þe karyage, and tuke what them likes,
Kamells and sekadrisses, and cofirs full riche,
Hekes, and hakkenays, and horses of armes,
Howsyng and herbergage of heythen kynges ;
They drewe owt of dromondaries dyuerse lordes,
Moyllez mylke whitte, and meruayllous bestez,
Elfaydes, and arrabys, and olyfauntez noble,
þer are of þe Oryent, with honourable kynges.

Bot sir Arthure onone ayeres þeraftyre 2290
Ewyn to þe emperour, with honourable kyngis ;
Laughte hym vpe full louelyly with lordlyche knyghttez,
And ledde hym to þe layere, thare the kyng lygges.
Thane harawdez heghely, at heste of the lordes,
Hunttes vpe the haythemen, that on heghte lygges,
The Sowdane of Surry, and certayne kynges,
Sexty of þe cheefe senatours of Rome.

Thane they bussches and bawmede paire honourliche kyngis,
Sewed them in sendell sextifaulde aftire,
Lappede them in lede, lesse that they schulde 2300
Chawnge or chawffe, ȝif þay myghte escheffe ;
Closed in kystys clene vnto Rome,
With theire baners abowne, theire bagis therevndyre,
In whate countré þay kaire that knyghttes myghte knawe
Iche kyng be his colours, in kyth whare [he] lengede.
Onone on þe secounde daye, sone by þe morne,
Twa senatours ther come, and certayne knyghttez,
Hodles fro þe hethe, ouer þe holte eyues,
Barefote ouer þe bente, with brondes so ryche,
Bowes to þe bolde kyng, and biddis hym þe hiltes, 2310

Whethire he will hang theym or hedde, or halde theym on lyfe,
 Knelyde before þe conquerour in kyrtills allone ;
 With carefull contenaunce þay karpide þese wordes,—

“Twa senatours we are, thi subgettez of Rome,
 That has sauede oure lyfe by þeise salte strandys ;
 Hyd vs in þe heghe wode, thurghe þe helpynge of Criste ;
 Beseke the of socoure, as soueraygne and lorde ;
 Grante vs lyffe and lym with leberall herte,
 For his luffe that the lente this lordchipe in erthe !” 2319
 “I graunte,” *quod* [the] gude kyng, “thurghe grace of my selfen,
 I giffe þowe lyffe and lyme, and leue for-to passe,
 So þe doo my message menskefully at Rome,
 That ilke charge þat I þow þiffe here before my cheeffe knyghttez.”
 “þis,” sais the senatours, “that sall we ensure,
 Sekerly be oure trowhes thi sayenges to fullfill ;
 We sall lett for no lede þat lyffes in erthe,
 Fore pape, ne for potestate, ne prynce so noble,
 That ne sall lelely in lande thi letteres pronounce,
 For duke ne fore dussepere, to dye in þe payne !”

Thane the banerettez of Bretayne broghte þem to tentes ; 2330
 There barbours ware bownn with basyns on lofte,
 With warme wartire i-wys they wette them full son ;
 They schouen thes schalkes schappely theraftyre,
 To rekken theis Romaynes recreaunt and 3olden ;
 Forthy schoue they them to schewe, for skomfite of Rome.
 They coupylde þe kystys on kameles belyue,
 On asses and arrabyes, theis honourable kynges ;
 The emperoure for honoure, all by hym one,
 Euen appon an olyfaunte, hys egle owtt ouere ;
 Bekende them the captyfis, the kyngde dide hym selfen, 2340
 And all byfore his kene men karpede thees wordes,—

Here are the kystis,” *quod* the kyng, “kaire ouer þe mownttez ;
 Mette full monee þat þe haue mekyll 3ernede,
 The taxe and þe trebutte of tene schore wynteres,
 That was tenefully tynte in tym of oure elders.
 Saye to þe senatoure, þe ceté þat 3emes,
 That I sende hym þe somme, assaye how hym likes !
 Bott byde them neuere be so bolde, whylls my blode regnes,

Efte for to brawlle þem for my brode landez,
 Ne to aske trybut ne taxe be nakyn tyle, 2350
 Bot syche tresoure as this, whills my tym lastez."
 Nowe they raike to Rome the redyeste wayes,
 Knylles in the capatoylle, and comowns assembles,
 Souerayngez and senatours, the ceté þat ȝemes,
 Bekende them the caryage, kystis and oper,
 Alls þe conquerour comaunde *with* cruell wordes.
 "We hafe trystily trayuellede þis tribute to feche,
 The taxe and þe trewage of fowre score wynteris,
 Of I[n]glande, of Irelande and all þir owtt illes,
 That Arthure in the Occedente occupyes att ones. 2360
 He byddis ȝow neuere be so bolde, whills his blode regnes,
 To brawle ȝowe fore Bretayne ne his brode landes,
 Ne aske hym tribute ne taxe be nonkyns tyle,
 Bot syche tresoure as this, whills his tyme lastis.
 We haffe foughtten in France, and vses foule happenede,
 And all oure myche faire folke faye are byleuede.
 Eschappide there ne cheullrye, ne cheftaynes noþer,
 Bott choppede downn in the chasse, syche chawmse es befallen.
 We rede ȝe store ȝowe of stone, and stuffen ȝour walles :
 ȝow wakkens wandrethe and werre ; be ware, ȝif ȝow lykes !" 2370
In the kalendez of Maye this caas es befallen :
 The roy ryalle renownde, *with* his rownde table,
 One the coste of Costantyne by þe clere strandez,
 Has the Romaynes ryche rebuykede for euer.
 Whene he hade foughtten in Fraunce, and the felde wonnen,
 And fersely his foomen felde owtte of lyfe,
 He bydes for þe beryenge of his bolde knyghtez,
 That in batell with brandez ware broughte owte of lyfe.
 He beryes at Bayone *sir* Bedwere þe ryche ;
 The cors of Kayon þe kene at Came es beleuefede, 2380
 Koueride *with* a crystall clenly all ouer ;
 His fadyre *conqueride* þat kyth knyghtly *with* hondes.
 Seyn in Burgoyne he bade to bery mo knyghttez,
 Sir Berade and Bawdwyne, *sir* Bedwar þe ryche,
 Gud *ser* Cadour at Came, as his kynde askes.
 Thane *sir* Arthure onone, in þe Auguste þeraftyre,

Enteres to Almayne wyth osten arrayed ;
 Lengez at Lusscheburghe, to lechen hys knyghttez,
 With his lele ligge-men, as lorde in his awen.
 And on *Christofre* daye a concell he haldez, 2390
 Withe kynges and kaysers, clerkkes and oper,
 Comandez them kenely to caste all peire wittys,
 How he may *conquere* by crafte the kythe pat he claymes.
 Bot the *conquerour* kene, curtais and noble,
 Karpes in the concell theys knyghtly wordez—
 “ Here es a knyghte in theis kleuys, enclosside with hilles,
 That I haue cowaite to knowe, because of his wordez,
 That es Lorayne pe lele, I kepe noghte to layne ;
 The lordchipe es louely, as ledes me telles.
 I will that ducherye devyse, and dele as me lykes, 2400
 And seyn dresse wyth pe duke, if destynny suffre :
 The renke rebell has bene vnto my rownde table,
 Redy aye with Romaines, and ryotte my landes.
 We sall rekken full rathe, if reson so happen,
 Who has ryghte to pat rente, by ryche Gode of heuen !
 Than will I by Lumbardye lykande to schawe,
 Sett lawe in pe lande, pat laste sall euer ;
 The tyrauntez of *Turkayn*¹ tempeste a littyll,
 Talke with pe temperall, whills my tym lastez ;
 I gyffe my protteccioñe to all pe pope landez, 2410
 My ryche pensell of pes my pople to schewe.
 It es a foly to offende oure fadyr vndire Gode,
 Owþer Peter or Paule, þa postles of Rome.
 3if we spare the spirituall, we spede bot the bettire ;
 Whills we haue for to speke, spille sall it neuer ! ”
 Now they spede at þe spurres, *withowttyn* speche more,
 To þe marche of Meyes, theis manliche knyghtez,
 That es Lorraine alosede as London es here,
 Ceté² of þat seyn3owre, that soueraynge es holden.
 The kyng ferkes furthe on a faire stede, 2420
 With Ferrer and ³ Ferawnte, and oper foure knyghtez ;
 Abowte the ceté þa seuen, they soughte at þe nextte,

¹ Read Tuskayn. (Brock.)² MS. Pety. (Brock.)³ MS. ferrerannde. (Brock.)

To seke them a sekýre place to sett withe engeynes ;
 Thane they beneyde in burghe bowes of vyse,
 Bekýrs at þe bolde kyng with boustouse lates,
 Allblawsters at Arthure egerly schottes,
 For to hurte hym or his horse with þat hard wapen.
 The kyng schonte for no schotte, ne no schelde askys,
 Bot schewes hym scharpely in his schene wedys ;
 Lenges all at laysere, and lokes on the wallys, 2430
 Whare þey ware laweste the ledes to assaille.
 "Sir," said *sir* Ferrere, "a folý thowe wirkkes,
 Thus nakede in thy noblaye to neghe to þe walles,
 Sengely in thy surcotte, this ceté to reche,
 And schewe þe within, there to schende vs all.
 Hye vs hastýlye heynne, or we mon full happen,
 For hitt they the or thy horse, it harmes for euer !"
 "Ife thow be ferde," *quod* the kyng, "I rede thow ryde vttere,
 Lesse þat þey rywe the with their rownnd wapyn !
 Thow arte bot a fawntkyn, no ferly me thynkkys ! 2440
 þou will be flayed for a flye þat on thy flesche lyghttes !
 I am nothyng agaste, so me Gode helpe !
 þof siche gadlynges be greuede, it greues me bot lyttill ;
 Thay wyn no wirchiþe of me, bot wastys their takle ;
 They sall wante or I weende, I wagen myn hevede !
 Sall neuer harlotte haue happe, thorowe helpe of my Lorde,
 To kyll a corownde kyng with ¹ krysom enoyntte !"
 Thane come þe herbariours, harageous knyghtez,
 The hale batells on hye harrawnte theraftýre ;
 And oure forreours ferse, appon fele halves, 2450
 Come flyeande before one ferawnt stedes ;
 Ferkande in arraye their ryall knyghttez,
 The renkez renownde of þe rownnd table.
 All þe frekke men of Fraunce folowede thareaftýre,
 Faire fittyde on frownte, and on the felde houys.
 Thane the schalkes scharpelye scheftys their horsez,
 To schewen them semly in their scheen wedes ;
 Buskes in batayle with baners displayede,
 With brode scheldes enbrassede, and burlyche helmys,

¹ MS. with with. (Brock.)

With penouns and pensells of ylke prynce armes, 2460
 Appayrelde with perrye and *precious* stones.
 The lawnces with loraynes, and lemande scheldes,
 Lyghtenande as þe leuenynge, and lemand al ouer.
 Thane the price men prekes, and proues þeire horsez,
 T Satills to þe ceté, appon sere halves ;
 Enserches the subbarbes sadly thareafyre,
 Discoueris of schotte-men, and skyrmys a lyttill ;
 Skayres paire skottefers, and theire skowtte-waches,
 Brittenes theire barrers with theire bryghte wapyns ;
 Bett down a barbycan, and þe brygge wynnys. 2470
 Ne hade the garnyson bene gude at þe grete zates,
 Thay hade wonn that wone be theire awen strenghe.
 Than withdrawes oure men, and drisses them bettyre,
 For dred of þe drawe-brigge dasschede in sondre ;
 Hyes to þe harbergage, thare the kynge houys
 With his batell on heghe, horsyde on stedys.
 Thane was þe prynce *puruayede*, and þeire places *nommen*,
 Pyghte pauyllyons of palle, and plattes in seegge.
 Thane lenge they lordly, as þem leefe thoghte,
 Waches in ylke warde, as to þe werre fallles, 2480
 Settes vp sodaynly certayne engynes.
 One Sonondaye be þe Sooñe has a flethe 3olden.
 The kynge calles on Florente, þat *flour* was of knyghttez,—
 “The Fraunchemeñe enfeblesches, ne farly me thynkkys !
 They are vnfondyde folke in þa faire marches,
 For them wantes þe flesche and fude that them lykes.
 Here are forestez faire appon fele halucs,
 And thedyre feemen are fiede with freliche bestes.
 Thow sall foonde to þe fell, and forraye the mountes ;
 Sir Forawnt and *sir* Florydas sall folowe thi brydyll ; 2490
 Vs moste with some fresche mette refresche oure pople,
 That are feedde in þe fyrthe *with* þe froyte of þe erthe.
 Thare sall weende to þis viage *sir* Gawayne hym selfen,
 Wardayne full wyrchipfull, and so hym wele semes ;
 Sir Wecharde, *sir* Waltyre, theis wyrchipfull knyghtes,
 With all wyseste men of þe weste marches ;
 Sir Clegis, *sir* Clarybalde, *sir* Clarymownde þe noble,

The capytayne oo Cardyfe clenlyche arrayede.
 Goo now, warne all þe wache, Gawayne and oper,
 And weendes furthe on *your* waye withowttyn moo wordes." 2500

Now ferkes to þe fyrthe thees fresche men of armes,
 To þe fell so fewe, theis fresclyche byernes,
 Thorowe hopes and hymlande hillys and oper,
 Holtis and hare woddes with heslyn schawes,
 Thorowe marasse and mosse and montes so heghe ;
 And in the myste mornynge one a mede falles,
 Mawen and vnmade, maynoyrede bott lyttyll,
 In swathes sweppen down, full of swete floures.

Thare vnbyrdills theis bolde, and baytes peire horses,
 To þe grygyng of þe daye, þat byrdez¹ gan synge, 2510
 Whylls the surs of þe sonne, þat sonde es of Cryste,
 That solaces all synfull, þat syghte has in erthe.

Thane weendes owtt the wardayne, *sir* Gawayne hym selfen,
 Alls he þat weysse was and wyglite,² wondyr to seke ;
 Than was he warre of a wye, wondyre wele armyde,
 Baytand on a wattire banke by þe wodde eyuis,
 Buskede in brenyes bryghte to behalde,
 Enbrassede a brode schelde on a blonke ryche,
 With³ birenne ony borne, bot a boye one,

Houes by hym on a blonke, and his spere holdes. 2520
 He bare gessenande in golde, thre grayhondes of sable
 With chapes a cheynes of chalke whytte syluer,
 A charebocle in þe cheefe, chawngawnde of hewes,
 And a cheefe anterous, chalange who lykes.

Sir Gawayne glyftes on the gome *with* a glade will ;

O A grete spere fro his grome he grypes in hondes,
 Gyrdes ewen ouere þe streme on a stede ryche.

To þat steryn in stour, one strenghe pare he houys,
 Egerly one Inglisce "Arthure !" he askryes.

The toþer irouslýe ansuers hym sone 2530

On a launde of Lorrayne with a lowde steuen,
 That ledes myghte lysten þe lenghe of a myle.

"Whedyr prykkes thow, pilouur, þat profers so large ?

¹ MS. þat byrdez that byrdes. (Brock.) ² MS. wyghte wyghte. (Brock.)

³ Read withouten ony berne. (Brock.)

Here pykes thowe no praye, profire when þe lykes !
 Bot thow in þis perell¹ put of the bettire,
 Thow sall be my presonere, for all thy prowde lates !'
 "Sir," sais *sir* Gawayne, "so me Gode helpe,
 Siche glauerande gomes greues me bot lyttill.
 Bot if thowe graythe thy gere, the will grefe happen,
 Or thowe goo of þis greue, for all thy grete wordes." 2540
 Than þeire launces they lachen, thes lordlyche byernez,
 Laggen *with* longe speres one lyarde stedes ;
 Cowpen at awntere be kraftes of armes,
 Till bothe þe crowell speres brousten att ones.
 Thorowe scheldys þey schotte, and scherde thorowe males,
 Bothe schere thorowe schoulders a schaft-monde large.
 Thus worthylye þes wyes wondede ere bothen,
 Or they wreke þem of wrethe awaye will þey neuer.
 Than they raughte in the reyne and agayne rydes,
 Redely theis rathe mene rusches owtte swerdez, 2550
 Hittes one hellmes full hertelyche dynttys,
 Hewes appon hawberkes with full harde wapyns.
 Full stowtly þey stryke, thire steryn knyghttes,
 Stokes at þe stomake with stelyn poyntes,
 Feghtten and floresche withe flawmande swerdez,
 Till þe flawes of fyre flawmes one theire helmes.
 Thane *sir* Gawayne was greuede, and grychgide full sore ;
 With Galuthe his gude swerde grymlye he strykes,
 Clefe þe knyghttes schelde clenliche in sondre.
 Who lukes to þe lefte syde, when his horse launches, 2560
 With þe lyghte of þe sonne men myghte see his lyuere.
 Thane granes þe gome fore greefe of his wondys,
 And gyrdis at *sir* Gawayne, as he by glentis,
 And awkewarde egerly sore he hym smyttes ;
 An alet enamelde he oches in sondire,
 Bristes þe rerebrace with the bronde ryche,
 Kerues of at þe coutere with þe clene egge,
 Ane[n]tis þe awawmbrace, vrayllede *with* siluer.
 Thorowe a dowble vesture of veluett ryche,
 With þe venymous swerde a vayne has he towchede, 2570

¹ MS. *pererell*. (Brock.)

That voydes so violently pat all his witte changede ;
 The vesere, the aventaille, his vesturis ryche,
 With the valyant blode was verrede all ouer.
 Thane this tyrante tite turnes þe brydill,
 Talkes vntendirly, and sais, " þow arte towchede !
 Vs bus haue a blode-bande, or thi ble change ;
 For all þe barbours of Bretayne sall noghte thy blode stawneche,
 For he þat es blemeste with þis brade brande, blyne schall he neuer."

" 3a," *quod sir Gawayne*, " thow greues me bot lyttill.

2580

Thowe wenys to glopyne me with thy gret wordez,
 Thow trowes with thy talkynge þat my harte talmes.
 Thow betydes *tourfere* or thowe hyen turne,
 Bot thow tell me tytte, and tarye no lengere,
 What may staunche this blode þat thus faste rynnes."
 " 3ise, I say þe sothely and sekire þe my trowthe,
 No surgyon in Salarne sall saue þe bettyre,
 Withthy þat thowe suffre me, for sake of thy Cryste,
 To schewe shortly my schrifte, and schape for myn ende."

" 3is," *quod sir Gawayne*, " so me God helpe !

2590

I gyfe þe grace and graunt, þofe þou hafe grefe *seruede*,
 Withthy thowe say me sothe what thowe here sekis,
 Thus sengilly and sulayne all þi selfe one ;
 And whate laye thow leues one, layne noghte þe sothe,
 And whate legyaunce, and whare þow arte lorde."

" My name es *sir Priamus* ; a prynce es my fadyre,
 Praysede in his partyes with prouede kynges ;
 In Rome thare he regnes he es riche halden ;
 He has bene rebell to Rome, and reden theire landes,
 Werreyand weisely wyntters and 3eres,

2600

Be witt, and be wyssdome, and be wyghte strenghe,
 And be wyrchipfull werre, his awen has he wonn.
 He es of Alexandire blode, ouerlynge of knyges,
 The vncler of his ayele, *sir Ector* of Troye ;
 And here es the kynreden that I of come,
 And Iudas and Iosue, þise gentill knyghtes.
 I ame apparaunt his ayere, and þe beste of oþer ;
 Of Alexandere and Aufrike, and all þa owte landes,
 I am in possessione, and plenerly sessede.

In all þe price cetees that to þe porte langes,
 I sall hafe trewly the tresour and the londes, 2610
 And bothe trebute and taxe whills my tym lastes.
 I was so hawtayne of herte, whills I at home lengede,
 I helde nane my hippe heghte vndire heuen ryche ;
 Forthy was I sente hedire with seuen score knyghttez,
 To asaye of this werre, be sente of my fadire ;
 And I am for cirqwitrye schamely supprisede,
 And be aw[n]tire of armes owtrayed fore euecre.
 Now hafe I taulde the þe kyne that I ofe come,
 Will thou for knyghthede kene me thy name ?”

“Be Criste,” *quod sir* Gawayne, “knyghte was I neuer ! 2620
 With þe kydde conquerour a knafe of his chambyre
 Has wroghte in his wardrope wynters and 3eres,
 One his longe armour that hym beste lykid ;
 I poyne all his pavelyouns þat to hym selfe pendes,
 Dyghttes his dowblettez for dukes and erles,
 Aketouns auenaunt fore Arthure hym selfen,
 That he vsede in werre all this aughte wyntter.
 He made me 3omane at 3ole, and gafe me gret gyftes,
 And c. pounde, and a horse, and harnayse full ryche ;
 Gife I happe to my hele that hende for to serue, 2630
 I be holpen in haste, I hette the forsothe.”

“Giffe his knafes be syche, his knyghttez are noble ;
 There es no kyng vndire Criste may kemme with hym on.
 He will be Alexander ayre, that all þe erthe lowttede,
 Abillere þan euer was *sir* Ector of Troye.
 Now fore the krisome þat þou kaghte þat day þou was crystenede
 Whethire thoue be knyghte or knaffe, knawe now þe sothe.”
 “My name es *sir* Gawayne, I graunt þe for sothe,
 Cosyn to þe conquerour, he knowes it hym selfen,
 Kydd in his kalandar a knyghte of his chambyre, 2640
 And rollede the richeste of all þe rounde table.
 I ame þe dussepere and duke he dubbede with his hondes,
 Deynttely on a daye before his dere knyghtes.
 Gruche noghte, gude *sir*, þofe me this grace happen ;
 It es þe gifte of Gode, the gree es hys awen.”
 “Petire !” sais Priamus, “now payes me bettire

Thane I of Provynce warre prynce, and of Paresche ryche !
 Fore me ware leuer preuely be prykkyd to þe harte,
 Than euer any prikkere had siche a pryse wonnyn.
 Bot here es herberde at hande, in þone huge holtes, 2650
 Halle bataile one heyghe, take hede ȝif the lyke ;
 The duke of Lorryne the derfe, with his dere knyghtes,
 The doughtyest of Dolfinede, and Duchemen many,
 The lordes of Lumbardye that leders are halden,
 The garnyson of Godarde gaylyche arrayede,
 The wyese of þe Westuale, wirchipfull biernez,
 Of Sessoyne and Surylande Sarazenes enewe ;
 They are nowmerde full neghe, and namede in rollez,
 Sixty thowsande and ten forsothe of sekyre men of armez ;
 Bot ȝif thou hye fro þis hethe, it harmes vs bothe, 2660
 And bot my hurtes be son holpen, hole be I neuer.
 Tak heede to þis hanseman, þat he no horn blawe,
 Are thoue heyly in haste beese hewen al to peces ;
 For they are my retenuz to ryde where I wyll,
 Es non redyare renkes regnande in erthe.
 Be thou raghte *with* þat rowtt, thou rydes no forþer,
 Ne thou bees neuer rawnsonede for reches in erthe."
 Sir Gawayn wente or þe wathe com, where hym beste lykede,
 With this wortheliche wye, that wondyd was sore ;
 Merkes to þe mountayne there oure men lenges, 2670
 Baytaynde theire blonkes *þer* on þe brode mede ;
 Lordes lenande lowe on lemande scheldes,
 With lowde laghttirs on lofte for lykyng of byrdez,
 Of larkes, of lynkwhyttez, þat lufflyche songen,
 And some was sleghte one slepe *with* slaughte of þe pople
 þat sange in þe seson in the schenne schawes,
 So lawe in þe lawndez so lykande notes.
 Thane *sir* Whycher whas warre paire wardayne was wondyde,
 And went to hym wepand, and wryngande his handes ;
 Sir Wychere, *sir* Walchere, theis weise men of armes, 2680
 Had wondyre of *sir* Gawayne, and wente hym agayns,
 Mett hym in the mydwaye, and meruaile them t[h]oghte
 How he maisterede þat man, so myghtty of strengthes.
 Be all þe welthe of þe werlde, so woo was þem neuer.

“For all oure wirchipe i-wysse awaye es in erthe!”

“Greue 3ow noghte,” *quod* Gawayne, “for Godis luffe of heuen;
For this es bot gosesomere, and gyffen on erles;
Poffe my schouldire be schrede, and my schelde thyrllede,
And the wielde of myn arme werkkes a littill,
This prissonere *sir Priamus*, þat has *perilous* wondes, 2690
Sais þat he has saluez sall soften vs bothen.”

Thane stirttes to his sterape sterynfull knyghttez,
And he lordely lyghttes and laghte of his brydill,
And lete his burlyche blonke baite on þe flores;
Braydes of his bacenette and his ryche wedis,
Bownnes to his brode schelde and bowes to þe erthe,
In all the bodye of that bolde es no blode leuede.
Than preses to *sir Priamons* precious knyghtes,
Auyssely of his horse hentes hym in armes; 2700
His helme and his hawberke þay taken of aftyre,
And hastily for his hurtte all his herte chawngyd;
They laide hym down in the lawnde, and laghte of his wedes,
And he lenede hym on lange, or how hym beste lykede.
A foyle of fyne golde they fand at his gyrdill,
þat es full of þe flour of þe four well,
þat flowes owte of Paradice when þe flode ryces,
That myche froyt of fallez, þat feede schall vs all;
Be it frette on his flesche, þare synues are entamede,
The freke schalle be fische-halle within fowre howres.

They vncouere þat cors with full clene hondes; 2710
With clere watire a knyghte clensis theire wondes,
Keled theym kyndly, and comforthed *per* hertes.
And whene þe carries ware clene, þay clede them a3ayne;
Barell-ferrers they brochede, and broghte them the wyne,
Bothe brede and brawn, and bredis full ryche;
When þay hade eten anon they armede after.
Thane tha awntrende men “*as armes!*” askryes,
With a claryoune clere, thire knyghtez togedyre,
Callys to concell, and of this case tellys:—
“3ondyr es a companye of clene men of armes, 2720
The keneste in contek þat vndir Criste lenges;
In 3one oken wode an oste are arrayede,

Vndirtakande men of piese owte londes ;
 As sais vs *sir Priamours*, so helpe seynt Peter ! ”
 “ Go, men,” *quod* Gawayne, “ and grape in þour hertez,
 Who sall graythe to þone greue to þone gret lordes ;
 ȝif we gettlesse goo home, the kyng will be greuede,
 And say we are gadlynges, agaste for a lyttill.

We are *with sir Florente*, as todaye falles,
 That es floure of Fraunce, for he fleede *neuer* ; 2730
 He was chosen and chargegide in chambire of þe kyngc,
 Chiftayne of þis *journee with cheualrye* noble ;
 Whethire he fyghte or he flee, we sall folowe aftyre ;
 Fore all þe fere of þone folke forsake sall I *neuer*.”

“ Fadyre,” sais *sir Florent*, “ full faire ȝe it tell !
 Bot I ame bot a fawntkyn, vnfraystede in armes ;
 ȝif any foly befall, þe fawte sall be owrs,
 And fremdly o Fraunce be flemede for euer.

Woundes noghte *þour wirchiþe*, my witte es bot symple ;
 ȝe are owre wardayne i-wysse, wyrke as þowe lykes ; 2740
 ȝe are at the ferreste noghte passande fyve huñdretþe,
 And þat es fully to fewe to feghte with them all,
 Fore harlottez and hansemene sall helpe bott littill ;
 They will hye theym hyen for all þeire gret wordes.
 I rede ȝe wyrke aftyre witte, as wyesse men of armes,
 And warpes wylily awaye, as wirchipfull knyghtes.”

“ I grawnte,” *quod sir Gawayne*, “ so me Gode helpe !
 Bot here are galyarde gomes þat of þe gre *seruis*,
 The kreuelleste knyghttes of þe kynges chambyre,
 That kane carpe with the coppe knyghtly wordes ; 2750
 We sall *proue* todaye who sall the prys wyn.”

Nowe forriours fers vnto þe fyrthe rydez,
 And foungez a faire felde, and on fotte lyghttez ;
 Prekes aftyre þe pray, as pryce men of armes.
 Floreñt and Floridas, with fyve score knyghttez,
 Folowede in þe foreste, and on þe way fowndys,
 Flyngande a faste trott, and on þe folke dryffes.
 Than felewes fast to oure folke wele a fyve hundreth
 Of freke men to þe fyrthe, appon fresche horses ;
 One *sir Feraunt* before, apon a fayre stede, 2760

Was fosterde in Famacoste, the fende was his fadyre,
 He flenges to *sir* Florent, and pristly he kryes,—
 “ Why flees thow, falls knyghte ? þe fende hafe þi saule ! ”

Thane *sir* Florent was fayne, and in fewter castys ;
 One Fawuell of Fryselande to¹ Feraunt he rydys,
 And raghte in þe reyne on þe stede ryche,
 And rydes towarde the rowte, restes he no lengere.
 Full butt in þe frounte he flysches hym euen,
 And all dysfegoures his face with his fell wapen.
 Thurghe his bryghte bacenette his brayne has he towchede, 2770
 And brusten his neke-bone, þat all his breste² stoppede.

Thane his cosyn askryede, and cryede full lowde,
 “ Thowe has killede colde dede þe kynge of all knyghttes !
 He has bene fraistede on felde in fyftene rewmes ;
 He fonde neuer no freke myghte feghte *with* hym one.
 Thow schall dye for his dede *with* my derfe wapen,
 And all þe doughtty for dule þat in þone dale houes.”
 “ Fy,” sais *sir* Floridas, “ thow fleryande wryche !
 Thow wenes for to flay vs, floke-mowthede schrewe ! ”
 Bot Floridas *with* a swerde, as he by glenttys, 2780
 All þe flesche of þe flanke he flappes in sondyre,
 That all þe filthe of þe freke and fele of the guttes
 Foloes his fole fotte, whene he furthe rydes.

Than rydes a renke to rescewe þat byerne,
 þat was Raynalde of þe Rodes, and rebell to Criste,
 Peruertede *with* paynyns þat Cristen persewes ;
 Presses in prowdly, as þe praye wendes,
 Fore he hade in Prewsslande myche pryce wonnen ;
 Forthi in presence thare he profers so large.
 Bot thane a renke, *sir* Richere of þe rounde table, 2790
 One a ryall stede rydes hym aȝaynes ;
 Thorowe a rownnde rede schelde he ruschede hym sone,
 That the rosselde spere to his herte rynnes.
 The renke relys abowte and rusches to þe erthe,
 Roris full ruydlye, bot rade he no more.

Now all þat es fere and vnfaye of þes fyve hundreth
 Falles on *sir* Florent, a fyve score knyghttes,

¹ MS. te. (Brock.)

² Apparently for brethe. (Brock.)

Betwyx a plasche and a flode, appon a flate lawnde,
 Oure folke fongen theire felde, and fawghte them agaynes.
 Than was lowde appon lofte "Lorrayne!" askryede, 2800
 When ledys with longe speris lasschen togedyrs,
 And "Arthure!" on ourz syde, when theym oghte aylede.

Than *sir* Florent and Floridas in fewtyre þey caste,
 Fruschen on all þe frape, and biernes affrayede;
 Fellis fyve at þe frounte thare they fyrste enteride,
 And, or they ferke forthire, fele of þese opere.
 Brenyes browdden they briste, brittenede scheldes,
 Bettes and beres down the best þat them byddes;
 All þat rewlyd in the rowtte they ryden awaye,
 So rewdly they rere theys ryall knyghttes. 2810

When *sir* Priamous, þat prince, persayuede theire gamen,
 He hade peté in herte þat he ne durste pofire;
 He wente to *sir* Gawayne, and sais hym þese wordes,—
 "Thi price men fore thi praye putt are all vndyre,
 They are *with* Sarazenes ouersetete, mo þan seuē hundreth
 Of þe Sowdanes knyghtes owt of sere londes;
 Walde þow suffire me, *sir*, for sake of thi Criste,
 With a soppe of thi men suppowell theym ones."

"I grouche noghte," *quod* Gawayne, "þe gree es paire awen,
 They mon hafe gwerddouns full grett graunt of my lorde, 2820
 Bot the freke men of Fraunce fraiste them selfen,
 Frekes faughte noghte þeire fill this fyftene wynter;
 I will noghte stire *with* my stale halfe a stede lenghe,
 Bot they be stedde *with* more stuffe than on þone stede houys."

Than *sir* Gawayne was warre, withowttyn þe wode heīmes,
 T Wyes of þe Westfale appon wyght horsez,
 Walopande wodely, as þe waye forthes,
 With all þe wapyns i-wys þat to þe werre longez.
 The erle Antele the olde, the awawmwarde he buskes,
 Ayerande on ayther hande heghte thosande knyghtez; 2830
 His pelours and pausers passede all nombyre,
 That euer any prynce lede puruayede in erthe.

Than þe duke of Lorrayne dresesse thareafteyre,
 With dowbill of þe Duchemen þat doughtty ware holden;
 Paynymes of Pruysslande, prekkers full noble,

Come prekkande before with Priamous knyghttez.
 Than saide the erle Antele to Algere his broþer,—
 “ Me angers earnestly at Arthures knyghtez,
 Thus enkerly on an oste awnters þem selsen ;
 They will be owtrayed anon, are vndron rynges, 2840
 Thus folily on a felde to fyghte with vs all.
 Bot they be fesede in faye, ferly me thynkes ;
 Walde they purposse take, and passe on their wayes,
 Prike home to their prynce, and their pray leue,
 They myghte lenghen their lyfse, and lossen bott littill,
 It wolde lyghte my herte, so helpe me oure Lorde ! ”
 “ Sir,” sais sir Algere, “ thay hafe littill vsede
 To be owtrayed with the oste : me angers þe more.
 The fayreste schall be full feye, þat in oure floke ryddez,
 Alls fewe as they bene, are they the felde leue.” 2850
Than gud Gawayne, gracious and noble,
 All with glorious gle he gladdis his knyghtes ;
 “ Gloppyns noghte, gud men, for gleterand scheldes,
 3ofe 3one gadlynges be gaye on 3one gret horses.
 Banerettez of Bretayne, buskes vp 3our hertes !
 Bees noghte baiste of 3one boyes, ne of 3aire bryghte wedis !
 We sall blenke their boste for all their blode profire,
 Als bouxom as birde es in bede to hir lorde.
 3effe we feghte todaye, þe felde schall be owrs,
 The fekill faye sall faile, and falssede be distroyede. 2860
 3one folk is one frountere, vnfraistede theym semes ;
 Thay make faythe and faye to þe fend seluen.
 We sall in this viage victoures be holden,
 And avaunted with voyce of valyant biernes ;
 Praysede with prynce in presence of lordes,
 And luffede with ladyes in dyuerse londes.
 Aughte neuer siche honoure none of oure elders,
 Vnwyn ne Absolon ne non of thies oper.
 When we are moste in destresse, Marie we mene,
 That es oure maisters scyne, þat he myche traistez ; 2870
 Melys of þat mylde qwene, that menskes vs all ;
 Who so meles of þat mayde, myskaries he neuer.”
 Be þese wordes ware saide, they ware noghte ferre behynde

Bot the lenghe of a launde, and "Lorayne!" askryes.
 Was neu^{er} siche a justynge at *journé* in erthe,
 In the vale of Iosephate, as gestes vs telles,
 When Iulyus & Ioatall ware juggede to dy,
 As was when þe ryche men of þe rownde table
 Ruschede into þe rowte one ryall stedes.

For so raythely þay rusche with roselde speris, 2880
 That the raskaille was rade, and rane to þe grefes,
 And karede to þat courte as cowardes for euer.

"Peter!" sais *sir* Gawayne, "this gladdez myn herte!
 That þone gedlynges are gon, that made gret nowmbre;
 I hope that thees harlottez sall harme vs bot littill,
 For they will hyde them in haste within þone holte enis.
 Thay are fewere one felde þan þay were fyrste nombirde,
 Be fourtty thousande in faythe, for all theyre faire hostes."

Bot one Iolyan of Iene, a geante full howge, 2890
 Has joneded on *sir* Ierante, a justis of Walis;
 Thorowe a jerownde schelde he jogges hym thorowe,
 And a fyn gesserawnte of gentill mayles,
 Ioynter and gemows, he jogges in sondyre.

One a jambe stede þis jurnee he makes;
 Thus es þe geante forjuste, that errawnte Iewe,
 And Gerarde es jocunde, and joyes hym þe more.

Than the genatours of Genne enjoynes att ones,
 And frykis on þe frowntere well a fyve hundreth;
 A freke highte *sir* Federike, with full fele oþer, 2900
 Ferkes on a frusche, and fresclyche askryes

To fyghte with oure forreours, þat on felde houis.
 And thane the ryalle renkkes of þe rownde table
 Rade furth full ernestly, and rydis them agaynes,
 Mellis with the medill-warde, bot they ware ill machede;
 Of siche a grett multytude was meruayle to here.

Seyne at þe assemble the Sarazenes discoueres
 The soueraynge of Sessoyne, that saluede was neuer;
 Gyawntis forjustede with gentill knyghtes,
 Thorowe gesserawntes of Iene jaggede to þe herte.

They hewe thorowe helmes hawtayne biernez, 2910
 þat þe hiltede swerdes to þaire hertes rynnys

Than þe renkes renownde of þe rownd table
 Ryffes and ruyssches down renayede wrechis ;
 And thus they dreuen to þe dede dukes and erles,
 All þe dredghe of þe daye, with dredfull werkes.

Than *sir Priamous* þe prynce, in *presens* of lordes,

Presez to his penown, and pertly it hentes,
 Reuertede it redily, and awaye rydys

To þe ryall rowte of þe rownde table ;

And heyly his retenuz raykes hym aftyre,

2920

For they his reson had rede on his schelde ryche.

Owte of þe scheltrone þey schede, as schepe of a folde,

And steris furth to þe stowre, and stode be þeire lorde.

Seyne they sent to þe duke, and saide hym þise wordes,—

“ We hafe bene thy sowdeours this sex ȝere and more ;

We forsake þe todaye be serte of owre lorde ;

We sewe to oure soucrainge in sere kynges londes.

Vs defawtes oure feez of þis foure wyntteres ;

Thow arte feble and false, and noghte bot faire wordes ;

Oure wages are werede owte, and þi werre endide,

2930

We maye with oure wirchipe weend whethire vs lykes.

I red þowe trette of a trewe, and trofle no lengere,

Or þow sall tyne of thi tale ten thosande or euen.”

“ Fy a debles ! ” saide þe duke, “ the deuell haue ȝour bones !

The dawngere of ȝou doggez drede schall I neuer.

We sall dele this daye, be dedes of armes,

My dede, and my ducherye, and my dere knyghtes ;

Siche sowdeours as ȝe I sett bot att lyttill,

That sodanly in defawte forsakes theirre lorde.”

The duke ¹ in his schelde and dreches no lengere,

2940

Drawes hym a dromedarie, with dredfull knyghtez,

Graythes to *sir* Gawayne, with full gret nowmbyre

Of gomes of Gernaide, that greuours are holden.

Thas fresche horseseide men to þe frownt rydes,

Felles of oure forreours be fourtty at ones.

They hade foughtten before with a fyve hundrethe ;

It was no ferly, in faythe, þofe they faynt waxen.

Thane *sir* Gawayne was grefede, and grypps his spere,

¹ A word is wanting here.

And gyrdz in agayne with galyarde knyghttez ;
 Metes þe maches of Mees, and melles hym thorowe, 2950
 As man of þis medill-erthe, þat moste hade greuede.
 Bot on Chastelayne, a childe of þe kynges chambyre,
 Was warde to *sir* Wawayn of þe weste marches,
 Cheses to *sir* Cheldrike, a cheftayne noble,
 With a chasyng spere he chokkes hym thurghe.
 This chekke hym eschewede be chauncez of armes ;
 So þay chase þat childe, eschape may he neuer !
 Bot on Swyan of Sweey, with a swerde egge,
 The swyers swyre-bane he swappes in sondyre.
 He swounande diede, & on þe swarthe lengede, 2960
 Sweltes ewynne swiftly, and swanke he no more.

þan *sir* Gawayn gretes with his gray eghne ;
 The guyte was a gude man, begynnande of armes.
 Fore the charry childe so his chere chawngide,
 That the chillande watire on his chekes rynnyde.
 “ Woo es me,” *quod* Gawayne, “ that I ne weten hade ;
 I sall wage for that wye all þat I welde,
 Bot I be wroken on that wye, that thus has hym wondyde ! ”
 He dresses hym drerily, and to þe duke rydes,
 Bot one *sir* Dolphyn the derfe dyghte hym agaynes, 2970
 And *sir* Gawayne hym gyrd with a grym launce,
 That the grounden spere glade to his herte.
 And egerly he hente owte, and hurte anoþer,
 An haythen knyghte, Hardolfe, happye in armes ;
 Sleyghly in at the slotte slyttes hym thorowe,
 That the slydande spere of his hande sleppes.
 Thare es slayne in þat slope, be elagere of his hondes,
 Sexty slongen in a slade of sleghe men of armes.
 Þofe *sir* Gawayne ware wo, he wayttes hym by,
 And was warre of þat wye that the childe wondyde, 2980
 And with a swerde swiftly he swappes hym thorowe,
 That he swyftly swelte, and on þe erthe swounes.
 And thane he raykes to þe rowte, and ruysches one helmys ;
 Riche hawberkes he rente, and rasede schyldes,
 Rydes on a rawndoune, and his rayke holdes ;
 Thorowowte þe rereward he holdes wayes,

And thare raughte in the reyne this ryall þe ryche,
And rydez into þe rowte of þe rownde table.

Þane oure cheualrous¹ men changen theire horsez,

Chases and choppes down cheftaynes noble,

2990

Hittes full hertely on helmes and scheldes,

Hurtes and hewes down haythen knyghtez.

Ketell-hattes they cleue euen to þe scholdirs ;

Was neuer siche a clamour of capitaynes in erthe.

Thare was kynges sonnes kaughte, curtays and noble,

And knyghtes of þe contré, that knawen was ryche ;

Lordes of Lorayne and Lumbardye bothen

Laugh[t]e was, and lede in with oure lele knyghttez ;

Thas þat chasede that daye, theire chaunce was bettire,

Swiche a cheke at a chace escheuede theym neuer.

3000

When *sir* Florent, be fyghte, had þe felde wonen,

He ferkes ine before with fyve score knyghttez ;

Theire prayes and þeire prcsoneres passes one aftyre,

With pylours, and pauysers, and pryse men of armes.

Thane gudly *sir* Gawayne gydes his knyghttez,

Gas in at þe gayneste, as gydes hym telles,

Fore greffe of a garysone of full gret lordes

Sulde noghte gripe vpe his gere, ne swyche grame wirche.

Forethy they stode at the straytez, and with his stale houede,

Till his prayes ware paste the pathe that he dredis ;

3010

When they the ceté myghte see that the kyng seggede,

Sothely the same daye was wit[h] asawte wonnen.

An hawrawde hyes before, the beste of the lordes,

Hom at þe herbergage, owt of tha hyghe londes ;

Tornys tytte to þe tente, and to the kyng telles

All the tale sothely, and how they hade spede ;—

“ All thy forreours are fere, that forrayede withowttyn,

Sir Florent, and *sir* Floridas, and all thy ferse knyghtez ;

Thay hafe forrayede and foghten with full gret nowmbyre,

And fele of thy foo-men has broghte owt of lyffe.

3020

Oure wirchipfull wardayne es wele escheuyde,

For he has wonn todaye wirchipe for eucere,

He has Dolfyn slayne, and þe duke takyn ;

¹ MS. cheualrouers. (Brock.)

Many dowghty es dede be dynt of his hondes.

He has presoners price, pryncez and erles,
Of þe richeste blode þat regnys in erthe ;
All thy cheuallrous men faire are eschewede,
Bot a childe Chasteleynne myschance es befallen."

"Hawtayne," sais þe kyng, "harawde, be Criste !

Thow has helyd myn herte, I hete the forsothe !

3030

I ȝife the in Hamptone a hundreth pownde large."

The kyng þan to assawte he sembles his knyghtez,

With somercastell and sowe appon sere halves ;

Skyftis his skotiferis, and skayles the wallis,

And iche wache¹ has his warde with wiese men of armes.

Thane boldly þay buske, and bendes engynes,

Payses in pylotes and proues theire castes ;

Mynsteris and masondewes they malle to þe erthe,

Chirches and chapells chalke-white blawnchede.

Stone [s]tepells full styffe in þe strete ligges,

3040

Chawmbyrs with chymnés, and many cheefe inus,

Paysede and pelid down playstereðe walles ;

The pyne of þe pople was peté for to here.

Thane þe ducheþ hire dyghte with damesels ryche,

The cowntas of Crasyn with hir clere maydyns,

Knelis down in þe kynnelles thare the kyng houede,

On a couereðe horse comlyli arayede ;

They knewe hym by contenance, and criede full lowde,—

"Kyng crowneðe of kynde, take kepe to þese wordes !

3050

We beseke ȝow, *sir*, as soueraynge and lorde,

That ȝe safe vs todaye, for sake of ȝoure Criste !

Send vs some socoure, and saughte with the pople,

Or þe ceté be sodaynly with assawte wonnen !"

He weres his vesere with a vout noble ;

With vesage *verteuous*, this valyante bierne

Meles to hir myldly with full meke wordes,—

"Sall no mysse do ȝow, ma dame, þat to me lenges ;

I ȝyf ȝow chartire of pes, & ȝoure cheefe maydens,

The childire and þe chaste men, the cheualrous knyghtez ;

¹ Or wathe. (Brock.)

The duke es in dawngere, dredis it bott littlyll,
He sall idene þe full wele, dout 3ow noghte elles." 3060

Thane sent he on iche a syde to certayne lordes,
For to leue þe assawte, the ceté was 3olden ;
With þe erle eldeste son he sent hym þe kayes,
And seside þe same nyghte, be sent of þe lordes.
The duke to Douere es dyghte, and all his dere knyghtez,
To duelle in dawngere and dole þe dayes of hys lyue.

Thare fleede, at the ferrere 3ate, folke withowttyn nombyre,
For ferde of *sir* Florent and his fers knyghtez ;
Voydes the ceté and to the wode rynnys, 3070

With vetaile, and vessell, and vestoure so ryche.
Thay buske vpe a banere abown þe brode 3ates ;
Of *sir* Florent, in fay, so fayne was he neuer.
The knyghte houys on a hyll, behelde to þe wallys,
And saide, " I see be 3one synyne the ceté es oures."
Sir Arthure enters anon with hostes arayed,

Euen at þe vndron etles to lenge.
In iche leuere on lowde the kynge did crye,
Of payne of lyf and lym and lesynge of londes,
That no lele lige-mane, that to hym lonngede, 3080
Sulde lye be no ladysse, ne be no lele maydyns,
Ne be no burgesse wyffe, better ne werse,
Ne no biernez mysebide, that to þe burgh longede.

When þe kyng Arthure hade lely conquerid,
And the castell coucrede of þe kythe riche,
All þe crowell and kene, be craftes of armes,
Captayns and constables, knewe hym for lorde.
He deuysede and delte to dyuerse lordes,
A dowere for þe ducheze and hir dere childire ;
Wroghte wardaynes by wytte to welde all þe londez, 3090
That he had wonnen of werre, thorowe his wise knyghtez.
Thus in Lorayne he lenges as lorde in his awen,
Settez lawes in the lande, as hym leefte t[h]oghte ;
And one þe Lammese day to Lucerne he wendez,
Lengez thare at laysere with lykyng inowe.
Thare his galays ware graythede, a full gret nombyre,
All gleterand as glase, vndire grene hyllys,

With cabanes coucrede for kynges anoyntede,
 With clothes of clere golde for knyghtez and oper ;
 Sone stowede theire stuffe, and stablis peire horses, 3100
 Strekes streke ouer þe strein into þe straye londez.
 Now he moues his myghte with myrthes of herte,
 Ouere mowntes so hye, þase meruailous wayes ;
 Gosse in by Goddarde, the garette he wynnys,
 Graythes the garnison grisely wondes.

When he was passede the heghte, than the kyng houys
 With his hole bataylle, behaldande abowte,
 Lukande one Lumbarddye, and one lowde melys,—
 “ In þone lykande londe, lorde be I thynke.”

Thane they cayre to Combe, with kynges anoyntede, 3110
 That was kyde of þe coste, kay of all oper.

Sir Florent and sir Floridas þan fowndes before,
 With freke men of Fraunce well a fyve hundreth ;
 To þe ceté vnsene thay soghte at þe gayneste,
 And sett an enbuschement, als þem selfe lykys.
 Thane ischewis owt of þat ceté, full sone be þe morne,
 Slale discouerours, skyftes theire horses ;

Than skyftes þes skouerours, and skippes on hyllis,
 Diskoueres for skulkers that they no skathe lymppen ;
 Pouerall and pastorelles passede on aftyre, 3120
 With porkes to pasture at the price zates ;
 Boyes in þe subarbis bourden full heghe,

At a bare synglere that to þe bente rynnys.
 Thane brekes oure buschemeñt, and the brigge wynnes,
 Brayedez into þe burghe with baners displayede,
 Stekes and stabbis thorowe that them aþayne-stondes ;
 Fowre stretis, or þay stynte, they stroyen fore euere.

Now es the conquerour in Combe, and his courte holdes
 Within þe kyde castell, with kynges enoyntede ; 3130
 Reconsaillez the comouns þat to þe kyth lengez,
 Comfourthes þe carefull with knyghtly wordez ;
 Made a captayne kene a knyghte of hys awen ;
 Bot all þe contré and he full sone ware accordide.

The syre of Melane herde saye þe ceté was wonnen,
 And send to Arthure sertayne lordes,

Grete *sommes* of golde, *sexti* horse chargegid,
 Besoghte hym as *souerayne* to *socoure* þe pople,
 And saide he wolde sothely be sugette for *euer*,
 And make hym *seruece* and *suytte* for his sere londes ;
 For plesaunce of Pawnce, and of Pownte Tremble, 3140
 For Pyse, and for Pavy, he *profers* full large,
 Bothe *purpur*, and *palle*, and *precious* stonys,
 Palfrayes for any prynce, and prouede stedes ;
 And ilke a ȝere for Melan a melion of golde,
 Mekely at Martynmesse to menske *with* his hordes ;
 And *euer* withowttyn askyng he and his ayers
 Be homagers to Arthure, whills his lyffe lastis.
 The kyng be his concell a condethe hym sendis,
 And he es comen to Combe, and knewe hym as lorde.
 Into Tuskane he tourne, when þus wele tymede, 3150
 Takes townnes full tyte with towrres full heghe ;
 Walles he welte down, wondyd knyghtez,
 Towrres he turnes, and turmentez þe pople,
 Wroghte wedewes full wlonke, wrotherayle synges,
 Ofte wery and wepe, and wryngen theire handis ;
 And all he wastys with werre, thare he awaye rydez,
 Thaire welthes and theire wonny[n]ges, wandrethe he wroghte.
 Thus they spryngen and sprede, and sparis bot lytill,
 Spoylles dispetouslye, and spillis theire vynes ;
 Spendis vnsparely, þat sparede was lange, 3160
 Spedis them to Spolett with speris inewe.
 Fro Spayne into Spruyslande the worde of hym sprynges,
 And spekynngs of his spencis, disspite es full hugge.
 Towarde Viterbe this valyant avires the reynes ;
 Avissely in þat vale he vetailles his biernez,
 With vernage, and oper wyne, and venyson baken ;
 And one the vicounte londes he visez to lenge.
 Vertely the awawmwarde voydez theire horsez,
 In the Vertennon vale, the vines imangez ;
 Thare suggeournes this *souerayne*, with solace in herte, 3170
 To see when the *senatours* sent any wordes ;
 Reuell *with* riche wyne, riotes hym selfen,
 This roy with his ryall men of þe rownde table,

With myrthis, and melodye, and mankyn gamñes ;
Was neuer meriere men made on this erthe.

Bot one a Seterdaye at none, a seuenyghte thareafyre,
The konyngeste cardynall that to the courte lengede
Knelis to þe conquerour, and karpes thire wordes,
Prayes hym for þe pes, and profyrs full large,
To hafe peté of þe pope, þat put was atvndere ; 3180
Besoghte hym of surrawns, for sake of oure Lorde,
Bot a seuenyghte daye to þay ware all semblede,
And they schulde sekerlye hym see the Sonondaye þerafyre,
In the ceté of Rome as soueraynge and lorde,
And crown hym kyndly with krysomede hondes,
With his ceptre, as soueraynge and lorde.
Of this vndyrtakyng ostage are comyn,
Of ayers full auenaunt awughte score childrenne,
In toges of tarsse full richelye attyryde,
And betuke them the kyng, and his clere knyghttes. 3190
When they had tretide thiére trewe, with trowmpyng þerafter
They tryne vnto a tente, whare tables whare raysede ;
The kyng hym selfen es sette, and certayne lordes,
Vndyre a sylure of sylke, sawghte at the burdez,
All the senatours are setto sere be þam one,
Serfed solemply with selcouthe metes.

The kyng myghtty of myrthe, with his mylde wordes,
Rehetez the Romaynes at his riche table,
Comforthes the cardynall so knyghtly¹ hym seluen ;
And this roye ryall, as romawns vs tellis, 3200
Reuerence the Romayns in his riche table.

The tawghte men and þe conyng, when them tym thoghte,
Tas theire lefe at þe kyng, and tornede agayne ;
To þe ceté þat nyghte thaye soughte at þe gayneste,
And thus the ostage of Rome with Arthure es leuede.

Than this roy royall rehersys theis wordes,—
“ Now may we reuell and riste, fore Rome es oure awen,
Make oure ostage at ese, þise auenaunt² childyren,³
And luk 3e honden them all that in myn oste lengez ;

¹ MS. kynghtly. (Brock.)

² MS. auenaunt. (Brock.)

³ Unusual sign for *r* here and in l. 3683 *rde*.

The emperour of Almayne, and all theis este marches, 3210
 We sall be ouerlynge of all pat on the erthe lengez.
 We will by þe Crosse dayes encroche¹ þeis londez,
 And at þe Crystynmesse daye be crownend² therafyre ;
 Ryngne in my ryalltés, and holde my rownde table,
 Withe the rentes of Rome, as me beste lykes ;
 Syne graythe ouer þe grette see with gud men of armes,
 To reuenge the renke that on the Rode dyede.”
 Thane this comlyche kynge, as cronycles tellys,
 Bownnys brathely to bede with a blythe herte ;
 Of he slynges with sleghte, and slakes gyrdill, 3220
 And fore slewthe of slomowre on a slepe fallis.
 Bot be ane aftyre mydnyghte all his mode changede ;
 He mett in the morne-while full meruaylous dremes.
 And when his dredefull drem whas drefen to þe ende,
 The kynge dares for dowte, dye as he scholde,
 Sendes aftyre phylosophers, and his affraye telles ;—
 “ Sen I was formede in fayth, so ferde whas I neuer !
 Forthy rawnsakes redyly, and rede me my swefennys,
 And I sall redily and ryghte rehersen the sothe. 3230
 Me thoughte I was in a wode willed myn one,
 That I ne wiste no waye whedire pat I scholde,
 Fore woluez, and whilde swynne, and wykkyde bestez ;
 Walkede in that wasternne, wathes to seche.
 Thare lyouns full lothely lykkyde þeire tuskes,
 All fore lapyng of blude of my lele knyghtez.
 Thurgh þe foreste I flede, thare floures whare heghe,
 For to fele me for ferde of tha foule thynges ;
 Merkede to a medowe with montayngues enclosyde,
 The meryeste of medill-erthe that men myghte beholde. 3240
 The close was in compas castyn all abowte,
 With clauer and clereworte clede euen ouer ;
 The vale was enuerownde³ with vynes of siluer,
 All with grapis of golde, gretter ware neuer,
 Enhorilde with arborye and alkyns trees,
 Erberis full honeste, and hyrdez perevndyre.

¹ MS. Encroche, encroche. (Brock.)² Read crowned.³ MS. euen rownde. (Brock.)

All froytez foddennid was þat floreschede in erthe,
 Faire frithed in frawnke appon tha free bowes;
 Whas thare no downkyng of dewe that oghte dere scholde,
 With þe drowghte of þe daye all drye ware þe flores.

Than discendis in the dale, down fra þe clowddez, 3250
 A duches dereworthily dyghte in dyaperde wedis,
 In a surcott of sylke full selkouthely hewede,
 All with loyotour ouerlaide lowe to þe hemmes,
 And with ladily lappes the lenghe of a 3erde,
 And all redily reuersside *with* rebanes of golde,
 Bruchez and besauntez, and oper bryghte stonys,
 With¹ hir bake and hir breste was brochede all ouer,
 With kelle and with corenall clenliche arrayede,
 And þat so comely of colour on knowen was neuer.
 Abowte cho whirllide a whele with hir whitte hondez, 3260
 Ouerwhelme all qwayntely þe whele as cho scholde;
 The rowell whas rede golde with ryall stonys,
 Raylide with reched and rubyes inewe;
 The spekes was splentide all with speltis of siluer,
 The space of a spere lenghe springande full faire;
 Thereone was a chayere of chalke-whytte siluer,
 And chekyrde with charebocle chawngyng of hewes;
 Appon þe compas ther clewide kyngis one rawe,
 With corowns of clere golde þat krakede in sondire:
 Sex was of þat setill full sodaynliche fallen, 3270
 Ilke a segge by hym selfe, and saide theis wordez,—
 ‘That euer I regnede on þir rog, me rewes it euer!
 Was neuer roye so riche that regnede in erthe!
 Whene I rode in my rowte, roughste I noghte ells,
 Bot reuaye, and reuell, and rawnson the pople.
 And thus I drife forthe my dayes, whills I dreghe myghte,
 And therefore derflyche I am dampnede for euer.’
 The laste was a lityll man that laide was benethe,
 His leskes laye all lene and latheliche to schewe,
 The lokkes lyarde and longe the lenghe of a 3erde, 3280
 His lire and his lygham lamede full sore;

¹ ‘With’ probably belongs to the preceding line. (Brock.)

þe¹ two eyne of þe byeryn was brighttere þan siluer,
The toþer was ȝaloweren then the ȝolke of a naye.

‘I was lorde,’ *quod* the lede, ‘of londes inewe,
And all ledis me lowttede that lengede in erthe ;
And now e is lefte me no lappe my lygham to hele,
Bot lightly now am I loste, leue iche mane the sothe.’

The secunde *sir* forsothe þat sewede them aftyre,
Was sekerare to my sighte, and saddare in armes ;
Ofte he syghede vnsownde, and said theis wordes,— 3290
‘On ȝone see hafe I sitten, als souerayne and lorde,
And ladys me louede to lappe in theyre armes ;
And now e my lordchippes are loste, and laide for euer !’

The thirde thorowely was throo, and thikke in the schuldyrs,
A thra man to thrette of, there thretty ware gaderide ;
His dyadem was droppede down, dubbyde *with* stonys,
Endente all with diamawndis, and dighte fro þe nouis ;
‘I was dredde in my dayes,’ he said, ‘in dyuerse rewmes,
And now dampned to þe dede, and dole es the more.’

The fourte was a faire mane, and forsesy in armes, 3300
þe fayreste of fegure that *fourmede* was euer.
‘I was frekke in my faithe,’ he said, ‘whills I one fowld regnede,
Famows in ferre londis, and floure of all kynges ;
Now es my face defadide, and foule es me hapnede,
For I am fallen fro ferre, and frendles byleuyde.’

The fifte was a faire man þan fele of pies oper,
A forsesy man and a ferse, with fomand lippis ;
He fongede faste on þe feleyghes, and fayled his armes,
Bot ȝit he failede and fell a fyfty fote large ;
Bot ȝit he sprange and spreute, and spradden his armes, 3310
And one þe spere-lenghe spekes, he spekes þire wordes—
‘I was in Surrye a syr, and sett be myn one,
As souerayne and seynghour of sere kynges londis ;
Now of my solace I am full sodanly fallen,
And for sake of my syn, ȝone sete es me rewede.’

The sexte had a sawtere semliche bownden,
With a surepel of silke sewede full faire,
A harpe and a hande-slynge with harde flynte stones ;

¹ For þe tone eye? (Brock.)

What harmes he has hente he halowes full sone, —
 ‘I was demede in my dayes,’ he said, ‘of dedis of armes 3320
 One of the doughtyeste that duelled in erthe;
 Bot I was merride one molde in my moste strengththis,
 With this mayden so mylde, pat mofes vs all.’

Two kynges ware clymbande, and clauerande one heghe,
 The creste of þe compas they couette full 3erne;
 ‘This chaire of charbokle,’ they said, ‘we chalange hereaftere,
 As two of þe cheffeste chosen in erthe.’
 The childre ware chalke-whitte, chekys and oþer,
 Bot the chayere abownne cheuede they neuer:
 The forthirmaste was freely, with a frount large, 3330
 The faireste of fyssnamy pat fourmede was euer;
 And he was buskede in a blee of a blewe noble,
 With flourdelice of golde floreschede al ouer;
 The toþer was cledde in a cote all of clene siluer,
 With a comliche crosse coruen of golde,
 Fowre crosselettes krafty by þe crosse ristes,
 And therby knewe I the kyng, pat crystnede hym semyde.
Than I went to þat wlonke, and wynly hire gretis,
 And cho said, ‘welcom i-wis! wele arte thou fownden;
 The aughte to wirchipe my will, and thou wele cowthe, 3340
 Of all the valyant men that euer was in erthe;
 Fore all thy wirchipe in werre by me has thou wonnen,
 I haue bene frendely, freke, and fremmede till oþer;
 That has þow fownden in faithe, and fele of þi biernez,
 Fore I fellid down *sir* Frolle with frowarde knyghtes;
 Forethi the fruytes of Fraunce are freely thynne awen.
 Thou sall þe chayere escheue, I chese þe my selfen,
 Before all þe cheftaynes chosen in this erthe.’
 Scho lifte me vp lightly with hir lene hondes,
 And sette me softly in the see, þe septre me rechede; 3350
 Craftely with a kambe cho kembede myn heuede,
 That the krispane kroke to my crownne raughte;
 Dressid oñe me a diademe, that dighte was full faire,
 And syne profres me a pome pighte full of faire stonys,
 Enamelde with azoure, the erth thereon depayntide,
 Selkylde¹ with the salte see appone sere halves,

¹ Read Serkyld.

In sygne þat I sothely was souerayne in erthe.

Than broght cho me a brande *with* full bryghte hiltes,
And bade me brawdysche þe blade, ' þe brande as myn awen :
Many swayn *with* þe swynge has the sw[e]tte leuede ; 3360
For whills thow swanke with the swerde, it swykkede þe *neuer*.'

Than raykes cho *with* roo, and riste when hir likede,
To þe ryndes of þe wode, richere was *neuer* ;
Was no pomarie so pighte of prynce in erthe,
Ne nonne apparayll so prowde, bot *paradys* one.
Scho bad þe bewes scholde bewe down, and bryng to my hondes
Of þe beste that they bare one brawnches so heghe ;
Than they heldede to hir heste all holly at ones,
The hegheste of iche a hirste, I hette þow forsothe. 3369

Scho bade me fyrthe noghte þe fruyte, bot fonde whills me likede,
' Fonde of þe fyneste, thow frelich byerne,
And reche to þe ripeste, and ryotte thy seluen ;
Riste, thow ryalle roye, for Rome es thyn awen,
And I sall redily roll þe roo at þe gayneste,
And reche the þe riche wyne in rynsede coupes.'
Thane cho wente to þe welle by þe wode euis,
That all wellyde of wyne, and wondirliche rynnnes ;
Kaughte vp a coppe-full, and couerde it faire ;
Scho bad me dereliche drawe, and drynke to hir selsen.
And thus cho lede me abowte the lenghe of an owre, 3380

With all likynge and luffe, þat any lede scholde ;
Bot at þe myddaye full ewyn all hir mode chaungede,
And mad myche manace with meruayllous wordez.
When I cryede appon hire, cho kest down hir browes :
' Kyng, thow karpes for noghte, be Criste þat me made !
For thow sall lose this layke, and thi lyfe aftyre,
Thow has lyffede in delytte and lordchippes inewe.'

Abowte scho whirles the whele, and whirles me vndire,
Till all my qwarters þat while whare qwaste al to peces.
And with that chayere my chyne was chopped in sondire, 3390
And I hafe cheueride for chele, sen me this chance happenede.
Than wakkenyde I i-wys, all very fordremyde,
And now wate thow my woo, worde as þe lykes."

"Freke," sais the philosophre, " thy fortune es passede,

For thow sall fynd hir thi foo, frayste when the lykes !
 Thow arte at þe hegheste, I hette the for-sothe,
 Chalange now when thow will, thow cheuys no more !
 Thow has schedde myche blode, and schalkes distroyede,
 Sakeles, in cirquytrie, in sere kynges landis ;
 Schryfe the of thy schame, and schape for thyn ende. 3400
 Thow has a schewyng, *sir* kyng, take kepe ȝif the lyke,
 For thow sall fersely fall within fyve wynters.
 Fownde abbayes in Fraunce, þe froytez are theyn awen,
 Fore Froill, and for Ferawnt, and for thir ferse knyghttis,
 That thowe fremydly in Fraunce has faye beleuede ;
 Take kepe ȝitte of *oper* kynges, and kaste in thyne herte,
 That were conquerours kydde, and crownede in erthe.
 The eldeste was Alexandere, þat all þe erthe lowttede ;
 The toper Ector of Troye, the cheualrous gume ;
 The thirde Iulyns Cesare, þat geant was holden, 3410
 In iche jorne jentill, ajuggede with lordes.
 The ferthe was *sir* Iudas, a justere full nobill,
 The maysterfull Makabee, the myghttyeste of strenghes ;
 The fyfte was Iosue, þat joly mane of armes,
 þat in Ierusalem oste full myche joye lymppede ;
 The sexte was Daudid þe dere, demyd with kynges
 One of þe doughtyeste þat dubbede was euer,
 For he slewe with a slyng, be sleyghte of his handis,
 Golyas the grette gome, grymmeste in erthe ;
 Syne endittede in his dayes all the dere psalmes, 3420
 þat in þe sawtire ere sette with selcouthe wordes.
 The two clymbaunde kynges, I knawe it forsothe,
 Sall Karolus be callide, the kyng son of Fraunce ;
 He sall be crowell and kene, and conquerour holden,
 Couere be conqueste contres ynewe ;
 He sall encroche the crowne that Crist bare hym selfen,
 And þat lifeliche launce, that lepe to his herte,
 When he was crucyfiede one crose, and all þe kene naylis,
 Knyghtly he sall conquere to Cristyn men hondes.
 The toper sall be Godfraye, that Gode schall reuenge 3430
 One þe Gud Frydaye with galyarde knyghtes ;
 He sall of Lorryne be lorde, be leefe of his fadire,

And syne in Ierusalem myche joye happyn,
 For he sall couer the crosse be craftes of armes,
 And synne be corownde kynge, with krysome enoyntede ;
 Sall no duke in his dayes siche destanye happyn,
 Ne siche myschefe dreghe, when trewth sall be tryede.
 Fore thy fortune þe fetches to fulfill the nowmbyre,
 Alls nynne of þe nobileste namede in erthe ;
 This sall in romance be redde with ryall knyghttes, 3440
 Rekkenede and renownde with ryotous kynges,
 And demyd one domesdaye, for dedis of armes,
 For þe doughtyeste þat euer was duelland in erthe :
 So many clerkis and kynges sall karpe of þoure dedis,
 And kepe þoure conquestez in cronycle for euer.
 Bot the wolfes in the wode, and the whilde bestes,
 Are some wikkyd men that werrayes thy rewmes,
 Es entirde in thyn absence to werraye thy pople,
 And alyenys and ostes of vncouthe landis.
 Thow getis tydandis I trowe, within ten dayes, 3450
 That some torfere es tydde, sen thow fro home turnede ;
 I rede thow rekkyn and rehearse vnresonable dedis,
 Ore the repenttes full rathe all thi rewthe werkes.
 Mane, amende thy mode, or thow myshappen,
 And mekely aske mercy for mede of thy saule."
 Thane rysez the riche kynge, and rawghte on his wedys,
 A reedde acton of rosse, the richeste of floures,
 A pesane, and a paunson, and a pris girdill ;
 And one he henttis a hode of scharlette full riche,
 A pauys pillion hatt, þat pighte was full faire 3460
 With perry of þe Oryent, and precyous stones ;
 His gloues gayliche gilte, and grauen by þe hemmys,
 With graynes of rubyes full gracious to schewe ;
 His bede grehownde, and his bronde, ande no byerne ells,
 And bownnes ouer a brode mede, with breth at his herte ;
 Furth he stalkis a styte by þa still euys,
 Stotays at a hey strette, studyande hym one.
 Att the surs of þe sonne, he sees there commande,
 Raykande to Romewarde the redyeste wayes,
 A renke in a rownde cloke, with righte rowmme clothes, 3470

With hatte, and *with* heyghe schone homely and rownde ;
 With flatte ferthynges the freke was floreschede all ouer,
 Many schredys and schragges at his skyrttes hynges,
 With scrippe, ande with slawyn, and skalopis inewe,
 Both pyke and palme, alls pilgram hym scholde.
 The gome graythely hym grette, and bade gode morwen ;
 The kyng lordelye hym selfe, of langage of Rome,
 Of Latyn corroumppede all, full louely hym menys,—
 “ Whedire wilnez thowe, wye, walkande thyn one ?

Qwhylls þis werlde es o werre, a wawhte I it holde ; 3480
 Here es ane enmye *with* oste, vndire þone vynes,
 And they see the, forsothe, sorowe the betyddes ;
 Bot ȝif thou hafe condethe of þe kyngge selfen,
 Knaues will kill the, and keppe at thou haues ;
 And if þou halde þe hey waye, they hente the also,
 Bot if thou hastyly hafe helpe of his hende knyghttes.”

Than karpes *sir* Cradoke to the kyngge selfen,
 “ I sall forgyffe hym my dede, so me Gode helpe.
 Onye grome vndire Gode, that one this grownde walkes,
 Latte the keneste come, that to þe kyng langes, 3490
 I sall encountire hym as knyghte, so Criste hafe my sawle !
 For thou may noghte reche me, ne areste thy selfen,
 Þosse þou be richely arayed in full riche wedys ;
 I will noghte wonde for no werre, to wende where me likes,
 Ne for no wy of this werlde, þat wroghte es on erthe.
 Bot I will passe in pilgrimage þis pas vnto Rome,
 To purchase me *pardonne* of the pape selfen ;
 And of paynes of purgatorie be plenerly assoyllde.
 Thane sall I seke sekirly my souerayne lorde,
 Sir Arthure of Englande, that auenaunt byerne, 3500
 For he es in this empire, as hathell men me telles,
 Ostayande in this Oryente with awfull knyghtes.”

“ Fro qwyn come þou, kene man,” *quod* þe kyngge than,
 “ That knawes kyngge Arthure, and his knyghttes also ?
 Was þou euer in his courte, qwylls he in kyth lengede ?
 Thou karpes so kyndly, it comforthes myn herte ;
 Well wele has þou wente, and wysely þou sechis,
 For þou arte Bretowne bierne, as by thy brode speche.”

“ Me awghte to knowe þe kynge, he es my kydde lorde,
 And I calde in his courte a knyghte of his chambire ; 3510
 Sir Craddoke was I callide, in his courte riche,
 Kepar of Karlyon vndir the kynge selfen.
 Nowe am I cachede owtt of kyth, *with* kare at my herte,
 And that castell es cawghte *with* vncowthe ledys.”
 Than the comliche kynge kaughte hym in armes,
 Keste of his ketill-hatte, and kyssede hym full sone,
 Saide, “ welcom, *sir* Craddoke, so Criste mott me helpe !
 Dere cosyn of kynde, thowe coldis myn herte,
 How faris it in Bretayne, *with* all my bolde berynns ?
 Are they brettende, or brynte, or broughte owte of lyue ? 3520
 Ken þou me kyndely whatte caase es befallen ;
 I kepe no credens to crafe, I knawe the for trewe.”
 “ Sir, thi wardane es wikkede, and wilde of his dedys,
 For he wandreth has wroghte, sen þou awaye passede.
 He has castells encrochede, and corownde hym seluen,
 Kaughte in all þe rentis of þe rownde tabill ;
 He devisede þe rewme, and delte as hym likes,
 Dubbede of þe Danmarkes dukes and erlles,
 Disseueride þem sondirwise, and cites dystroyede ;
 To Sarazenes and Sessoynes, appon sere halues, 3530
 He has semblede a sorte of selcouthe berynes,
 Soueraynes of Surgenale, and sowlcours many,
 Of Peyghtes, and paynymms, and prouede knyghttes
 Of Irelande and Orgaile, owtlawede berynes ;
 All thaa laddes are knyghttes þat lange to þe mowntes,
 And ledynge and lordechippe has all, alls them selfe likes.
 And there es *sir* Childrike a cheftayne holdyn,
 That ilke cheualrous man, he chargges thy pople ;
 They robbe thy religeous, and ravische¹ thi nonnes,
 And redy ryddis *with* his rowtte to rawnsone þe poucre. 3540
 Fro Humbyre to Hawyke he haldys his awen,
 And all þe cowntré of Kentt be couenawnte entayllide ;
 The comliche castells that to the crown langede,
 The holttes, and the hare-wode, and the harde bankkes,
 All þat Henguste and Hors hent in þeire tym.

¹ MS. ravichse. (Brock.)

Att Southampton on the see es seuen skore chippes,
 Frawghte full of ferse folke, owt of ferre landes,
 For to fyghte *with* thy frappe, when pow them assailles.
 Bott ȝitt a worde witterly, thowe watte noghte þe werste ;
 He has weddede Waynore, and hir his wiefle holdis, 3550
 And woñys in the wilde bowndis of þe weste marches,
 And has wroghte hire with childe, as witnesse tellis.
 Off all þe wyes of þis worlde, woo motte hym worthe,
 Alls wardayne vnworthye women to ȝeme !
 Thus has *sir* Modrede merrede vs all !
 Forthy I merkede ouer thees mowntes, to mene þe the sothe."
 Than the burliche kyng, for brethe at his herte,
 And for this botelesse bale, all his ble chaungede.
 "By þe rode," sais þe roye, "I sall it revenge ;
 Hym sall repente full rathe all his rewthe werkes." 3560
 All wepande for woo he went to his tentis :
 Vnwynly this wyesse kyng, he wakkenysse his beryns,
 Clepid in a clarioune kynges and othire,
 Callys them to concell, and of þis cas tellys, —
 "I am *with* treson betrayede, for all my trewe dedis,
 And all my trauayle es tynt, me tydis no bettire ;
 Hym sall torfere betyde þis tresone has wroghte,
 And I may traistely hym take, and I am trew lorde ;
 This es Modrede, þe mane that I moste traystede,
 Has my castells encrochede, and corownde hym seluen, 3570
With renttes and reches of the rownde table ;
 Has made all hys retenewys of renayede wrechis,
 And devysed my rewme to dyverse lordes,
 To sowdeours and to Sarazenes owtte of sere londes.
 He has weddyde Waynore, and hyr to wyfe holdes,
 And a childe es eschapede, the chaunce es no bettire.
 They hafe semblede on the see seuen schore chippis,
 Full of ferrom folke, to feghte with myn one.
 Forthy to Bretayne the brode buske vs byhouys,
 For to brettyn þe berynne that has this bale raysede. 3580
 Thare sall no freke men fare, bott all one fresche horses,
 That are fraistede in fyghte, and floure of my knyghttez :
 Sir Howell and *sir* Hardolfe here sall beleue,

To be lordes of the ledis that here to me lenges ;
 Lokes into Lumbardye, pat thare no lede chaunge,—
 And tendirly to Tuskayne take tente alls I byde ;
 Resaywe the rentis of Rome qwen pay are rekkenede ;
 Take sesyn the same daye that laste was assygnede,
 Or ells all be ostage, withowttyn be wallys,
 Be hynggyde hye appon hyghte all holly at ones." 3590
Nowe bownes the bolde kyng with beste knyghtes,
 Gers trome and trusse, and trynes forth aftyre ;
 Turnys thorowe Tuskayne, taries bot littill,
 Lyghte noghte in Lumbarddye bot when be lyghte failede ;
 Merkes ouer the mowntaynes full mervaylous wayes,
 Ayres thurghe Almaygne evyne at the gayneste ;
 Ferkes evynne into Flawndresche with hys ferse knyghttes.
 Within fyftene dayes his flete es assemblede,
 And thane he schoupe hym to chippe, and schownnes no lengere,
 Scherys with a charpe wynde ouer be schyre waters ; 3600
 By be roche with ropes he rydes on ankkere.
 Thare the false men fletyde, and one flode lengede,
 With chefe chaynes of chare chokkode togedyrs,
 Chargged evyn chekefull of cheualrous knyghtes ;
 And in be hynter one heghte, helmes and crestes,
 Hatches with haythen men hillyd ware thare vndyre,
 Prowdliche purtrayed¹ with payntede clothys,
 Iche a pece by pece prykkkyde tyll oper,
 Dubbyde with dagswaynnes dowblede they seme ;
 And thus be derfe Danamarkes had dyghte all theyre chippys, 3610
 That no dynte of no darte dere them ne schoulde.
 Than the roye and be renkes of the rownde table
 All ryally in rede arrayes his chippis ;
 That daye ducheryes he delte, and doubbyde knyghttes,
 Dresses dromowndes and dragges, and drawen vpe stonys ;
 The toppe-castells he stuffede with toyelys, as hym lykyde,
 Bendys bowes of vys brothly pareastyre ;
 Tolowris tentyly takell they ryghtten,
 Brasen hedys full brode buskede one flones,
 Graythes for garnysons, gomes arrayes, 3620

¹ MS. prutrayede. (Brock.)

Gryme gaddes of stele, ghywes of iryn,
 Stirttelys ¹ steryn one steryne with styffe men of armes.
 Mony lufliche launce appon lofte stonndys,
 Ledys one leburde, lordys and oper,
 Pyghte payvese one porte, payntede scheldes,
 One hyndire hurdace one highte helmede knyghtez.
 Thus they scheften fore schotys one thas schire strandys,
 Ilike schalke in his schrowde, full scheen ware peire wedys.
 The bolde kyng es in a barge and abowtte rowes,
 All bare-heuvede for besye with beueryn lokkes, 3630
 And a beryn with his bronde, and ane helme betyn,
 Mengede *with* a mawntelet of maylis of siluer,
 Compaste *with* a coronall, and couerde ² full riche,
 Kayris to yche a cogge, to comfurthe his knyghttes :
 To Clegys and Cleremownde he cryes one lowde,—
 “O Gawayne ! O Galyran ! thies gud mens bodyes.”
 To Loth and to Lyonell full loueffly he melys,
 And to *sir* Lawncelot de Lake lordliche wordys,—
 “Lat vs couere þe kythe, the coste es owre ownn,
 And gere them brotheliche blenke, all þone blod-hondes, 3640
 Bryttyn them *with*in bourde, and brynne them þare aftyre,
 Hewe down hertly þone heythen tykes !
 Thay are harlotes halfe, I hette þow myn hounde !”
 Than he coueres his cogge, and caches one ankere,
 Kaughte his comliche helme *with* þe clere maylis ;
 Buskes baners one brode, betyn of gowles,
 With coronns of clere golde clenliche arraiede ;
 Bot þare was chosen in þe chefe a chalke-whitte mayden,
 And a childe in hir arme, þat chefe es of hevyne :
 Withowtten changynge in chace, thies ware þe cheefe armes 3650
 Of Arthure þe auenaunt, qwhylls he in erthe lengede.
 Thane the marynerse mellys, and maysters of chippis,
 Merily iche a mate menys till oper ;
 Of theire termys they talke, how þay ware tydd,
 Towyn trvssell one trete, trvssen vpe sailes,
 Bet bonettez one brede, bettrede hatches ;
 Brawndeste brown stele, braggede in trompes ;

¹ Probably stirttelys.

² MS. couererde. (Brock.)

Standis styffe one the stamyn, steris one aftyre ;
 Strekyng ouer þe streime, thare stryvynge begynnes
 Fro þe wagande wynde owte of þe weste rysses, 3660
 Brethly bessomes with hyrre in beryns sailles.
 With hir bryngges one burde burliche cogges,
 Qwhylls þe bilynge and þe beme brestys in sondyre ;
 So stowttly þe forsterne one þe stam hyttis,
 þat stokkes of þe stere-burde strykkys in peces.
 Be than cogge appon cogge, krayers and oper,
 Castys crepers one crosse als to þe crafte langes.
 Thane was hede-rapys hewen þat helde vpe þe mastes ;
 Thare was conteke full kene, and crachynge of chippys,
 Grett cogges of kampe crasseches in sondyre, 3670
 Mony kaban clevede, cabills destroyede,
 Knyghtes and kene men killide the braynes,
 Kidd castells were corven with all theire kene wapen,
 Castells full comliche, þat coloured ware faire.
 Vpcynes eghelynge pay ochen þareaftyre,
 With þe swynge of þe swerde sweys þe mastys ;
 Ovyrefallys in þe firste frekis and othire,
 Frekke in þe forchipe fey es byleuefede.
 Than brothely they bekyre with boustouse tacle,
 Brusches boldlye on burde brynyede knyghtes, 3680
 Owt of botes one burde was buskede with stonys,
 Bett down of þe beste, brystis the hetches ;
 Som gomys thourghgyrde¹ with gaddys of yryn,
 Gomys gayliche clade englaymous wapen,
 Archers of Englande full egerly schottes,
 Hittis thourghe þe harde stele full hertly dynnttis.
 Sonne hotchen in holle the heþenne knyghtes,
 Hurte thourghe þe harde stele, hele they neuer.
 Than they fall to þe fyghte, foynes with sperys,
 All the frekkeste one frownte þat to þe fyghte langes ; 3690
 And ilkon frechely fraystez theire strengthes,
 Were to fyghte in þe flete with theire fell wapyn.
 Thus they dalte þat daye, thire dubbide knyghtes,
 Till all þe Danes ware dede, and in þe depe throwen.

¹ See l. 3208 note.

Than Bretons brothely with brondis they hewen,
 Lepys in vpone lofte lordeliche berynes ;
 When ledys of owt-loñdys leppyn in waters,
 All oure lordes one lowde laughen at ones.
 Be thane speris whare sprongen, spalddyd chippys,
 Spanyolis spedily sprentyde ouer burdez ; 3700
 All þe kene men of kampe, knyghtes and oþer,
 Killyd are colde dede, and castyn ouer burdez.
 Their swyers sweyftly has þe swete leuyde,
 Heþen heuande on hache in þer hawe ryse,
 Synkande in þe salte see seuen hundrethe at ones.
 Thane *sir* Gawayne the gude, he has þe gree wonnen,
 And all þe cogges grete he gafe to his knyghtes ;
 Sir Geryn, and *sir* Grisswolde, and othir gret lordes,
 Garte Galuth, a gud gome, girde of paire hedys.
 Thus of þe false flete appon þe flode happenede, 3710
 And thus þeis feryne folke fey are belenede.
 3itt es þe traytoure one londe with tryede knyghttes,
 And all trompede they trippe one trappede stedys,
 Schewes them vndir schilde one þe schire bankkes ;
 He ne schownttes for no schame, bot schewes full heghe.
 Sir Arthure and Gawayne avyede them bothen
 To sixty thosandez of men, þat in their syghte houede.
 Be this the folke was fellyde, thane was þe flode passede ;
 Thane was it slyke a slowde in slakkes full hugge,
 That let þe kyng for to lande, and the lawe watyre ; 3720
 Forthy he lengede one laye for lesynng of horsesys,
 To loke of his legemen, and of his lele knyghtes,
 3if any ware lamede or loste, life 3ife they scholde.
 Than *sir* Gawayn þe gude, a galaye he takys,
 And glides vp at a gole with gud men of armes ;
 When he growndide, for grefe he gyrdis in þe watere,
 That to þe girdyll he gos in all his gylte wedys ;
 Schottis vpe appon þe sonde in syghte of þe lordes,
 Sengly with hys soppe, my sorowe es the more.
 With baners of his bagys beste of his armes, 3730
 He braydes vpon the banke in his bryghte wedys ;
 He byddys his baneoure, “ buske þow belyfe

To 3one brode batayle that one 3one banke houes ;
 And I ensure 3ow sothe I sall 3owe sewe aftyre ;
 Loke 3e blenke for no bronde, ne for no bryghte wapyn,
 Bot beris down of þe beste and bryng them o dawes ;
 Bees noghte abayste of theire boste, abyde on þe erthe ;
 3e haue my baneres borne in batailles full hugge ;
 We sall fell 3one false, þe fende haue theire saules !
 Fights faste *with* þe frape, þe felde sall be owres ; 3740
 May I þat traytoure ouertake, torfere hym tyddes,
 That this treson has tymbyrde to my trewe lorde ;
 Of siche a engendure full littyll joye happyns,
 And þat sall in this *journee* be juggede full euen."
 Now they seke ouer þe sonde þis soppe at þe gayneste,
 Sembles one þe sowdeours, and settys theire dyntys ;
 Thourghe þe scheldys so schene schalkes þey towche,
 With schaftes scheueride schorte of þas schene launces ;
 Derfe dynttys they dalte *with* daggande sperys ;
 One þe danke of þe dewe many dede lyggys, 3750
 Dukes, and duszeperis, and dubbide knyghttys ;
 The doughttyste of Danemarke vndone are for euer.
 Thus thas renkes in rewthe rittis their brenyes,
 And rechis of þe richeste vnreken dynttis ;
 Thare they thronge in the thikke, and thristis to þe erthe
 Of the thraeste men thre hundrethe at ones.
 Bot *sir* Gawayne for grefe myghte noghte agaynestande,
 Vmbegrippys a spere, and to a gome rynnys,
 þat bare of gowles full gaye, *with* gowces¹ of syluere ;
 He gyrdes hym in at þe gorge *with* his grym launce 3760
 þat þe grownden glayfe graythes in sondyre ;
With þat boystous brayde he bownes hym to dye.
 þe kynge of Gutlande it was, a gude man of armes.
 Thayre awawwarde than all voydes pareafyre,
 Alls venqueste verrayely *with* valyant beryns ;
 Metis *with* medilwarde, that Modrede ledys.
 Oure men merkes them to, as them myshappenede—
 For hade *sir* Gawayne hade grace to halde þe grene hill,
 He had wirchiþe i-wys wonnen for euer.

¹ Or gowtes. (Brock.)

Bot þan *sir* Gawayne i-wysse, he waytes hym wele 3770
 To wreke hym on this werlaughe, þat þis werre mouede ;
 And merkes to *sir* Modrede amonge all his beryns,
 With the Mownttagus, and oper gret lordys.
 þan *sir* Gawayne was greuede, and with a gret wyll
 Fewters a faire spere, and freschely askryes,—
 “ Fals fosterde foode, the fende haue thy bonys !
 Fy one the, felone, and thy false werkys !
 Thow sall be dede and vndon for thy derfe dedys,
 Or I sall dy this daye, 3if destanye worthe ! ”
 Thane his enmye, with oste of owlawede beryns, 3780
 All enangylls abowte oure excellent knyghttez,
 That the traytoure be tresone had tryede hym seluen ;
 Dukes of Danemarke he dyghttes full sone,
 And leders of Lettowe, with legyons inewe,
 Vmbylappyde oure men with launcez full kene,
 Sowdeours and Sarazenes owte of sere landys,
 Sixty thosande men semlyly arrayede,
 Sekerly assembles thare one seuenschore knyghtes,
 Sodaynly in dischayte by tha salte strandes.
 Thane *sir* Gawayne grette with his gray eghen, 3790
 For grefe of his gud men that he gyde schulde ;
 He wyste that þay wondyde ware, and wery forfoughtten ;
 And what for wondire and woo, all his witte faylede.
 And thane syghande he saide, with sylande terys,—
 “ We are with Sarazenes besett appon sere halfes !
 I syghe noghte for my selfe, sa helpe oure Lorde ;
 Bot for to [see] vs supprysede, my sorowe es the more.
 Bes dowghtty todaye, 3one dukes schall be 3oures !
 For dere Dryghttyn this daye, dredys no wapyn.
 We sall ende this daye alls excellent knyghttes, 3800
 Ayere to endelesse joye with angells vnwemyde.
 þofe we hafe vnwittyly wastede oure selfen,
 We sall wirke all wele in þe wirchipe of Cryste.
 We sall for 3one Sarazenes, I sekire 3ow my trowhe,
 Souppe with oure Saueoure solemply in heuen,
 In presence of þat precious, prynce of all oper
 With prophetes, and patriarkes, and apostlys full nobill,

Before his freliche face that *fourmede* vs all.

3ondire to 3one 3aldsons, he þat 3eldes hym euer,

Qwhylls he es qwykke and in qwerte vnquellyde *with* handis, 3810

Be he neuer mo sauede, ne socourede *with* Cryste,

Bot Satanase his sawle mowe synke into helle!"

Than grymly *sir* Gawayne gryppis hys wapyn,

Agayne þat gret bataille he graythes hym son ;

Radly of his riche swerde he reghttes þe cheynys,

In he schokkes his schelde, schountes he no lengare ;

Bot alls vnwyse, wodewyse, he wente at þe gayneste,

Wondis of thas wedirwyns *with* wrakfull dynttys,

All wellys full of blode, thare he awaye passes ;

And þofe hym ware full woo, he wondys bot lyttill,

3820

Bot wrekyng at his wirchipe þe wrethe of hys lorde.

He stekys stedis in stoure, and sterenefull knyghttes,

That steryn men in their sterapes stone-dede þay lygge ;

He ryvys þe ranke stele, he rittes þe mayles ;

Thare myghte no renke hym areste, his reson was passede.

He fell in a fransye for fersenesse of herte,

He feghttis and fellis down þat hym before standis.

Fell neuer fay man siche fortune in erthe.

Into þe hale bataile hedlyngs he rynnys,

And hurtes of þe hardieste þat one the erthe lenges ;

3830

Letande alls a lyon, he lawnces them thorowe,

Lordes and ledars, that one the launde houes.

3it *sir* Gawayne for wo wondis bot lyttill,

Bot woundis of thas wedirwyns *with* wondirfull dyntes,

Alls he þat wold wilfully wasten hym selfen ;

And for wondsom and will all his wit failede,

That wode alls a wylde beste he wente at þe gayneste ;

All walewede one blode, thare he awaye passede ;

Iche a wy may be warre, be wreke of anoþer.

Pan he moues to *sir* Modrede amange all his knyghttes, 3840

And mett hym in þe myde schelde, and mallis hym thorowe ;

Bot the schalke for the scharpe he schownttes a littill,

He schare hym one þe schorte rybbys a schaftmonde large.

The schafte schoderede and schotte in the schire beryn,

þat þe schadande blode ouer his schanke rynnys,

And schewede on his schynbawde, þat was schire burneste.
 And so they schyfte and schove, he schotte to þe erthe ;
 With þe lussche of þe launce he lyghte one hys schuldrys,
 Ane akere lenghe one a launde, full lothely wondide.
 Than Gawayne gyrde to þe gome, and one þe groffe fallis ; 3850
 Alls his grefe was graythede, his grace was no bettyre.
 He schokkes owtte a schorte knyfe schethede with siluere,
 And scholde haue slottede hym in, bot no slytte happenede ;
 His hand sleppid and slode o slante one þe mayles,
 And þe toþer slely slynges hym vndire :
 With a trenchande knyfe the traytoure hym hyttes,
 Thorowe þe helme and þe hede, one heyghe one þe brayne :
 And thus *sir* Gawayne es gon, the gude man of armes,
 Withowttyn reschewe of renke, and rewge es þe more !
 Thus *sir* Gawayne es gon, that gyede many othire ; 3860
 Fro Gower to Gernesay, all þe gret lordys
 Of Glamour, of Galys londe, þis galyarde knyghtes,
 For glent of gloppynyng¹ glade be they neuçr !
K yng Froderike of Fres faythely þareastyre,
 Fraynes at the false mane of owre ferse knyghte ;
 “ Knew thow euçr this knyghte in thi kithe ryche ?
 Of whate kynde he was comen, beknowe now þe sothe ;
 Qwat gome was he this with the gaye armes,
 With þis gryffoun of golde, þat es one growffe fallyn ?
 He has grettly greffede vs, sa me Gode helpe ! 3870
 Gyrde down oure gude men, and greuede vs sore.
 He was þe sterynneste in stoure that euçr stele werryde,
 For he has stonayed oure stale, and stroyede for euçr.”
 Than *sir* Mordrede with mouthe melis full faire ;
 “ He was makles one molde, mane, be my trowhe ;
 This was *sir* Gawayne the gude, þe gladdeste of othire,
 And the graciouseste gome that vndire God lyffede,
 Mane hardyeste of hande, happyeste in armes,
 And þe hendeste in hawle vndire heuen riche ;
 þe lordelieste of ledyng qwhylls he lyffe myghte, 3880
 Fore he was lyone allossode in londes inewe ;
 Had thow knawen hym, *sir* kyng, in kythe thare he lengede,

¹ MS. gloppynyng. (Brock.)

His konynge, his knyghthode, his kyndly werkes,
 His doying, his doughtynesse, his dedis of armes,
 Thow wolde hafe dole for his dede þe dayes of thy lyfe."

3it þat traytour alls tite teris lete he fall,
 Turnes hym furthe tite, and talkes no more,
 Went wepand awaye, and weries the stowndys,
 þat euer his werdes ware wroghte sicke wandrethe to wyrke :
 Whene he thoghte on þis thyng, it thirlede his herte. 3890

For sake of his sybb blode sygheande he rydys ;
 When þat renayede renke remembirde hym seluen,
 Of reuerence and ryotes of þe rownde table,
 He remyd and repent hym of all his rewthe werkes,
 Rode awaye with his rowte, ristys he no lengere,
 For rade of oure riche kyng, ryve þat he scholde.
 Thane kayres he to Cornewaile, carefull in herte,
 Because of his kynsemane that one the coste ligges :
 He taries tremlande ay, tydandis to herken.

Than the traytoure treuntede þe Tyuesday paraftyre, 3900
 Trynnys in *with* a trayne treson to wirke,
 And by þe Tambire þat tide his tentis he reris,
 And thane in a mette-while a messangere he sendes,
 And wraite vnto Waynor how the weride chaungede,
 And what comliche coste the kyng was aryuede,
 One floode foughten *with* his fleete, and fellyd them o lyfe ;
 Bade hir ferken oo ferre, and flee *with* hir childire,
 Whills he myghte wile hym awaye, and wyn to hir speche,
 Ayere into Irelande, into þas owte-mowntes,
 And wonn thare in wildernesse *within* þa wast landys. 3910

Than cho 3ermys and 3ee at 3orke in hir chambire,
 Gronys full gryssely *with* gretand teres,
 Passes owte of þe palesse *with* all hir pryce maydenys ;
 Towarde Chestyre in a charre thay chese hir þe wayes,
 Dighte hir ewyn for to dye *with* dule at hir herte.
 Scho kayres to Karelyone, and kawghte hir a vaile,
 Askes thare þe habite in þe honoure of Criste,
 And all for falsede, and frawde, and fere of hir louerde.

Bot whene oure wiese kyng wiste þat Gawayne was landede,
 He al towrythes for woo, and wryngande his handes, 3920

Gers lawneche his botes appon a lawe watire,
 Londis als a lyon *with* lordliche knyghtes,
 Slippes in in the sloppes o slante to þe girdyll,
 Swalters vpe swyftly *with* his swerde drawen,
 Bownnys his bataile and baners displayes,
 Buskes ouer þe brode sandes *with* breth at his herte,
 Ferkes frekkly one felde þare þe feye lygges.
 Of the traytours men one trappede stedis,
 Ten thosandez ware tynte, þe trewghe to acownt,
 And certane on owre syde seuen score knyghtes
 In soyte *with* theire souerayne vnsownde are beleuede.

3930

Þe kyng comly ouerkeste knyghtes and othire,
 Erles of Awfrike, and Estriche berynes
 Of Orgaile and Orekenay, þe Iresche kynges,
 The nobileste of Norweye, nowmbirs full hugge,
 Dukes of Danamarke, and dubbid knyghtes ;
 And the guchede kyng in the gay armes
 Lys gronande on þe grownnde, and girde thorowe even.
 The riche kyng ransakes with rewthe of his herte,
 And vp rypes the renkes of all þe rownde tabyll ;
 Ses them all in a soppe in sowte by them one,
 With þe Sarazenes vnsownde enserchede abowte ;
 And *sir* Gawayne the gude in his gaye armes,
 Vmbegrippede the girse, and one grouffe fallen,
 His baners brayden down, betyn of gowlles,
 His brand and his brade schelde al bloody beronen ;
 Was neuer oure semliche kyng so sorowfull in herte,
 Ne þat sanke hym so sade, bot þat sighte one.

3940

Than gliftis þe gud kyng, and glopyns in herte,
 Gronys full grisely *with* gretande teris ;
 Knelis down to þe cors, and kaught it in armes,
 Kastys vpe his vmbre, and kyssis hym sone,
 Lokes one his eye-liddis, þat lowkkide ware faire,
 His lippis like to þe lede, and his lire falowede.

3950

þan the corownde kyng cryes full lowde,—
 “ Dere kosyn o kynde, in kare am I leuede,
 For nowe my wirchipe es wente, and my were endide.
 Here es þe hope of my hele, my happynge of armes,

My herte and my hardynes hale one hym lengede,
 My concell, my comforte, þat kepide myn herte ! 3960
 Of all knyghtes þe kyng þat vndir Criste lifede,
 þou was worthy to be kyng, þofe I þe corown bare,
 My wele and my wirchiþe of all þis werlde riche
 Was wonnen thourghe *sir* Gawayne, & thourghe his witt one !

Allas ! " saide *sir* Arthure, " nowe ekys my sorowe !
 I am vttrily vndon in myn awen landes ;
 A ! doughtouse derfe dede, þou duellis to longe !
 Why drawes þou so one dreghe ? thow drownnes myn herte ! "
 Than swe[ll]tes the swete kyng and in swoun fallis,
 Swafres vp swiftly, and swetly hym kysses, 3970
 Till his burliche berde was bloody berown,
 Alls he had bestes birtenede, and broghte owt of life ;
 Ne had *sir* Ewayne comen, and othire grete lordys,
 His bolde herte had brousten for bale at þat stownde.

" **B**lyne," sais thies bolde men, " thow blondirs þi selfen,
 þis es botles bale, for bettir bees it neuer.

It es no wirchiþe i-wysse to wryng thyn hondes ;
 To wepe als a woman it es no witt holden.
 Be knyghtly of contenauce, als a kyng scholde,
 And leue siche clamoure for Cristes lufe of heuen ! " 3980
 " For blode," said the bolde kyng, " blyn sall I neuer,
 Or my brayne tobriste, or my breste oþer,
 Was neuer sorowe so softe that sanke to my herte.
 Itt es full sibb to my selfe, my sorowe es the more ;
 Was neuer so sorrowfull a syghte seyn *with* myn eyghen,
 He es sakles supprysede for syn of myn one ! "

Down knelis þe kyng, and kryes full lowde ;
 With carefull contenauce he karpes thes wordes,—
 " O rightwis riche Gode, this rewthe thow beholde !
 þis ryall rede blode ryn appon erthe, 3990
 It ware worthy to be schrede and schryned in golde,
 For it es sakles of syn, sa helpe me oure Lorde ! "
 Down knelis þe kyng *with* kare at his herte,
 Kaughte it vpe kyndly *with* his clene handis,
 Keste it in a ketill-hatte, and couerde it faire,
 And kayres furthe *with* þe cors in kyhte þare he lenges.

“Here I make myn avowe,” *quod* the kyng than,
 “To Messie, and to Marie, the mylde qwenne of heuen,
 I sall neuer ryvaye, ne racches vncowpyll
 At roo ne rayne-dere, þat rynnes apponne erthe ; 4000
 Neuer grewhownde late glyde, ne gossehawke latt flye,
 Ne neuer fowle see fellide, þat flieghe*s* with wenge ;
 Fawkon ne formaylle appon fiste handill,
 Ne zitt with gerefawcon rejoyse me in erthe ;
 Ne regnne in my royaltez, ne halde my rownde table,
 Till thi dede, my dere, be dewly reuengede ;
 Bot euer droupe and dare, qwylls my lyfe lastez,
 Till Drighten and derfe dede hafe don qwate them likes.”
 Than kaughte they vpe þe cors with kare at theire hertes,
 Karyed¹ one a coursere with þe kyng selsen ; 4010
 The waye vnto Wynchestre þay wente at the gayneste,
 Wery and wandsomdly, with wondide knyghtes.
 Thare come þe prior of þe plas, and professide mounkes,
 Apas in processione, and with the prynce metys,
 And he betuke þam the cors of þe knyghte noble.
 “Lokis it be clenly kepyd,” he said, “and in þe kirke holden,
 Done for derygese, as to þe ded fallys,
 Menskede with messes, for mede of þe saule :
 Loke it wante no waxe, ne no wirchiþe ells,
 And at þe body be bawmede, and one erthe holden, 4020
 ziff pou kepe thi couent encroche any wirchiþe
 At my comyng agayne, zif Crist will it thole ;
 Abyde of þe beryenge till they be broughte vndire,
 þat has wroghte vs this woo, and þis werre mouede.”
 Þan sais sir Wychere þe wy, a wyese mane of armes ;
 “I rede ȝe warely wende, and wirkes the beste ;
 Soiorne in this ceté, and semble thi berynes,
 And bidde with thi bolde men in thi burghe riche ;
 Get owt knyghttez of contres, that castells holdes,
 And owt of garysons grete gude men of armes, 4030
 For we are faithely to fewe to feghte with them all,
 þat we see in his sorte appon þe see bankes.”
 With krewell contenance thane the kyng karpis theis wordes,—

¹ The MS. has a hole here.

" I praye the kare noghte, *sir knyghte*, ne caste þou no dredis
 Hadde I no segge bot my selfe one vndir sone,
 And I may hym see *with* sighte, or one hym sette hondis
 I sall even amange his mene malle hym to dede,
 Are I of þe stede styre halfe a stede lenghe.

I sall [stryke] hym in his stowre, and stroye hym for euer,
 And thareto make I myn avowe devottly to Cryste, 4040
 And to hys modyre Marie, þe mylde qwene of heuen.

I sall neuer soiourne sounde, ne sawghte at myne herte,
 In ceté ne in subarbe sette appon erthe,
 Ne jitt slomyre ne slepe *with* my slawe eyghne,
 Till he be slayne þat hym slowghe, 3if any sleyghte happen :
 Bot euer pursue the payganys þat my pople distroyede,
 Qwylls I may pare them and pynne, in place pare me likes."

Thare durste no renke hym areste of all þe rownde table,
 Ne none paye þat prynce *with* plesande wordes, 4050
 Ne none of his ligemene luke hym in the eyghne,
 So lordely he lukes for losse of his knyghttes.

Thane drawes he to Dorsett, and droches no langere,
 Derefull dredlesse with drowppande teris ;
 Kayeris into Kornewayle with kare at his herte,
 The trays of þe traytoure he trynys full euenne ;
 And turnys in be þe Treyntis þe traytoure to seche,
 Fyndis hym in a foreste þe Frydaye thereafter ;
 The kyng lyghttes one fott, and freschely askryes,
 And *with* his freliche folke he has þe felde nommen.

Now isschewis his enmye vndire þe wode eyuys, 4060
With ostes of alynes full horrebill to schewe.

Sir Mordrede the Malebranche, *with* his myche pople,
 Foundes owt of the foreste appon fele halves,
 In seuen grett batailles semliche arrayede,
 Sixty thowsande men ; the syghte was full hugge,
 All fyghtande folke of þe ferre laundes,
 Faire fettede one frownte be tha fresche strondes.

And all Arthurs oste was amede *with* knyghtes
 Bot awghtene hundrethe of all, entrede in rolles ;
 This was a mache vnmete, bot myghttis of Criste, 4070
 To melle *with* þat multitude in pase man londis.

Than the royall roy of þe rownde table
 Rydes one a riche stede, arrayes his beryns,
 Buskes his awawnwarde, als hym beste likes ;
 Sir Ewayne, and *sir* Errake, and othire gret lordes,
 Demenys the medilwarde menskefully thareafyre,
 With Merrake and Menyduke, myghtty of strengthes ;
 Idirous and Alymere, þire auen^{ant} children,
 Ayers *with* Arthure, *with* seuen score of knyghtes ;
 He rewlis þe rerewarde redyly thareafyre, 4080
 The rekeneste redy men of þe rownde table,
 And thus he fittis his folke, and freschely askryes,
 And syen comforthes his men *with* knyghtlyche wordes—
 “ I beseke 3ow, sirs, for sake of oure Lorde,
 That 3e doo wele todaye, and dredis no wapen.
 Fighttes fersely now, and fendis 3oure seluen,
 Fellis down 3one feye folke, the felde sall be owrs ;
 They are Sarazenes 3one sorte, vnsownde motte they worthe !
 Sett one them sadlye, for sake of oure Lorde ;
 3if vs be destaynede to dy todaye one this erthe, 4090
 We sall be hewede vnto heuen, or we be halfe colde.
 Loke 3e lett for no lede lordly to wirche ;
 Layes 3one laddes lowe be the layke ende.
 Take no tente vnto me, ne tale of me rekke,
 Bes besy one my baners *with* 3oure brighte wapyns,
 That they be strengthely stuffede *with* steryn knyghtes,
 And holden lordly one lofte ledys to schewe ;
 3ife any renke them arase, reschowe them sone.
 Wirkes now my wirchiþe, todaye my werre endys,
 3e wotte my wele and my woo, wirkkys as 3ow likys. 4100
 Crist comly *with* crown comforth 3ow all,
 For þe kyndeste creatours that euer kynge ledde !
 I gyffe 3ow all my blyssyng *with* a blithe will,
 And all Bretowns bolde, blythe mote 3e worthe ! ”
 They pype vpe at pryme tyme, approaches them nere,
 Pris men and priste proues theire strengthes ;
 Bremly the brethemen bragges in troumpþes,
 In cornettes comlyly, when knyghttes assembles,
 And thane jolyly enjoynys þeis jentyll knyghttes ;

A jolyere journé ajuggede was neuer, 4110
 Whene Bretons boldly enbraces their scheldes,
 And Cristyn encroyssede them, and castis in fewtire.

Han *sir* Arthure oste his enmye askryes,
 And in they schokke their scheldes, schontes no lengare;
 Schotte to þe schiltrons, and schowttes full heghe,
 Thorowe scheldis full schene schalkes they touche.
 Redily thas rydde men of the rownde table
 With ryall raunke stele rittys their mayles;
 Bryneys browdden they briste, and burneste helmys,
 Hewes haythen men down, halses in sondre. 4120

Fyghtande with fyne stele, þe feye blod rynnys,
 Of þe frekkeste of frounte vnfers ere belevede.
 Ethyns of Argayle and Irische kynges
 Enverounes oure awawmwarde with venymmos berynnys :
 Peghttes and paynymes with perilous wapyns,
 With speres disspetously disspoylles oure knyghttes,
 And hewede down the hendeste with hertly dynttys ;
 Thorow the holle batayle they holden their wayes.

þus fersly they fyghte appon sere halfes,
 That of þe bolde Bretons myche blode spillis, 4130
 Thare durste non rescowe them, for reches in erthe,
 þe steryn ware þare so stedde, and stuffede wit[h] othire :
 He durste noghte stire a steppe, bot stodde for hym seluen,
 Till thre stalis ware stroyede be strenghe of hym one.

"Idrous," *quod* Arthure, "ayre the hyhoues !
 I see *sir* Ewayne ouersetete with Sarazenes kene ;
 Redy the for rescows, arraye thee sone !
 Hye þe with hardy men in helpe of thy fadire !
 Sett in one the syde, and socoure þone lordes ;
 Bot they be socourrede and sownde, vnsawghte be I neuer !" 4140
 Idrous hym ansuers earnestly þareafteyre,—

"He es my fadire in faithe, forsake sall I neuer,
 He has me fosterde and fedde, and my faire bretheren,
 Bot I forsake this gate, so me Gode helpe,
 And sothely all sybredyn bot thy selfe one.
 I breke neuer his biddynge for beryn one lyfe,
 Bot euer bouxym as beste blethely to wyрке.

He commande me kyndly, *with knyghtly wordes*,
 That I schulde lelely one þe lenge, and one noo lede ells ;
 I sall hys commandement holde, ȝif Criste wil me thole. 4150

He es eldare than I, and ende sall we bothen,
 He sall ferkke before, and I sall come aftyre :
 ȝiffe him be destaynede to dy todaye one þis erthe,
 Criste comly *with crown* take kepe to hys saule ! ”

Þan remys the riche kyng *with* rowthe at his herte,
 Hewys hys handys one heghte, and to þe heuen lokes, —
 “ Qwythen hade Dryghttyn destaynede at his dere will,
 þat he hade demyd me todaye to dy for ȝow all !

That had I leuer than be lorde all my lyfe tyme,
 Off all þat Alexandere aughte qwhills he in erthe lengede.” 4160

Sir Ewayne and sir Errake, þes excellente beryns,
 Enters in one þe oste, and egerly strykes ;
 The ethenys of Orkkenaye and Irische kynges,
 þay gobone of þe gretteste *with* growndene swerdes,
 Hewes one þas hulkes *with* þeire harde wapyns,
 Layed down þas ledes *with* lothely dynttys ;
 Schuldurs and scheldys þay schrede to þe hawnyches,
 And medills thourghe mayles þay merken in sondire.
 Siche honoure neuer aughte none erthely kyng

At theire endyng daye, bot Arthure hym seluen. 4170

So þe droughte of þe daye dryede theire hertes
 That bothe drynkles they dye, dole was þe more :
 Now mellys oure medill-warde, and mengen togedire.

Sir Mordrede þe Malebrauche *with* his myche pople,
 He had hide hym behynde *within* thas holte eyuys,
 With halle bataile on hethe, harme es þe more.

He hade sene þe conteke al clene to þe ende,
 How oure cheualrye cheuyde be chaunces of armes,
 He wiste oure folke was forfoughtten, þat þare was feye leuede,
 To encowntere þe kyng he castes hym sone. 4180

Bot the churles chekyn hade chaungyde his armes ;
 He had sothely forsaken þe sawturoure engrelede,
 And laughte vpe thre lyons all of whitte siluyre,
 Passande in purple of perrie full riche,
 For þe kyng sulde noghte knawe þe cawtelous wriche.

Because of his cowardys he keste of his atyre ;
 Bot the comliche kyng knewe hym full swythe,
 Karpis to *sir* Cadors þes kyndly wordez,—
 “ I see þe traytoure come 3ondyr trynande full 3erne ;
 3one ladde *with* þe lyones es like to hym selfen. 4190
 Hym sall torfere betyde, may I touche ones,
 For all his treson and trayne, alls I am trew lorde !
 Today Clarente and Caliburne sall kythe them togedirs,
 Whilke es kenere of kerfe, or hardare of eghge ;
 Fraiste sall we fyne stele appone fyne wedis.
 Itt was my derlynge daynteuons, and full dere holden,
 Kepede fore encorownmentes of kynges enoyntede ;
 One dayes when I dubbyde dukkes and erlles,
 It was burliche borne be þe bryghte hiltes ;
 I durste neuer dere it in dedis of armes, 4200
 Bot euer kepide clene, because of my seluen.
 For I see Clarent vnclede, þat crowne es of swerdes,
 My wardrop of Walyngfordhe I wate es distroyede ;
 Wist no wy of wone bot Waynor hir seluen,
 Scho hede þe kepynge hir selfe of þat kydde wapyn,
 Off cofres enclosede þat to þe crown lengede,
With rynges and relikkes, and þe regale of Fraunce,
 That was fownden on *sir* Froll, when he was feye leuyde.”
 Than *sir* Marrike in malyncoly metys hym sone,
With a mellyd mace myghtyly hym strykes ; 4210
 The bordoure of his bacenett he bristes in sondire,
 þat þe schire rede blode ouer his brene rynnys.
 The beryn blenkes for bale, and all his ble chaunges,
 Bot 3itt he byddys as a bore, and brymly he strykes.
 He braydes owte a brande bryghte als euer ony syluer,
 þat was *sir* Arthure awen, and Vtere his fadirs,
 In the wardrop of Walyngfordhe was wonte to be kepede ;
 þare*with* þe derfe dogge syche dynttes he rechede,
 þe toþer *withdrew*e one dreghe and durste do non oþer ;
 For *sir* Marrake was man merrede in elde, 4220
 And *sir* Mordrede was myghty, and [in] his moste strenghis ;
 Come non *within* þe compas, knyghte ne non oþer,
Within þe swyng of swerde, þat ne he þe swete leuyd.

pat persayfes oure prynce, and presses to faste,
 Strykes into þe stowre by strenghe of hys handis,
 Metis *with sir Mordrede*, he melis vnfaire,—
 “Turne, traytoure vntrewe, þe tydys no bettyre ;
 Be gret Gode, thow sall dy *with* dynt of my handys !
 The schall rescowe no renke ne reches in erthe !”
 The kyng *with Calaburn knyghtly hym* strykes, 4230
 þe cantell of þe clere schelde he kerfes in sondyre,
 Into þe schuldre of þe schalke a schaftmonde large,
 pat þe schire rode blode schwede one þe maylys.
 He schodirde and schrenkys, and schontes bott lyttill,
 Bott schokkes in scharpely in his schene wedys ;
 The felone *with* þe fyn swerde freschely he strykes,
 The felettes of þe ferrere syde he flassches in sondyre,
 Thorowe jopown and jesserawnte of gentill mailles.
 The freke fichede-in þe flesche an halfe fotte large ;
 That derfe dynt was his dede, and dole was þe more 4240
 That euer pat doughtty sulde dy, bot at Dryghttyns wyll.
 zitt *with Calyburn his swerde*, full knyghtly he strykes,
 Kastes in his clere schelde, and coueres hym full faire ;
 Swappes of þe swerde hande, als he by gientes,
 Ane inche fro þe elbowe, he ochede it in sondyre,
 pat he swounnes one þe swarthe,¹ and one swym fallis,
 Thorowe bracer² of brown stele, and þe bryghte mayles,
 That the hilde and þe hande appon þe hethe ligges.
 Thane frescheliche þe freke the fente vpe rererys,
 Brochis hym in with the bronde to þe bryghte hiltys, 4250
 And he brawles one the bronde, and bownes to dye.
 “In faye,” says þe feye kynge, “sore me forthynkkes
 That euer siche a false theefe so faire an ende haues.”
 Qwen they had fenyste þis feghte, thane was þe felde wonnen,
 And the false folke in þe felde feye are byleuede.
 Till a foreste they fledde, and fell in the greuys,
 And fers feghtande folke folowes them aftyre ;
 Howntes and hewes down the heythen tykes,
 Mourtherys in the mowntaygues *sir Mordrede knyghtes* ;
 Thare chapyde neuer no childe, cheftayne ne oper, 4260

¹ MS. swrathe. (Brock.)² MS. brater. (Brock.)

Bot choppes them down in the chace, it chargys bot littyll.

Bot when *sir* Arthure anon *sir* Ewayne he fyndys,
 And Errake þe auenawnt, and oper grett lordes,
 He kawghte vp *sir* Cador with care at his herte,
Sir Clegis, *sir* Cleremonde, þes clere men of armes,
Sir Lothe, and *sir* Lyonell, *sir* Lawncelott, and Lowes,
 Marrake and Meneduke, þat myghty ware euer ;
 With langoure in the launde thare he layes them togedire,
 Lokede on theyre lighames, and *with* a lowde steuen,
 Alls lede þat liste noghte lyfe and loste had his myrthis. 4270
 Then he stotays for made, and all his strenghe faylez,
 Lokes vpe to þe lyfte, and all his lyre chaunges,
 Downne he sweys full swythe, and in a swoun fallys,
 Vpe he coueris one kneys, and kryes full often,—
 “ Kyng comly *with* crowne, in care am I leuyde ;
 All my lordchipe lawe in lande es layde vndyre !
 That me has gyfen gwerdons, be grace of hym seluen,
 Mayntenye my manhede be myghte of theire handes,
 Made me manly one molde, and mayster in erthe ;
 In a tenefull tym this torfere was rereryde, 4280
 That for a traytoure has tynte all my trewe lordys.
 Here rystys the riche blude of the rownde table,
 Rebukkede *with* a rebawde, and rewthe es the more !
 I may helpes one hethe house be myn one,
 Alls a wafull wedowe þat wanttes hir beryn.
 I may werye and wepe, and wrynge myn handys,
 For my wytt and my wyrchipe awaye es for euer.
 Off all lordchips I take leue to myn ende ;
 Here es þe Bretons blode broughte owt of lyfe,
 And nowe in þis journee all my joy endys.” 4290
 Thane relyes þe renkes of all þe rownde table,
 To þe ryall roy thay ride þam all ;
 Than assembles full sone seuen score knyghtes,
 In sighte to paire souerayne, þat was vnsownde leuede.
 Than knelis the crownede kyng, and kryes one lowde,—
 “ I thanke þe, Gode, of thy grace, *with* a gud wyll,
 That gafe vs vertue and witt to vencows þis beryns ;
 And vs has grauntede þe gree of theis gret lordes !

He sent vs neu^{er} no schame, ne schenchi^e in erthe,
 Bot euer jit þe ouerhande of all oþer kynges : 4300
 We hafe no laysere now þese lordys to seke,
 For 3one laythely ladde me lamede so sore.
 Graythe vs to Glaschenbery, vs gaynes non oþer ;
 Thare we may ryste vs with roo, and raunsake oure wondys.
 Of þis dere day werke, þe Dryghtten be louede,
 That vs has destaynede and demyd to dye in oure awen."
 Thane they holde at his heste hally at ones,
 And graythes to Glasschenberye þe gate at þe gayneste ;
 Entres þe Ile of Aueloyne, and Arthure he lyghttes,
 Merkes to a manere there, for myghte he no forthire. 4310
 A surgyn¹ of Salerne enserches his wondes,
 The kyng sees be asaye þat sownde bese he neu^{er},
 And sone to his sekire men he said theis wordes,—
 "Doo calle me a confessour, with Criste in his armes ,
 I will be howselde in haste, whate happe so betyddys ;
 Constantyn my cosyn he sall the corown bere,
 Alls becommys hym of kynde, 3ife Criste will hym thole.
 Beryn, fore my benyson, thowe berye 3one lordys,
 That in baytaille with brondez are broghte owte of lyfe ;
 And sythen merke manly to Mordrede children, 4320
 That they bee sleyghely slayne, and slongen in watyrs ;
 Latt no wykkyde wede waxe, ne wrythe one this erthe ;
 I warne fore thy wirchi^e, wirke alls I bydde !
 I foregyffe all greffe, for Cristez lufe of heuen,
 3ife Waynor hafe wele wroghte, wele hir betydde !"

He saide *In manus* with mayne one molde whare he ligges,
 And thus passes his speryt, and spekes he no more.
 The baronage of Bretayne thane, bechopes and othire,
 Graythes them to Glaschenbery with gloppynnande hertes,
 To bery thare the bolde kyng, and bryng to þe erthe, 4330
 With all wirchi^e and welthe þat any wy scholde.
 Throly belles thay ryng, and *Requiem* syngys,
 Dosse messes and matyns with mournande notes :
 Relygeous reueste in theire riche copes,
 Pontyficalles and prelates in precyouse wedys,

¹ MS. *susgyn*. (Brock.)

Dukes and dusszeperis in theire dule-cotes,
 Cowntasses knelande and claspande theire handes,
 Ladys languessande and lowrande to schewe ;
 All was buskede in blake, birdes and othire,
 That schewede at the sepulture, *with* sylande teris ; 4340
 Whas neuer so sorowfull a syghte seen in theire tym !
 Thus endis kyng Arthure, as auctors alegges,
 That was of Ectores blude, the kynge son of Troye,
 And of *sir* Pryamous, the prynce, praysede in erthe ;
 Fro thethyn broghte the Bretons all his bolde eldyrs
 Into Bretayne the brode, as þe Bruytte tellys.

et c. explicit.

Hic jacet Arthurus, rex q[u]ondam rex que futurus.

ere endes Morte Arthure, writen by Robert of Thornton.

R. Thornton dictus qui scripsit sit benedictus. Amen !

PART II

INTRODUCTION, NOTES, AND GLOSSARY

PREFACE

A FEW words of acknowledgment must accompany this edition of the alliterative *Morte Arthure*. It could never have been undertaken without the help of other editions of early English texts and the various dictionaries now within reach of students. Thanks are specially due to the Early English Text Society's series, to the articles on early English literature in *Anglia* and *Englische Studien*, to the *New English Dictionary*, the *Dialect Dictionary*, Mätzner's *Middle-English Dictionary*, and Jamieson's *Scottish Dictionary*. Grateful acknowledgment is also due to the stimulus of lectures on Mediæval literature at University College, London, and of Professor Napier's courses on English language at Oxford. Much is owing in the Notes to the kind suggestions of Professor Ker, and hints from Professor Napier on the subjects of English MSS., and glossaries have gone far to clear away some of the difficulties of this text.

INTRODUCTION

i.—THE POEM.

THE *Morte Arthure* is an outcome of the alliterative revival of the fourteenth century, and has many features in common with other poems of its time. It bears certain very definite resemblances to products of the courtly school, such as its machinery of dreams and allegory, its glory of jewels, glowing colour and princely splendour, its long lists of things delightful to mediæval ears, of courtiers, kings and banquetings, and its conventions, tributes to smiling meadows, streams, and birds of song. But its resemblances to the poems of the revival are closer, more firmly wrought into the texture of the work; they embrace many of its special excellences.

Like the other alliterative poems it is written in the metre of Old English poetry, and contributes to one of the artistic phenomena of history. Like them, too, it marks a movement which has a value beyond that of its artistic form. For the revival of the old heroic line was a thing which stirred the hearts of poets at an hour of national quickening, and beat true to a pulse strengthened by consciousness of power in the people at large. It is as significant of the time as Wicliffe's sermons or any of the social and political changes reflected in legislation of those years. It was not a mere literary affectation. What remains of it is written chiefly in dialects of the North and West, where tradition might well be vigorous, but where scholarly trifling would be least in vogue. It was rejected by the courtly poets, and by the master Chaucer, whose artistic making bears the stamp of foreign ideals, and it was cherished by Langland, who wrote for the people, studying their methods, and by the authors of the popular drama, where literary eccentricities would have been out of place if not impossible.

Recognition for the verse-forms of our forefathers may spring to-day from the wider humanism which is our dower, but we may doubt whether the Humanism of Europe in the time of the second and third Edwards would have listened to alliterative poetry, even if the influence of that urbane spirit could have penetrated to the borders of Logres. The thunder-tones of the old gods had been too lately silenced, the philosophic debate of the schools was not disposed to pause for a retrospect across the years of strife. Not to schools or courts need we look for the explanation of the revival of native art, but rather to an impulse engendered of the national mood, which led poets to the adoption of a form of verse known to the people and alive in familiar versions of the songs of more adventurous days.

The metre¹ of these poems is modelled, not on the original type, but on the alliterative line as it revealed itself to ears fast losing the sense of inflectional syllables, and transformed by the shortening, lengthening and slurring of sounds which altered their values for stress; it has every sign of study of contemporary forms, and the many variations from the earlier pattern which four hundred intervening years of linguistic change had brought. Here and there we are surprised and startled by alliterative phrases which are like echoes from the older poets of a kind not found in the rhyming romances, but there is little evidence that the style of Old English poetry had been studied in connection with them. We find few traces of the spirit of the older epic in the style of these later poems, and the binding together by alliteration of English words with those from Romance sources would strengthen the belief that the measure was preserved where the language in which it was first known had become unintelligible, and where the masterpieces of pre-conquest poetry were unknown.

In the *Morte Arthure* the measure is in many respects more artistically successful than in some other poems of the same class; it finds a kindred theme in war and the achievements of a national hero, and regains something of its old swing and resonance; it moves more freely here than when weighted with moral illustration as in *Piers Plowman*, or tipped with the fairy quills of romance as

¹ For an analysis of the later alliterative verse-systems see the articles by Luick in *Anglia*, vols. xi. and xii.

in *Sir Gawayne and the Grene Knight*; it vibrates with the tramp of fighting legions.

The poets of the revival were not content with the well-worn vocabulary of their rhyming contemporaries, they have an unmistakable freshness of style and a boldness in culling words from the many sources at their command which conscientious compilers of glossaries often wish had been a little less enterprising. The *Morte Arthure* has these merits of freshness and variety; its vocabulary is one of the most interesting, one of the fullest of all. It is often uncompromisingly technical, for the poet delights in realities and solid facts, and it abounds in idiom and forcible, homely phrase. Its author takes pleasure in the wilder aspects of life; he has none of those descriptions of tempest, raging seas, and winter snow which have made *Sir Gawayne*, *Cleanliness and Patience*, and the *Destruction of Troy* famous, but he too relishes the keen air of the crags, and knows the power of the "wagande wynde owte of the weste." He puts all his strength into his pictures of stirring multitudes, of revellings and monsters, of the strife on the stream and the crashing of battle-coggs.

He is minute in matters of detail, only Langland or Deguileville could have rivalled him in his sketch of the giant of Mont St. Michael, or of Cradok's pilgrim-dress, contrasted as it is with the brilliant state of the man whose undoing he is about to proclaim. The cheap simile and metaphor of the rhyming romances is cast aside, the poet enumerates his points of interest swiftly and vividly, using his "lists" with rare success.

For artistic use of alliteration we may note specially lines 1464-7, 1763-4, 490, 2097-8, 2030, 2031.

There is an observance of common things, sympathy with men in their daily occupation, and a grasp of fact, for which we should look in vain to any other poet of the time but Chaucer himself; this is amply illustrated by the lines describing the bustle of the start out to sea from Sandwich, 729-55, or the boys chasing the boar at the gates of Como, 3120-3, or the king in his barge, 3630-34, or the mariners chatting of their "termys" before the battle at sea.

The story is almost untouched by romance; it is that of the chroniclers with a few additions from other sources. Well in keep-

ing with the subject is the lordly opening where Arthur appears flushed with the pride of conquest like Veronese's Alexander amidst the profusion of his banquets. The "gabs" of the lords in the Giant's Tower have an actuality which is of the style of the chronicles, not of romance; they might have been recorded by Froissart.

The *Morte Arthure* has little of the spirit of romance, we find that only in an allusion here and there, and in the Gawayne episode. The men known to modern readers from Malory and Tennyson, there moving under a mystic heaven or caught in the toils of impossible undertakings, are here burly warriors who love conquest, banquets, and the service of their lord. The ideals of *Amadis of Gaul* would have been incomprehensible to them. They know nothing of Broceliande or the Grail, and are not troubled by the prophecies of Merlin and the knightly quest. Here is war without the wantonness, the dragon's wing without the faery charm. There are added touches of horror, like those of the *Mysteries of Udolpho*, but there is none of the mystery and the elfin gleam which have fallen upon later travellers in Arthur's realms. It is a far cry from Malory to Spenser, but the gap between the *Morte Arthure* and Malory's book, which embodies most of its story, would be more difficult to bridge over. Arthur in Avalon has a surgeon from Salerno to search his wounds, and is buried to the mourning of pontifical dirges amidst "blacks" and conventional trappings of woe. We hear no hint of his coming again, or of that barge which seems to float for ever along the horizon of romance. Launcelot is one of the "lesse men," and, like his fellow-lords, has thoughts only of war with Lucius. The form of narrative is positive, it leaves little to suggestion. The characters are highly individualised and carefully drawn, the poet finds his chief interest in them; but when was the typical romancer ever led away from the one essential, incident, to a consideration of his characters? The manner is nowhere that of romance, the development is on entirely different lines; one might liken the originality of treatment to that of Chrestien de Troyes, but Chrestien's again is a different spirit, more courtly and chivalrous in tone.

Gawayne's position is, according to the English tradition, second in importance to Arthur alone, only Cador comes near him in

weight, and Cador has been carefully studied, his character is clearly worked out. It is well to have a *Morte Arthure* where Gawayne has his due, he soon became a shadow, and as "Gawayne the Hende" was looked upon as a convenient figure for pageants. The northern poets bring him into special prominence; he is one of the few heroes of romance who receive sympathetic notice in the *Canterbury Tales*.

There are various points of interest in the poem; an attempt has been made to mark some of them in the notes. The author is worthy of his place as a contemporary of Chaucer, and is none the less deserving of praise because he elected to clothe his creation in a garb less courtly than that which was to pass on to future poets as the royal robe of English song. And his measure was not without subtle influence on later styles, we hear its beat in the lines of Coleridge and Scott, and note its free movement in Elizabethan verse as in the lyrics of Burns; many wood-notes in English poetry bear witness to the native power of the old metre of the *Morte Arthure*.

ii.—THE AUTHOR.

The authorship of the *Morte Arthure* has been much discussed; it is commonly assigned to Huchown. There are difficulties in the way of that assignation, and we await further proof. If Huchown was a Scotchman, then the *Morte Arthure*, as we have it, was not composed by him; the linguistic proofs to the contrary are not easily set aside, but it may have been adapted from his original, or it may have been the original, unknown to Wyntown, from which he worked. Book V. of the *Morte Darthure* is based on a version which apparently differed slightly from this, and other versions may have been written in other dialects. The discussion cannot be re-opened here. Perhaps the unexplored treasures of the Hunter MSS. will give the missing clue. A full statement of the arguments for and against the Huchown authorship is given in the article on Huchown by Trautmann, *Anglia*, I., pp. 109-149; it enters also upon a metrical and linguistic analysis of alliterative poems allied to the *Morte Arthure*, and establishes an interesting connection between it and the *Pystyl of Swele Susanne*. References quoted are to—

G. Chalmers, *Poetical Works of David Lindsay*, London, 1806, vol. i. preface, p. 132.

D. Laing, *Select Remains of Scottish Poetry*, Edinburgh, 1832, Preface to Susanne.

F. Madden, *Sir Gawayne and the Grene Knyzt*, 1839, pp. 301-304.

R. Morris, *Alliterative Poems*, 1864, 1869, preface.

G. Panton and D. Donaldson, *Destruction of Troy*, 1869, 1874, preface.

Further metrical analysis will be found in the articles by Luick, in *Anglia*, XI., XII. Allusions to the Huchown authorship will be found in most of the later editions of alliterative poems. The *Athenæum* for May 1900 has a letter by Mr. G. Neilson on the Huchown Codex.

iii.—THE SOURCES.

The poet has drawn from several sources. In the main he follows the version of Arthur's history as told in Books IX. and X. of the *Historia Regum Britannicæ* of Geoffrey of Monmouth, and appears to have corrected later renderings by this older account. The Latin form of some of the names seems to prove that, but he may have had access to another Latin version now lost. Other well-known versions of the history, some of which may have served as further sources for the alliterative version, are—

Li Roman de Brut, by Wace.

Lazamon's *Brut*.

Robert of Gloucester's *Chronicle*.

Pierre de Langtoft's *Chronicle*.

Robert of Brunne's *Chronicle*.

Other versions are quoted in the edition of the English prose *Merlin* by Mr. H. B. Wheatley, with an introduction by Mr. W. E. Mead, 1899. The part of *Merlin* corresponding to the continuation of Robert de Borron's poem tells the story with certain variations, but departs from our version after the conquest of Rome. Malory's version in Book V. of the *Morte Darthur* corresponds to the end of the Gawayne episode. A comparison of the poem with its sources has been made by P. Branscheid in his article, 'Quellen des Morte Arthure,' in *Anglia*, VIII., *Anzeiger*, pp. 179-336, an article to

which the notes of this edition are indebted for many fruitful suggestions. Dr. O. Sommer's edition of Malory discusses his Book V. with our poem.

Originals of the Gawayne episode and the excursion into Lorraine have not been found. The speeches in the Tower and their fulfilment may have been taken from some source now lost. Features from many giant-stories can be traced in the giant of Mont St. Michael; there the skilful art of the poet and his imagination may be safely quoted as sources; the second dream is woven from the looms of myth and legend, it is not told by the chroniclers, but dreams were part of the common stock, and Fortune's Wheel and the Nine Worthies were freely used by writers in both prose and verse to illustrate the changes of fate.

iv.—THE TEXT.

The text is re-edited from the Thornton MS. of Lincoln Cathedral Library, which has been carefully collated with the three earlier editions, viz. that of J. O. Halliwell, 1847, of G. G. Perry, 1861, and of E. Brock, 1865, 1871. There are few variations from the latest edition, the parenthetical readings of which have been in most cases retained.

The text differs from the MS. in so far as contractions and abbreviations have been expanded, and punctuation has been added. Capital letters also have been given to names of countries, persons, etc., and taken away from common nouns; their use in the MS. is quite arbitrary. It is to be hoped that these deviations will be tolerated by scholars on account of the very substantial help they afford to the general reader.

\bar{m} and \bar{n} have in most cases been expanded to *mm*, *nn*; but in some others have been inadvertently sent to press with the stroke, as they are in the MS.

The contracted *and* of the MS. is represented by *&*, the thorn and *ȝ* have been retained.

The curl after final *m*, *n*, and the stroke through *ll* have been read as meaningless. In Mr. Brock's edition they are represented by a final *e* in italic, and both metrical and linguistic considerations would often demand this representation were it not the case that

the scribe is obviously regardless of both those considerations himself, and that in most fifteenth-century MSS. the signs in question are without any signification whatever. The turn after final *r* and *d* and the stroke by the *g* might have gone the same way, but they do not occur so often; they are represented by the italic *e*.

Final *e* is a difficulty in this period; it would be hard to prove by Thornton's MS. whether it was sounded or not, there are as many proofs one way as the other. The student may add the *e* at will after almost every final *ll*, *m*, *n* in the poem, and very often between *ll* and final *s* as well.

The spelling -um, -un, after *a*, *o*, has been adopted in place of -mm, -nn, of other editions, and so treated as a mere scribal sign without phonetic value; hence "laund" may mean either land or "lawn"; this spelling has been carried out in words both of Germanic and Romance origin. The initial letter and the scroll with Robert Thornton's name are from the MS. The design on the cover is put together from various contemporary MSS.

NOTES

Line 17 Geoffrey of Monmouth has no reference to the Round Table. Wace adds his account to it, and the later chroniclers follow him.

Lines 16-51 give a short summary of Arthur's conquests, told in full by the chroniclers. It is noteworthy that the victory over the Saxons is left out, a point brought out very clearly by writers of the Norman School.

35 *Henawde*, Hainault.

36 *Bretayn the lesse*, Brittany.

37 *Grece*, see l. 602, where the "Grekes" are allies of Rome ; Greece belongs, however, to other lists of conquered countries, and may be copied here from some Alexander list.

37 *Gyan*, Guienne.

39 *Turoyn*, Touraine ; *Tholus*, Toulouse.

40 *Peyters*, Poitiers ; *Prouynce*, Provence.

41 *Vyenne*, Vienne in France.

42 *Erugc?* Auvergne, read *Of [Ou]ergne*. *Anyon*, Anjou ; Lazamon has *Aluerne*, Angou.

44 *Nauerne*, Navarre.

45 *Almayne*, Germany ; *Estriche*, Austria.

47 *Fra Swynn vnto Swetherwyke*, from Cadsand in Zeeland to Sweden : *Swynn* was the old roadstead, now choked up by sand, where Edward III. won a victory over Philip's fleet. Just about that time the name was changed from *Swynn* (Het Zwiyn=the Southern) to *Sluse* and *Sluys*. It lay just between Zeeland and Flanders ; in his 'Lives of the British Admirals,' Southey tells of its sounding waters and its rivalry with Bruges, also of the change of name. Minot uses both names in his song commemorating Edward's victory. *Swetherwyke* is mentioned three times by Wyntoun as *Swetheryke* and *Swethryk*.

55 *Bretayn þe braddere*, Britain.

61 *Caerlyon*. Geoffrey of Monmouth gives a long account of the

glories of the ancient Caerleon on the Usk, about $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles north of Newport. It was an important town in the time of the Romans, and its ruins were noted in the twelfth century. Trevisa and Higden tell of two cities of legions, one Caerlegion (Caerleon), the other Caerusk, built by Belinus, King of Britain, where the Usk falls into the Severn. The great Giant's Tower was there. The third place sometimes referred to as Caerleon was Chester, as everybody knows.

64 *Carlelele*. Some ballads and romances mention Carlisle as a chief seat of Arthur; in the 'Awntyrs of Arthure at the Tarne Wathelyn' Arthur summons his dukes and dusperes to Carelele, and in the 'Parlement of the Three Ages' it is said, "His courte was at Carlele commonly holden." Carlisle appears to have been confused with Caerleon by poets of the north, and French poets write of Carduel an Gales. Carlisle or Cardoile and even Cumberland itself are often spoken of as in Wales. The chroniclers mention Caerlyon only. There was probably confusion between Caerleon on the Usk, Caerleon = Chester, and Carlisle.

86 *Lucius Iberius*. In 'Geoffrey of Monmouth' he is Lucius Tiberius, Republicæ procurator, also imperator. His right to the title of emperor is not quite clear, as the Emperor Leo seems to stand behind him as over-lord. Wyntoun, the Scottish chronicler, was quite certain that Lucius was not the Emperor of Rome. *Lazamon* calls him Kaisere, and many narrators of Arthur's Roman campaign give Lucius the imperial chair.

116 Cf. l. 4050, where Arthur's eyes intimidate his own knights. Malory allows the ambassadors to tell Lucius of Arthur's wrathful countenance when they return to Rome, but leaves out this description of it here. Some of the chroniclers say that Arthur's barons were angry and Arthur calmed them.

156 *Cayous*, Kay, Arthur's famous seneschal, noted elsewhere for his clumsiness and his surliness. In 'Golagros and Gawane' Gawayn says: "Schir, ye know that Schir Kay is crabbit of kynde." In Chrestien de Troyes's 'Yvain' there is a lively scene during which the queen tells Kay that he is "pleins del venin," and the poet adds—

"Keus qui mont fu ranponeus,
Fel et poignanz et afiteus."

Our poet is, however, quite unconcerned with this aspect of Kay; in l. 209 he is "Cayous pe curtaise," and all through he is made butler, not seneschal. In Cymric tradition Kay is the boldest and most successful of all knights; he could remain under water without breathing for nine days and nights.

212-215 The properties of stones are learnedly explained in various mediæval lapidaries.

233 *Gaywayne*. Here and in many following lines Gawayn's initial letter should be W, cf. ll. 1480, 2223, etc. Gawayn and Guinevere are associated together in many romances, as in 'Sir Gawayn and the Grene Knyzt,' and the 'Awntyrs of Arthure,' and this, partly in keeping with Gawayn's high station at Court, partly to meet the needs of alliterative poetry.

234 *Owghtreth*, an unusual form of Ughtred; possibly here a doublet of Wyche, Whycher, Wecharde, the reading of Guitard in this poem. *Turry*. Branscheid thinks this may be one of the ladies at Arthur's Court. There was a douzepere called Terry.

245 *The geauntes toure*, "in giganteam turrim," which, according to Geoffrey of Monmouth, was at the entrance to the palace at Caerleon. (See note to l. 61.) Malory leaves it out. Brutus found Albion full of giants whom he conquered, but some lived on to later times in Wales and Cornwall.

247 The poet has brought Cador's character into special prominence. He had distinguished himself in the great final battle with the Saxons. Lazamon calls him "Cador pe kene," and says he bestowed his kinswoman Guinevere on Arthur; he is also Cador, "Arthures deorling," who takes the first place at Arthur's crowning. Though keen, Lazamon makes him "swipe wis and swipe war," and Wace says he was "de grant voisdie" (ruse, finesse). Geoffrey of Monmouth describes him as a man of a merry disposition, and in all the chronicles he speaks first for war. In the 'Morte Arthure' his rash courage is found to be a costly quality; Arthur rebukes him in the Giant's Tower, and again after he had fought on the way to Paris, l. 1922. When he gives him the praise due to his courage later on, it is only to say that he has done doughtily with his hands. Cador's fear of the scorn of Launcelot, l. 1720, is not found in any other version. In the great battle with Lucius Arthur finds a safe place for him, and sets him to guard the reserve

forces, only calling him into action when the battle is won and he may pursue with all his zest.

277 *Belyn and Bremyn*, Belinus and Brennius; apparently, as Branscheid points out, Bremyn is mis-written for Breme, the -yn occurring in two other names in this line was added here also. *M* for *n* is common enough in this text, cf. l. 1265, where Gryme is for Gerin. These British princes are mentioned in all the chronicles. They may be found even in Milton's 'History of England.' Book III. of Geoffrey's 'Historia' recounts their conquest of Rome. Belin appears in Welsh genealogical tables as a suitable ancestor for heroes, and may have been a sun-god. He was worshipped on mountains, some of which are named in his honour. Brennius was probably one of his cognomens, and only later came to be a separate individuality. *Bawdewyne* is not spoken of as an ancestor elsewhere. Roman ancestry was the boast of all the great European heroes of this time.

288 *Aungers*, King of Scotland; *Lazamon* calls him Scotland's "deorling." He plays a leading part in great battles.

301 *Wythin two eldes*, within the right limits of old age and youth.

304 *The burelyche beryn* is Howel of Brittany, uncle of Helen of St. Michael's Mount, one of the three knights of princely birth at Arthur's Court, "So mild, polite and friendly that it was difficult to refuse him a request." Dr. H. Zimmer points out that there was a Hoel, Count of Brittany, in the time of William the Conqueror. He was William's cousin, and sent troops for the conquest of England.

320 This interesting person has been rescued from obliteration by Branscheid. He is Valyant, King of West Wales, see ll. 1982, 2064, a nephew of Arthur. Other forms of his name are Walyant, Galegantyn, Galygantynis. In the English prose translation of the Book of Merlin he appears as Tradilyvanus. He has a particular grudge against Rome, and repeats his vow before the great battle, so Arthur gives him the chance he wanted. He slays the "Vicounte" with his own hand, cf. ll. 2064-5. The speeches in the Giant's Tower should be compared with the various parts taken by the lords in the final struggle with Lucius. The vows will be found fulfilled to the letter. This scene and its corresponding fulfilment

are not in any other account of Arthur's conquest of Rome, and Malory has not seen fit to keep it.

327 *Pounte Tremble*, Pontremoli in the Apennines.

334 *Wyghte*, Isle of Wight; *Walschelande*, Wales.

352 *Petyrsande*, Pietra Santa.

357 *Syre Ewan fyth Urience* is another addition to the chronicler's account. He is conspicuous in the romances; he is a nephew of Arthur, cousin to Gawayn, and the hero of the 'Chevalier au Lyon' by Chrestien de Troyes, cf. ll. 360, 2067. In Welsh tradition he was not a contemporary of Arthur.

368 This is the first appearance of Launcelot in the story.

375 *Genyuers*, probably Malory's Ianeweyes.

382 *Sir Lottez*. Loth is Gawayn's father, lord of Orkney and King of Norway; he kills a giant in the final battle, cf. ll. 391, 2089.

385 *Weredes*, Wyrd, one of the three fatal sisters of Teutonic mythology, was early generalized as Fate; the word occurs only in plural form in this poem, cf. l. 3889. The figure with the turning-wheel in Arthur's dream has eclipsed the unrelenting Wyrd of Old English poetry.

419 Arthur's answer is in the best style of "gab"; its savagery is well in keeping with his bearing when he first receives the message, and in fine contrast to the splendour of the banquet-scene.

424 *Reone*, or Roone (?); *e* and *o* are not always easy to distinguish in the MS.; Rhone.

428 *Meloyne*, Milan.

450 *Watlyng-strette*, the Northern portion evidently, running through North Yorkshire, and by Catterick, see l. 482.

471 *Sex sum*, see l. 81, where the number is *sexten*, for which *sex sum* is possibly mis-written.

482 *Catrike*, Catterick, the old Cataractonium, a station on the Roman road, in N.W. Yorkshire. As this station lies considerably north of Chester and quite out of the way of Caerleon on the Usk, it is evident that the poet meant Carlisle by *Carlelele*.

496 *Akyn*, Aix-la-Chapelle.

501 *Suters*, Sutri.

521 Ten in all, see l. 545.

538-541 *Largesse* was a virtue highly extolled in the Middle

Ages, and corresponds to the Greek "magnificence." In 'Piers Plowman' Largenesse serves Truth, and is one of the seven virtuous sisters.

559 *Geen*, Genoa. Geen or Iene is connected by alliteration with giants, gesserants and genatours.

570-589 The poet here allows himself an expansion into one of those long lists of names so delightful to mediæval ears, pleasing even to Chaucer.

573 *Ermonyë*, Armenia.

578 *Damyat*, Damietta.

580 *Capados*, Cappadocia ; *Baldake*, Bagdad.

587 *Bayous*, probably mis-written for barons.

588 *Preter Iohne landes*: this realm of Prester John was believed to lie in Central Asia. From the time of the twelfth century rumour gave many accounts of Prester John—it said he had conquered the Mussulmans and was prepared to meet the Crusaders and finally to help in the overthrow of Anti-Christ. Pope Alexander III. sent to look for him, but his messenger never returned. A letter believed to have been written by Prester John circulated in Europe towards the close of the twelfth century ; it told of the horned men, the phœnix and other famous wonders to be found in his kingdom. All serious travellers looked for him, but he was never found, though people still clung to the hope that he would be discovered some day.

594 *Grekkes See*, the eastern part of the Mediterranean.

600 *Cornett*, Corneto.

604 *Pull and Pruysslande*, Apulia and Prussia.

605 *Lettow*, Lithuania.

608 *Surry*, Syria.

613 A "paynim" foe could not fail to have an accompaniment of sorcerers in league with evil powers. Picts, paynims and ethyns fight also for Modred, ll. 4123-5. Legend said that giants were to be hired for fighting in plenty ; they fought against all great heroes and restorers of order.

621 *Westwale*, Westphalia.

623 *Coloine*. The MS. has no dot over the *i*, so the right reading may be Colome. Malory has Coleyne, Coloigne.

628 *Constantyne*, the peninsula of Cotentin in Normandy.

629 *Bareflete*, Barfleur.

635 *Sandwyche*, so also Malory, but the chroniclers say Southampton or Hamo. Sandwich suits the metre and pleased the poet's ear; he had just scored a success with the name in l. 490.

645 *Mordrede and Modred*. Geoffrey of Monmouth, Modredus; Lazamon, Modred.

667 For this use of *mysese*, cf. 'Piers Plowman,' vii. 26, "Amende mesondieux pere-myde and myseyse folke helpe."

681 Modred is a sentimental person, and has a rhetorical manner giving no index to his character. Just before perpetrating treacherous deeds, l. 4181, he sheds penitential tears, l. 3886. It is his "weredes" which caused all the mischief, and he writes feelingly to Waynor "how the werlde chaungede." The tragedy of Arthur's end hangs on Cradok's words, l. 3555, "Thus has sir Modrede merrede us all."

699-704 Guinevere's character as here drawn may be studied with that of Chaucer's Cresseid; l. 720 gives the only hint of coming trouble.

730 The activity of the mariners is sketched in Wace's manner, but is more highly specialized.

760 We hear of many Arthur-visions; an interesting discussion on the merit of dreams will be found in Chaucer's story of Chauntecleer and Pertelote in the 'Canterbury Tales.'

This vivid description of the two monsters is rendered again by Malory with evident delight, but he substitutes a boar for the bear. Geoffrey, Wace and Lazamon say that Arthur was not content with the explanation of the dream, and Robert of Gloucester adds a second dragon representing Lucius to complete the meaning. This passage, unusually heightened with glowing detail, is a fine sample of the poet's art. Lazamon describes the creatures in the general terms characteristic of Old English poetry, and like it dwells rather on the feelings of horror in the mind of the spectator than on any special features in the beings themselves; in his 'Brut' the dragon has the flaming eyes of Grendel.

769 For the suggestion that a line may be missing here, see Branscheid's notes on the poem.

772 *flayre*, Malory has "flame."

821 *tachesesede*, Malory, "his tail full of tatters."

841 Geoffrey says nothing about a Templar. Lazamon lets a

“hende cniht” bring the message ; Malory has a husbandman, for in his time the Templars were almost forgotten.

843 Everywhere else the giant is from Spain ; that giants were begotten by fiends and the descendants of Cain was the common tradition of Old English poets.

845 The giant’s liking for children’s flesh is a peculiarity of the alliterative ‘Morte Arthure,’ cf. l. 1051. It would seem to have arisen from a confusion of barn, child, and bar, boar. Robert of Brunne says the giant sat “rostyng a swyn gret and fat” when Arthur discovered him. Robert of Gloucester paints him with a “vatte barn (beren, beere)” on his spit. In the ‘Book of Merlin’ he simply roasts flesh.

892-3 Kay and Bedvere are associated together in many romances.

899 Mont St. Michael in Normandy is well known, and near it is the rocky island Tombelène ; both are believed to have been sacred, first to Druidical, then to Roman deities. They were garrisoned by English troops in 1273, and again during the French wars of the fifteenth century. The story of Helen and the giant is one of the local legends, and is told in a French poem of the twelfth century on the Abbey of St. Michael. It is probable that the name Tombelène existed long before the tale of Helen, and had an earlier form, Tumbellena. Lovers of sun-god theories find in it a reminiscence of Beli,—see note on Belinus above, l. 277,—a reminiscence which early Christian teachers tried to destroy by inventing a story to explain the name. There is a legend of another Helen who stood on the sea-shore by Mont St. Michael to watch her lover Montgomery sail for England with William the Conqueror. She died of grief, and her tomb is Tombelène. Mont St. Michael was a favourite resort of pilgrims, so the local legends were doubtless carried away and retold in many lands. Le Roux de Lincy, the editor of Wace’s ‘Brut,’ holds the appearance of the legend in Arthur’s history as a proof of the French origin of Geoffrey’s sources. Wace calls the giant Dinabuc.

909 Helmets were often decked with precious stones by the romancers.

919 In all the chronicle accounts it is Bedvere who goes first to reconnoitre ; he crosses an arm of the sea in a boat, learns all about the giant and the two fires from the “wafull wyfe,” and returns with a full report to Arthur. Though the three adventurers ride

by a river when they set out, they do not cross over any water to reach the giant in this version.

945 The fires and smoke are features of the story told of Kay and Bedvere in the Welsh 'Twrch Trwyth,' see San Marte, 'Beiträge zur bretonischen und celtisch-germanischen Heldensage,' pp. 33, 65. The two knights go in search of a giant, whom they kill after tearing out his beard. From Plinlimmon they see in the south a great column of smoke rising from the giant's fire, cf. l. 1039.

952 *New*, the MS. reading, may be either new or now.

964 This conjunction of Wade and Wawayn may lead to some sober reflection on the influence of alliteration on legend. Wittich, a kinsman of Wade, is associated with Samson and Goliath as a type of strength in the old German poems edited by C. Bartsch ('Meister Lieder der Kolmarer Handschrift'). Chaucer twice mentions Wade, and Lydgate refers to romances of Havelok, Horn and Wade. The romance was apparently a late development of Wade as an adventurer in a boat, Guingelot, "wherein," says Kinaston's note, "he did many strange things and had many wonderfull adventures." Malory, in 'Morte Darthure,' Book VII., chap. ix., says "as wyȝte as euer was Wade," and a metrical romance, 'Sir Bevis,' from the Auchinleck MS., classes Bevis, Guy of Warwick, Launcelot and Wade together as dragon-slayers. Camden mentions Wade's Gap in the Roman Wall, and a castle not far from Whitby belonging to Wada, a Saxon general who fought in a battle at Whalley in Lancashire, and died in 798. The date and the localities in Northern England are interesting to students of 'Bêowulf.' Roger of Hoveden, Leland and others tell of places named after Wade. In Konrad's 'Rolandslied' (ed. C. Bartsch, l. 7801) the Emperor Charles tells King Oigir of Denmark that he is of Wade's kin and has a lion-heart, "thu bist thes Waten kunnes, . . . thu hâst rehte eines lewen muot."

Little is known of the oldest form of the Wade myth. The earliest of the Old English poems preserved to us, 'Widsið,' mentions Wada as ruler of the Hælsingas, and this is the first reference to him we have in any literature. He was probably a sea-god or a sea-hero of the North Sea, but W. Mannhardt thinks he was a god of the Danube. He had flaming eyes and a wide beard, was easily roused to wrath, and as strong as twenty-six men; when he blew his horn the earth shook, the sea raged and walls fell. North

Germanic saga gives the boat to Wieland. In the 'Thidrekssaga' Wade is Wieland's father, and sends the boy to learn his craft in Mimir's smithy, where he had Seigfrid for a companion; afterwards Wieland is carried over the Groenasund on Wade's back to two mountain dwarfs to continue his studies. Wade is also woven into the Gudrun saga. Sir Walter Scott lamented the loss of his story a hundred years ago, and we know little more about it to-day. The reference of this poem is to Wade as slayer of monsters. Wawayn is a champion of distressed damsels in French romance, always ready to protect against oppressors.

1002 The mantle with a fringe of kings' beards belonged to the giant Ritho, to whom Arthur refers in l. 1175, the same as Malory's King Ryon of North Wales and Ireland. In the prose continuation of Robert de Borron's 'Merlin,' by Mons. Paulin Paris called the 'Book of Arthur,' Arthur slays the giant of Mont St. Michael with the sword Marnyadoise, which he had taken from King Rion of the bearded mantle, so that a slight connection between the two giants already existed before the alliterative poem was written. In Drayton's 'Polyolbion' the connection is closer still, and it is Ritho himself who slays Helen and wears a coat made of the beards of kings. The 'Parlement of the Three Ages' has an entirely different version, there Arthur slays a dragon on "Sayn Michael's Mount," and it is Rusten who wants the king's beard to trim his bride's mantle. The 'Buik of Alexander' distinguishes the "Mount Michael" giant from "Rostrik" of the "Kingis beirdis." Mons. Paulin Paris suspects the influence of Vergil on the giant story, and quotes Hercules and Cacus.

1018 *Bretayne þe more*, Britain.

1051 Malory heightens the horror; "three spits whereon were broached twelve young children late born, like young birds."

1175 *Araby*, a mountain in Wales. Geoffrey, in 'Aravis Monte'; it is not the same as Arraby in l. 576, but the Aran Mountains, Spenser's "Rauran" (= yr Aran). See Faery Queene, I. ix. 4, where Arthur was consigned to the care of Timon, whose dwelling was

". . . low in a valley greene,
Under the foot of Rauran mossy hore,
From whence the river Dee as silver cleene
His tomling billowes roll with gentle rore."

Here, in Merionethshire, he was visited by Merlin.

1225 *Castell Blanke*. Geoffrey, ad Albam fluvium venit. Alba = Blanke.

1251 *Duchemen*, Germans.

1263-5 The list of messengers varies greatly. In the 'Book of Arthur,' Gawayn, Iwayn and Saigremor go. Nothing is said here of the special reason for choosing Gawayn. He had been educated at Rome in the service of Pope Supplicius, and received knight-hood from Arthur after the conquest of Norway. Lazamon says—

“ Walwain cuþe Romanisc,
Walwain cuþe Bruttisc.
He was iued inne Rome
Wel feole wintre.”

Piense de Langtoft also says Gawayn “ fu latymer.”

1265 *Gryme*, Gerin of Chartres, cf. l. 277, and note.

1279 Geoffrey of Monmouth tells the story differently, for on the way the knights urge Gawain to pick a quarrel with the Romans and so bring on fighting. In Lazamon's 'Brut' the knights declare shafts must be broken and byrnies torn before any reconciliation could be effected. In this poem the quarrel is owing entirely to the quick impulse of Gawain, the knights do not prompt him.

1311 *Cayme*, Cain.

1336 *Sayne*, the river Seine.

1340 *Paresche*, Paris.

1346 Gayous becomes *eme* here to suit the alliteration, as Branscheid has pointed out. In the 'Historia' of Geoffrey he is the emperor's nephew.

1364 A foot-note should explain that the reading of the MS. is *salle*.

1368 Only Lazamon agrees with this poem in making Gawayn strike the first stroke, elsewhere it is Gerin or Bors.

1382 *Sir Feltemour*. Geoffrey's Marcellus Mutius; Wace and Lazamon have Marcel; Malory has Feldenak.

1387 Gawayn's sword is called Galentin in the 'Book of Arthur.' In the 'Roman de Launcelot' and the 'Roman de Merlin' Gawayn bears Arthur's famous sword Excalibor, the Calaborne of this text. Gawayn had been girded with the king's weapon when he was

dubbed knight, and kept possession of it for a time. In the English prose rendering of the 'Book of Arthur' Gawayn slays Lucius with Caliburne, but throughout this poem Arthur remains in possession of his own sword. See Sir Frederic Madden's note on Gawayn's sword in his notes to 'Golagros and Gawane,' where he quotes the actual measurement by inches from a Latin MS. of the time of Edward I.

1408 *Bedwyne*. No other accounts mention any reinforcement but that under Idrus, Ider, in l. 1439. Branscheid thinks Bedwyne may be Bawdwyne of ll. 1606 and 2384, but it is more probably a name mis-written for some epithet unknown to the scribe, who made bayous out of barons in l. 587. There is a "Bedwyn the bald" in the alliterative 'Alexander.'

1419 *Petyr*, Petrieus of the 'Historia' of Geoffrey; in one of the Wace MSS. his name is written Peredur.

1439 *Idrus*, Geoffrey's Hiderus. Wace, "Yder le fil Nut." His name occurs in a list of Welsh saints and in many romances. In this text he is fytz Ewayn, l. 1498, and appears with his father in the battle with Modred. In the 'Book of Arthur' "Ydier the sone of Vunde," or Vut, and Sir Ewein, fight side by side, and from this grouping of the knights' names together in the fight the mistake of making them father and son would appear to have arisen. In most other versions he is slain in a later battle by Evander. Geoffrey of Monmouth calls him, when slain by Evander, the son of Aliduc of Tintagol. He was universally famous for a fight with some formidable giants near Malvern, and for another with a bear. Before Launcelot became a prominent figure it was Ider who loved Guinevere; Tristan tells Iseult about him in an old poem.

1520 *Perce*, Persia; *Iaffe*, Joppa.

1532 The knight and his reward are evidently invented by the poet.

1558 Malory says, "no man of worship was loste of them sauf that syr Gawayn was sore hurte." *Fytz Henry* must be a mistake for fytz Urien, for he is an important person and dear to Arthur, see l. 1572.

1602 This "dance of Earls" replaces Geoffrey's modest list of four, Cadur, Bedver and the two consuls, Borellus and Richerius.

In Malory Launcelot is in charge. The part of Cadur is brought into peculiar prominence by this poet. In l. 1640 he scouts carefully; he knows of the danger, ll. 1708-17, but fear of Launcelot's scorn urges him on. Branscheid notes the number of French names here.

1604 Clegis was very celebrated, and the hero of a romance by Christien de Troyes. In l. 1694 he claims noble ancestry; according to Chrestien he was the son of Alexander of Constantinople and of Soredamors, Gawayn's sister.

1606 *Bawdwyme*. In the 'Book of Arthur' he is the son of Grascien and god-son of King Ban. Mons. Paulin Paris believes him to be Baudemagus, nephew of Urien. The best-known Baudouin was Roland's brother. In Malory's 'Morte Darthur' Baudewyn of Bretayn was Arthur's constable, also a "noble surgeon and a good leche," who became a hermit; a bishop Bawdewyn figures in some Gawayn romances.

1622 The poet does not treat Ewandyre as king of Syria, see ll. 1622, 1626, 1868, 1870, 1904, 1911. Lazamon says Evander had come from Babylon, and he slew Borel; in this text Berell is slain by the "King of Lebe." Wace mentions one Ewander of Frise and another, or perhaps the same, "rois de Sire."

Utolfe is Geoffrey's Vulteius Catellus.

1625 *Sextynour*, Sertorius of Libya. He is confused with the King of Syria here.

1629 *Troys*, Troyes.

1637 Lazamon draws a delightful picture of the unsuspecting convoy which rides singing through the fair wooded valley. Wace and the 'Book of Arthur' describe the prisoners with their feet bound under their horses' bellies and their hands fastened behind them.

1672 *A cowntere*, because of his distress at Arthur's revel of rents in l. 1667. It is the precision of these allusions to general affairs and business which specially characterizes this poet.

1681 *Three* is apparently mis-written by the scribe for some other word.

1691 Cf. l. 1694. A similar confusion between lond and lord possibly explains an error in l. 2286. Cf. l. 878.

1695 *Brut*, Brutus, the supposed ancestor of the Britons; Milton

tells the legend of his slaughter of the giants of Albion in his 'History,' and refers to him in 'Comus.'

1698 *Borghte*, mis-written for Brute, the spelling influenced by the following word. *Fro* = from the time that, a common construction.

1720 This allusion to Launcelot is not found elsewhere.

1744 *Wawayne* is probably mis-written for Bawdwyn, *Vryell*, for Beryll, see ll. 1605, 1606. It is unlikely that a knight so important as Gawayn would suddenly appear in Cador's *cortège* without previous mention. Branscheid pointed out the identity of Beryll, who is one of those slain in the fight. B is the letter required for rhyming with Bedwere.

1786 Cador's language is always vigorous and racy, with local allusions and terse idioms. He quotes the only proverb in the poem, at l. 1844. Cf. ll. 1788, 1837-1843. *Corne bote* was evidently an unsatisfactory kind of bote, and this is intelligible if "bote" was paid in kind when corn values were constantly shifting.

1797. Works his course through.

1824 *Achinour*, *Askanere*, cf. l. 1739.

1825 *Origge* and *Ermyngall*; these two names take the place of two others probably beginning with H, perhaps Heryll and Herygall of l. 1742. Malory has Heringdale for Herygall.

1828 In other versions the convoy is saved only by the timely help of Guitard of Poitou; here all turns on the valour of Cador and his knights. In the 'Book of Arthur' Cleodalis brings support.

1843 "Hethynge es hameholde," there should be no hyphen; scorn is home-bred, a man has himself to thank for his shame.

1864 *Cayous*; Kay has not been mentioned before in this episode, and it is just possible that his name has been mis-written for Cador here, as Cador is a mistake for his name in l. 2385. He is called "the keen" elsewhere.

1866 *Cordewa*. Branscheid explains this as a mistake for Cornette, cf. l. 1909.

1871 This is the only mention of *Segramore*.

1904 *Utere* for Utolf, see l. 1868.

1908 *Barouns*. The line wants a name beginning with C, and

Branscheid thinks Geoffrey's Quintus Carucius, mentioned amongst the slain, would give Carous.

1909 Corneto, near Cività Vecchia.

1912 *a* = are.

1928 In Malory Launcelot's reply is, "Nay! for once shamed may never be recovered."

1964 *Sexon*. The geography differs from that of Wace and those who follow him. Our poet seems to have read Geoffrey's version with some chart or other MS. accounts. He rejects Lengrias, and writes Awguste, l. 1967, where Wace has Autun, Ostom. There might even in the fourteenth century have been MSS. from Caen or the Abbé St. Michael to which the poet had access, and by these he may have found place-names to suit near the river Orne in Northern France. Here it seems the poet thought the battle took place; his *Sexon*, *Sessoynne*, might thus be Séez, Séois. He has read Suesia of the 'Historia' his own way. Geoffrey's Augustodonum is his *Awguste*; Augustodurum was an old classical name for Bayeux. After the battle, l. 2373, we are back at Cotentin again, and near Caen too. He is usually precise in matters of detail, but geography was a thorny subject in his day, and it is quite possible he had not formed any very clear idea as to the situation of Saxony or Germany, and wrote *Sessoynne* vaguely.

1967 *Awguste*. See note to l. 1964.

1971 *Leo*; Geoffrey's Leo imperator, Frolo's over-lord in Book IX. chap. ii. of the 'Historia.'

1972 *Lazamon* here dwells on Merlin's prophecy of the fall of Rome.

1977 *Sessoynne* is the common Romance name for Saxony, written also *Sexon*, cf. l. 1964.

1982 *Valyant* is the Welsh king of ll. 320 and 3044. His name should be Walyant (Galegantin), see note to l. 320; and *Vyleris* should be Walis. Arthur trusts his purpose of revenge and gives him a leading part.

1991 The prominence of the archers in this poem is characteristic of the time.

1996 *Rown*, Roven.

2025 *Viterbe*, Viterbo.

2039 The earthly Paradise was believed to lie in the far East, "beyond the stream of ocean," raised high above Noah's flood on terraced hills. Enoch and Eli were still there awaiting the coming of Anti-Christ, and they testified to the temperate climate. Higden and Trevisa describe it as compassed about with walls of fire and guarded by angels. Cf. 'Parlement of the Three Ages,' ll. 332-6, and Mr. Gollancz's note to 'Ercules boundes.'

2074 The lords fulfil their vows to the letter, and in the order in which they were spoken in the Giant's Tower. Launcelot there vows to joust with Lucius before the journey begins, and he slays Lucius here. Branscheid refers to this as a proof that the poet was drawing from various sources, for Lucius is killed by Arthur himself, l. 2255. All through the battle, however, Lucius the emperor bears his highest title, and is either *emperor* or *conqueror*; he is distinguished from lords in ll. 2220-1, and this Lucius is more probably Lucius Catellus, a great general mentioned by Geoffrey. The poet follows Geoffrey closely at times, and might easily refer to his pages for a name to help him out of a difficulty, and when he weaves two stories, or two versions, into one, he sets to work like a good craftsman and leaves no broken threads in view.

2095-2110 The description of this fight with arrows is one of the bright parts of *Lazamon's 'Brut'*, it excels this of the '*Morte Arthure*' in stir and brilliancy. The '*Brut*' says the heavens dinned, the earth shook, the arrows flew as thick as falling snow.

2123 *Collbrande* is probably the same as Caliburne.

2126 Giants are the occasion of many of Arthur's grim jokes, cf. l. 898.

2157 In other versions Kay rushes into the fray to avenge Bedivere's fall. His speech to the king, l. 2186, is an addition of the poet, who is not concerned with his connection with Bedivere.

2189 *Werlde* is apparently an error, Brock suggests *welthe* instead.

2197 Cf. l. 4155.

2225 Branscheid notes here an allusion to Gawayn's taunts to the emperor when he bore Arthur's message.

2232 *Florent* is Lucius's sword.

2255 In the '*Historia*' Lucius dies by an unknown hand. Wace

says, "Ne sai dire qui l'abati," so Lazamon also. Other chroniclers allude to a legend that Gawayn slew him, but add that all is uncertain. In the 'Book of Arthur' Gawayn kills Lucius with Caliburne.

2286 Branscheid suggests, *they drewe out dromondaries of dyuerse londres*, cf. l. 878, and note to l. 1691.

2373 *Costantyne*. See l. 1964, note.

2380 *Kayon*, Kayous; *Came*, Caen.

2384 *Berade*. Branscheid suggests Berill, who had been killed in the earlier fray, in which also Bawdwyne was engaged, but this line and the next appear to have been wrongly copied by the scribe, they are in part an echo of ll. 2379-80. In l. 2385 *Cador* must be a mistake for Cayous, for Cador is still alive at l. 4188. "He beryes at Bayone," may have been re-written as "Sir Berade and Bawdwyne." *Bedwar* has been already buried. Cf. note to l. 1864.

2388 *Lusscheburghe*, Luxemburg.

2396 From here to the landing in Britain the poet departs entirely from the chronicles. In the 'Book of Arthur' the king consults Merlin at this point, and then fights the great cat of Lausanne.

2417 *Meyes*, Metz.

2421 *Ferawnt*, see l. 2490. In ll. 2760, 2765, 3404, *Ferawnt* is an enemy.

2482 *Soone*. Branscheid suggests that *soone* is sun, and for *flethe* would read *seethe*, interpreting, "On Sunday the sun gave great heat," hence the enfeebling of the Frenchmen, l. 2484. But the word in the MS. is quite clearly "*flethe*," though S is the initial letter wanted to suit the alliteration. Parley is apparently the meaning wanted.

2577 Barbers practised blood-letting.

2586 *Salarne*, Salerno, where was a famous school of medicine; cf. l. 4311, and Professor Skeat's notes to William of Palerne, l. 964.

2605 *Priamus* is descended from all the heroes of the East. *Judas* is Judas Maccabeus, one of the Nine Worthies.

2624 Malory, "to poynt his paltocks."

2653 *Dolfinede*, Dauphiné.

2657 *Sessoyn*, Saxony.

2680 *Walchere*, Walthere, see l. 2495.

2694 *Flores*, cf. "the watery floor" of 'Lycidas.'

2705 *Fouur well*. The four great rivers of the East are quoted by Higden and Trevisa as tangible proofs of the existence of the earthly Paradise, for if the rivers did not flow from it, whence could they come?

2761 *Famacoste*, Famagosta in Cyprus.

2788 *Prewsslande*, cf. Chaucer's Prologue to the 'Canterbury Tales,' where the knight had taken his place "aboven alle nacions in Pruce," above the companies of Teutonic knights, the same allusion as here.

2870 Arthur bore the image of Mary on his shield Pridwen, described by Geoffrey and other chroniclers on the occasion of the king's arming at Bath before his last battle against the Saxons. There he dons his golden helmet bearing the dragon, and his steel birnie which Laȝamon says was made by Wygar, and takes Caliburne, made in the isle of Avallon, and his lance Ron, with Pridwen.

"þer wes innen igrauen,
Mid rede golde stauen,
An on-licnes deore
Of drihtenes moder."—Laȝamon's 'Brut,' l. 21152.

In 'Sir Gawayn and the Grene Knyȝt' Gawayne's shield bears this image.

2896 *Gerard*, the same as Ierante, cf. l. 2890. Malory has "Gherard, a Knyght of Walys," slain in this battle.

2940 A verb appears to be wanting after duke, but Branscheid suggests *schelde and* = scheltrone.

2943 *Gernaide*, Granada.

2950 *Mees*, Metz.

2954 *Cheldrike*, commonly known as a leader of the hostile Saxons.

2970 *Sir Dolphyn*, probably the lord of Dauphiné.

3030 Malory here tells of Priamus's introduction by Gawayn to Arthur, who "lete hym anon be crystned and dyd doo calle hym his fyrste name Pryamus, and made hym a duke and knyghte of the table round."

3054 Malory, "the king availed his visor with a meek and noble countenance;" his copy was evidently slightly different from this. Cf. l. 2624, note.

3061 This line is corrupt. Branscheid reads, *He sall be demyd full wele*, corresponding to Malory's "but the duke shall abide my judgment." We have had already several instances in this poem of confusion between *m* and *n*, and as the MS. signs for *y* and *th* are alike the mistake could very easily occur.

3068 Malory puts this episode to l. 3083, a little later, after the taking of Como.

3110 *Combe*, Como.

3140 *Pownte Tremble*; Malory calls it the "Port of Tremble." *Pawnce*, Ponte near Turin, or for Pallaunce = Pallanza; *Pleasaunce* a Romance name of Piacenza. The line should probably have been *For Pleasaunce, for Pawnce* [Pallawnce], and for *Pownte Tremble*.

3141 *Pyse*, Pisa; *Pavy*, Pavia.

3144 *Melan*, Milan.

3150 *Tuskane*, Tuscany.

3161 *Spolett*, Spoleto.

3167 *Vicounte londes*; Malory, "Vale of Vicecount"; this is Valyant's foe, l. 325. See Arthur's forecast, ll. 350-356.

3220-3223 The ominous dream follows immediately on the speech, and foreshadows an anti-climax to l. 3211. In the 'Historia' of Geoffrey there is no dream, nor does Wace tell of one. Laȝamon's dream is very remarkable, and is in the character of the dreams of the Icelandic saga. Arthur there dreams that he sits astride a great hall whence he overlooks his vast possessions. Gawain is by him, sword in hand. Modred advances with a great company, bearing a battle-axe, and begins to hew down the posts of the hall, and with him comes Guinevere, who stretches out her arm and draws down the roof on which Arthur and Gawain are sitting. Arthur falls and breaks his arm, but the hall falls on Gawain and breaks both his arms. Then the king smites off Modred's head with his left hand and it rolls across the field; he also hews Guinevere in pieces and puts her body in a black pit. The people flee; Arthur stands alone on a weald and wanders over the moors amongst birds of prey. He is carried to the sea by a golden lion and brought on shore, wet and weary, by a friendly fish.

'Le Morte Arthur' of the Harleian MS. has reminiscences of both dreams. Before fighting with Modred the king dreams that he sat, clad in gold and crowned, on a wheel under which he sees a black water full of dragons; the wheel turned round and he is torn by the dragons. He wakes and sleeps again, and Gawayn comes to him in spirit with a company of angels and warns him to give up the battle.

3251 The figure of Fortune bears every symbol of wealth and treasure, and corresponds in so far with the classical sculptures of the goddess with her horn of plenty and crowned with ears of corn. She is not here the "good housewife" of 'As You Like It.' Her dress may be compared to that of Meed in Langland's 'Piers Plowman.'

3260 The Greek Tyche had a wheel, also Fors, Nemesis and Fortuna. Sometimes the goddess sat on the wheel and turned with it, sometimes she bore it in her hand, as here, or it lay at her feet; there are many allusions to the wheel in the Alexander Poems and others telling sad stories of the death of kings. She differs from the Germanic Wyrd and the sleepless Frou Sælde. 'The globe of l. 3354 is the symbol of universal rule; in Roman descriptions Fortuna bears the globe or the rudder. In the French play, 'Adam,' she is blind and has her wheel. In one of the Renard versions she lifts the fox on to her wheel, and promises him that it will not turn. The turning wheel of fate was known in England from the time of Alfred's translation of 'Boëthius.' Chaucer's translation would be known to courtly readers about this time. Fortune says, "The covetise of men, that mai nat be stawnched,—schal it bynde me to ben stidfaste, syn that stidfastnesse is uncouth to my maneris? Swiche is my strengthe, and this pley I pleye continually. I torne the whirlynge wheel with the turnynge sercle; I am glad to chaungen the loweste to the heyeste, and the heyeste to the loweste. . . . What other thyng bywaylen the crynges of tragedyes but oonly the dedes of fortune, that with unwar strook overturneth the realmes of greet nobleye?" In the 'King's Quair' there is a real king's vision of Fortune and "hir tolter quhele"; it stands over an "ugly pit, depe as ony helle." The king wonders that men should seek to climb it, but finds when his turn comes that he may not refuse; he wakes before the wheel

turns. In Rossetti's ballad, 'The King's Tragedy,' James's fate is sealed; we are told how

". . . the white face lay
In the Pit of Fortune's Wheel."

3266 Compare the description of Alexander's chair in the great alliterative 'Alexander.'

3268 The philosopher gives the names of the Nine Worthies at ll. 3408-3439. See Mr. Gollancz's preface and Appendix II. to the 'Parlement of the Three Ages' for a full discussion of them, and cf. Anglia, xxi., 'The Ballet of the Nine Nobles,' W. A. Craigie.

3345 *Frolle*. Arthur's fight with him near Paris is recorded in all the chronicle accounts.

3419 *Golyas*, Goliath.

3422 *The two . . . kynges*. Branscheid reads, *the tone . . . kynge*.

3426 Legend assigned a number of Eastern relics to Charlemagne. The mention of Longinus's spear is noteworthy here.

3470 Cradok's mantle was to be seen in the castle of Dover with Gawayne's skull, says Caxton in his preface to the 'Morte Darthure.' Cradok appears in many romances.

3545 *Hors*, Horsa.

3610 *Danamarkes*, Danes.

3672 *Braynes* should be *beryns*, as Branscheid points out.

3678 A word appears to be missing before *frekke*, possibly *fele*.

8700 *Spanyolis*, Spaniards.

8773 *Mownttagus*. The Montagus or Montacutes were well known in the North as leaders of expeditions against the Scots under the Edwards. They are ranged here on Gawayn's side, and are, so far as one may judge from an indication of this kind, not regarded as hostile.

3869 Sir Frederic Madden notes this passage as illustrating stanza xl. of the 'Awntyrs of Arthure'—

"Gawayne was graythely graythede one grene,
With griffons of golde engrelede full gaye."

In 'Sir Gawayne and the Grene Knyght' he bears the pentangle, elsewhere a double-headed eagle, or a lion.

3902 *Tambire*, Tamar.

3937 Branscheid reads Gutlande for guchede or guthede, cf. l. 3763.

3942 *enserchede* is probably a mistake for enserclede, but cf. 'Destruction of Troy,' ll. 1537-8—

"The cité was sothely, to serche it about,
Pre iorneyes full iointly to ioynne hom by dayes."

4023 William of Malmesbury says Gawayn's grave was found in King William's time by the Welsh coast, and was fourteen feet long.

4056 *Treyntis*, perhaps for Tambire, cf. l. 3902, or it may be the name of a town. Geoffrey writes of the last battle at Cambula, Wace at Camblan; Lazamon has Camelford.

4075 *Errake*, the same as Geraint, Geraint ab Erbin of the 'Mabinogion.' The French name, Erec, was well known from Chrestien's romance, 'Erec et Enide,' where the story is told of the famous ride when Enide rides first. As Errik he comes in 'Sir Gawayne and the Grene Kniȝt,' and as Arrake fitz Lake in the 'Awntyrs of Arthure.'

4123 *Argayle*, Argyle; *ethyns* belong to Orkney also, see l. 4163.

4203 *Walynghfordhe*, where was a "bel otel," and a store of arms for tournaments.

4266 *Lowes* is probably the same as Lowell, cf. l. 1516.

4308 *Glaschenbery*, Glastonbury.

4309 *Avalon*, the enchanted isle, the home of Morgan le Fay. Lazamon says here there came a little boat floating on the waves, and in it two wonderful women, who bore Arthur to the boat and departed. Geoffrey mentions Avalon, where Arthur was borne to be healed of his wounds, but does not say the king died there, and Wace writes—

"Encor i est, Breton l'atendent,
Si com il dient et entendent."

So the poet has rejected earlier tradition in recording his death. In the metrical 'Vita Merlini,' Arthur is received by Morgan and her eight sisters, and borne far away to distant Avalon. Higden says Arthur was buried in the Vale of Avalon by Glastonbury

The accounts vary, and all is mystery save in this poem. "Som mad men wil mene þat Arthur schal come aȝen, but þat is a ful magel tale," says Trevisa. Bishop Stillingfleet records that Arthur's coffin was found by Henry II. between two pyramids at Glassenbury in Somersetshire. Avalon and Glastonbury are confused together by writers in England. William of Malmesbury says Avallonia was another name for Glastonbury, and tells the story of Glasteing's sow and the apple-tree. The story here is according to Welsh tradition. French writers distinguished between Avalon and Glastonbury. See 'Zeitschrift für französische Sprache und Literatur,' and Dr. H. Zimmer's article in vol. xii.

4322 *Waxe ne wrythe*, a reminiscence of an old alliterative phrase of Old English Poetry, *weaxan ond wriþian*.

GLOSSARY

- A**, *int.* ah ! 320, 1791, 3967
A, and, 2522, 2797 ; are, 1912
ABAI SCHITE, *p.p.* abashed, 255
ABAISTE, **ABAYSTE**, *p.p.* cast down, 1423, 3737
ABOUEN, **ABOUE**NN, **ABOU**N, **ABOW**NNE, **ABWEN**, *prep.* and *adv.* above, 903, 564, 511, 3829, 775
ACCOUNTES, *v.* 3 *s.* reckons, 1102 ; **ACCOUNT**, *inf.* tell, 3929 ; **ACOUNTE**, 1 *s.* care for, 405
ACTON, *s.* a stuffed and quilted jacket or jerkin worn under the mail, 902 ; *pl.* **AKETOUNS**, 2626
AFFRAYE, *s.* fright, 3226
AFFRAYEDE, *v. pret.* 3 *pl.* frightened, 2804 ; *p.p.* afraid, 2256
AGASTE, *p.p.* frightened, terrified, 2442, 2728
AGAYNE-STANDE, *v.* resist, 3757 ; **AJAYNE-STONDES**, 3 *pl.*
AJUGGEDE, *p.p.* deemed, esteemed, 862, 3411
AKE, *s.* oak, 1096
AKETOUNS. See **ACTON**
ALDE, **AWLDE**, *adj.* old, 13, 979
ALET, *s.* **AILETTE**, a steel shoulder-plate, 2565
ALFYN, *s.* a term of contempt, from the name given to the bishop in chess, formerly elephant = **Alfy**n, 1343
ALGARDE, *s.* a Spanish wine highly prized in the Middle Ages, 202
ALKYN, **ALKYNS**, *adj.* all kinds of, 928, 3244
ALLBLAUSTERS, *s. pl.* arbalesters, soldiers armed with an arbalest or crossbow, 2426
ALLOSSEDE, **ALOSEDE**, *p.p.* esteemed, renowned, 3881, 2418
ALLS, **ALS**, *conj.* as, 1590, 2152, 845, 1617 ; also, 1194
ALLWELDANDE, **ALWELDANDE**, *adj.* all-ruling, all-powerful, 1059, 397
ALOUER, *adv.* all over, 2027
ALOWE, *v.* praise, commend, 1036 ; 3 *s.* **ALOWES**, 396
ALYNES, *s. pl.* aliens, 4061
AMANGE, *adv.* from time to time, 1238
AMEDE, *p.p.* estimated, 4068
ANENTIS, *prep.* against, 2568
ANGERS, *v. impers.* 3 *s.* **ME ANGERS**, I am angry, 1662, 2848
ANLACE, *s.* a short two-edged dagger, broad at the hilt and tapering to the point, 1148
ANTER. See **AWNTER**
APAS, *adv.* pacing, 4014
APPERTE, *adj.* fitting, 688
APPERTLY, *adv.* openly, 1478 ; **APPERTLYCHE**, skilfully, 589

- AR, ARE, *adv.* and *conj.* before, 1722, 331, 518, 2234
 ARASE, *v.* snatch away, 4098
 ARAYSEDE, *p.p.* made up, 1677
 ARBORYE, *s.* shrubs, 3244
 ARDANT, ARDAUNT, *adj.* gleaming, flaming, 193, 1087
 ARE, *conj.* or, 1944
 ARESTE, *s.* check, 1456, 1473;
 AT ARESTE, at attention, ready, 311, 548
 ARESTE, *v.* stop, 3492, 3825;
 detain, 633
 ARRABYES, ARRABYS, *s. pl.*
 Arabs (horses), 2288, 2337
 ARRAYE, ARAYE, *s.* line, 1417,
 2136; order, 311, 1207; state,
 74, 1665
 ARRAYE, ARAYE, *v.* make ready,
 4137; 3 *s.* sets in order, 509,
 2022, 3 *pl.* 3620; *p.p.* ready
 for battle, 378, 1898, 2655;
p.p. equipped, 722; in order,
 654, 2387; drawn up, 4064
 ARRYFEDE, *p.p.* come to shore,
 835; ARYFEDE, 600; ARY-
 UEDE, 3905
 AS ARMES, to arms! 2717
 ASAWTE, ASAWTTE, ASSAWTE,
s. assault, 1697, 3012, 3053
 ASAYE, *s.* examination, 4312
 ASAYE, ASSAYE, *v.* try, attempt,
 2615, 2347
 ASCRYEZ, ASKRYES, *v.* 3 *s.* 1367,
 2717; shouts, cries out, *pl.*
 1768, 1451; *pret.* 3 *s.* 2772;
p.p. 2800
 ASKYS, *v.* 3 *s.* requires, calls for,
 157
 ASSINGNEZ, *v.* 3 *s.* assigns, 727;
pret. ASSINGNYDE, 240
 ASSOYLEDE, *p.p.* absolved, 3498
 ASTATE, *s.* estate, 684
 AT, *prep.* to (with the infinitive),
 1165
 AT, *pron.* that, 1842, 3484
 ATHELISTE, *adj.* noblest, 1593
 ATONDERE, *adv.* down, 3180
 ATTAMEDE, *v. pret.* 3 *s.* pierced,
 2175
 AUGHTE, *v.* See AWE
 AUGHTENDE, *num.* eighth, 462
 AUNTIRE. See ANTER
 AUSTEREN, AUSTERYN, *adj.*
 stern, grim, 306, 670, 1906
 AUANTID, *v. pret.* 3 *s.* praised,
 1594; *p.p.* AVAUNTEDE, 2864
 AVANTTWARDE, AVAWEWARDE,
 AVAWMEWARDE, AVAWM-
 WARDE, AVAWEWARDE, AV-
 AWWARDE, *s.* vanguard, 324,
 2219, 2024, 4124, 2051,
 3764
 AVAWMBRACE, *s.* vantbrace, ar-
 mour for the fore-arm, 2568
 AUENAUNT, *adj.* convenient,
 graceful, handsome, 2626, 3208,
 3651
 AVENTAILE, *s.* the moveable
 front or mouthpiece of a hel-
 met, 910, 2572
 AVENTURE, *s.* chance, fortune,
 642
 AVIRES, *v.* 3 *s.* turns, 3164
 AVISEMENT, *s.* advice, counsel,
 148
 AVISSELY, AUYSSELY, *adv.*
 warily, prudently, 2699, 3165
 AVOWE, *s.* vow, 296, 4040; *pl.*
 1983, 2064
 AVOWE, *v.* vow, 357; *p.p.* 369
 AUOYEDDYDE, *v. pret.* 3 *s.* quit-
 ted, 2051
 AVYEDE, *v.* reflex, 3 *pl.* took
 (their) way, 3716
 AWE, *v.* owe, own, 99; AWES,
 3 *pl.* 455; OUGHTE, AUGHTE,
pret. 29, 521; *pret. subj.* 2 *s.*
 OUGHTEST, 298; used imper-
 sonally with sense of obligation
 or duty, 1583, 3509
 AWKE, *adj.* strange, 13

- AWKEWARDE, AWKWARDE, *adj.***
 cross-wise, with a back stroke,
 2564, 2247
AWLDE. *See* ALDE
AWNTERE. *See* ANTER
AWNTRENDE, *adj.* daring, bold,
 2717
AWNTROUSESTE, *adj.* most
 daring, 1624
AYELE, *s.* grandfather, 2603
AYERE, AYRE, *s.* heir, 283, 2634 ;
pl. 1740
AYERE, AYRE, *v.* go, 455, 1591 ;
 8 *s.* 617 ; 3 *pl.* 1329 ; *ppl.*
 AYERANDE, 2830
AYWARE, *adv.* everywhere, 614
A3AYNES, A3AYNEZ, *adv.* against,
 786, 2791
- BACENETT, BACENETTE, *s.*** a
 light headpiece, usually of
 steel, closed in front with a
 ventail or visor, and sometimes
 worn under the helm, 906,
 2770, 4211 ; *pl.* 1754
BACHELERS, BACHELLERS, *s. pl.*
 the younger knights ; knights
 following another's banner, 68,
 857
BADE, *v. pret.* 3 *s.* abode, 2383
BAGIS, BAGYS, *s. pl.* badges,
 2303, 3730
BAISTE, *p.p.* downcast, 2856
BAITE, *v.* feed, graze, 2694
BAKHALFE, *s.* back, 1482
BALE, *s.* grief, hurt, 981, 1426
BALE, *adj.* dire, 1483
BALE-FYRE, *s.* a great fire blazing
 in the open air ; originally a
 fire to consume the dead,
 1048
BALTYRDE, *v. pret.* 3 *s.* tumbled
 about, 782
BANARETTES. *See* BANERETTE
BANDEZ, *s. pl.* custody, 1485 ;
 straits, distress, 1180
- BANEORE, *s.*** banner-bearer,
 3782
BANERETTE, *s.* a knight whose
 banner is followed by a com-
 pany of men, so distinguished
 from a 'bachelor' ; a knight
 who has won honour in the
 field, 1914 ; *pl.* 68, 567 ; BAN-
 ARETTES, *pl.* 1403
BANKE, *s.* sea-shore, 4032 ; *pl.*
 3714
BARBYCANE, *s.* outer fortification,
 strong tower at the entrance
 to a fortified place, 1183, 2470
BARE, *s.* boar, 3123
BARE-HEUYDYS, *s. pl.* boar-heads,
 177
BARE-HEUEDE, *adj.* bareheaded,
 3630
BARONAGE, *s.* company of barons,
 587, 4328
BAROWES, *s. pl.* swine, 191
BARRELL-FERRERS, *s. pl.* vessels
 for carrying wine or water on
 horseback, 2714
BARRERS, *s. pl.* defences, 2469
BASSCHEDE, *adj.* cast down,
 2121
BATAILE, BATAYLE, BATAYLLE,
BATELLE, BAYTAILLE, *s.* bat-
 tle, battalion, troops in battle
 array, 783, 3733, 3107, 2476,
 4319 ; *pl.* 1618, 2449
BATERDE, *p.p.* done up with
 batter or pastry, 189
BAWMEDE, *v. pret. pl.* embalmed,
 2298 ; *pp.* 980, 4020
BAYTAILLE. *See* BATAILE
BAYTES, *v.* 3 *pl.* bait, 2509 ; *ppl.*
 BAYTAND, 2516, 2671
BE, BEE, *prep.* by, 356, 976,
 554
BEBLEDE, *v. pret.* 3 *s.* made
 bloody, 2250
BECOMMYS, *v. impers. s.* befits,
 4317

- BEDE**, *adj.* 3464. *See* Jamieson, Beddy, "expressive of a quality in greyhounds, the sense unknown."
- BEDES**, *v.* 3 *pl.* offer, 505
- BEDGATT**, *s.* going to bed, 1030
- BEERYNES**. *See* BERNE
- BEKEZ**, *v.* 3 *s.* bakes, warms, 1048
- BEKENDE**, *v.* *pret.* 3 *s.* delivered, entrusted, 2340; *pl.* 2355; **BEKENNYDE**, 3 *s.* committed, 482
- BEKNOWE**, *v.* *imperat.* 2 *s.* avow, confess, 3867
- BEKYN**, *s.* signal-fire, 564
- BEKYRE**, *v.* 3 *pl.* fight, assail with arrows, 3679; **BEKYRS**, 2425; **BEKERDE**, *pret.* 3 *pl.* 2096
- BELDE**, *v.* inhabit, dwell, settle, 8; **BIELDEZ**, 3 *pl.* 1242; **BELDYTT**, *pret.* 3 *s.* 38
- BELEFEDE**, **BELEUEDE**, **BELEUEFEDE**, *p.p.* left, 1250, 2380
- BELYFE**, **BELYUE**, *adv.* quickly, at once, 1263, 3732
- BENDES**, *v.* 3 *pl.* aim, apply, 3036
- BENEYDE**, *v.* *pret.* 3 *pl.* (?) "Read bendyde, *v.* *pret.* bent" (Brock), 2424
- BENT**, **BENTE**, *s.* moor, heath, field of battle, 1184, 1380
- BERKES**, *v.* 3 *s.* breaks out with, 1351
- BERNAKES**, *s.* *pl.* barnacle-geese, 189
- BERNE**, **BERYN**, **BERYNE**, **BERYNNE**, **BIERN**, **BIERNE**, **BYERN**, **BYERNE**, *s.* man, 962, 116, 3580, 1094, 2169; *pl.* 255, 148, 2502
- BERONEN**, **BEROWNE**, *p.p.* run over with, 3946, 3971
- BERYELL**, *s.* burial, 1776, 2188
- BESAUNTEZ**, *s.* *pl.* round pieces of gold resembling bezant-coins, 3256
- BESEKE**, *v.* 1 *pl.* beseech, 3 *s.* 305; 3 *pl.* 127; *pret.* **BE-SOGHTE**, 1234
- BESSOMES**, *v.* 3 *s.* sweeps violently, 3661
- BESTAILE**, *s.* cattle, 1050
- BESYE**, *s.* business, 3630
- BET**, *v.* *pret.* 3 *pl.* struck out, hauled out, 3656
- BETAKYNS**, *v.* 3 *s.* betokens, 822
- BETECHE**, *v.* *imperat.* 2 *pl.* hand over, commit, 1611; 3 *s.* 714; *pret.* **BETOKE**, 1889; **BETUKE**, 3190, 4015
- BETT**, *v.* 3 *pl.* beat, 2470, 3682; **BETTES**, 3 *pl.* 2808
- BETYN**, *adj.* inlaid with gold, adorned with repoussé work, 3631, 3945
- BEUERYN**, *adj.* beaver-coloured, 3630
- BEWE**, *v.* 3 *pl.* bow, 3366
- BEWES**, *s.* *pl.* boughs, 3366
- BEWELLS**, *s.* *pl.* bowels, 2175, 2203
- BEWSCHERS**, *s.* *pl.* the lower parts of the body, 1047
- BEYLDEDE**, *p.p.* built, 566
- BIDDIS**, *v.* 3 *pl.* offer, 2310; 2 *s.* 1014
- BIELDEZ**. *See* **BELDE**
- BILYNCE**, (?) *s.* possibly the beak or prow of a ship, 3663
- BIRDE**, *s.* woman, 2858; *pl.* 1029; *pl.* **BIERDEZ**, 1136, **BYRDEZ**, 999
- BIRTENEDE**. *See* **BRITTEN**
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- DUCHERYE, *s.* duchy, 2400; *pl.* 3614, DUCHERÉS, 1728, DOWCHERYs, 49
- DUELLE, *v.* abide, tarry, 3067; *pret.* 3 *s.* 219; *p.p.* 3443; *p.p.* 1200
- DULE, *s.* dole, 704, 3915
- DULE-COTES, *s. pl.* mourning garments, 4336
- DUSPERES, DUSPERS, DUSSEPEREZ, DUSSEPEREZ, DUSSEPERIS, DUSSEPERIS, *s. pl.* illustrious knights, originally the twelve noble peers of Charlemagne, 66, 145, 2029, 723, 3751, 4336
- DYKED, *p.p.* buried, 975
- DYNT, DYNTTE, DYNTT, *s.* stroke, blow, 2183, 3611, 1505; *pl.* 1253
- DYSFENS, *s.* supplies, liberal giving, 538
- DYSSAUDE, *p.p.* imposed upon, 683
- EFTE, *adv.* again, 470, 2349
- EGERLY, EGYRLY, *adv.* angrily, violently, fiercely, 337, 1499
- EGHELYNGE, *adv.* edgeways, 3675
- EGHEN, EGHN, EGHNE, EUGHNE, EYGHEN, EYGHN, EYNE, *s. pl.* eyes, 3790, 116, 1920, 3985, 1083, 3282
- EGREE, *adj.* eager, 507
- EKE, *conj.* 44, 674
- EKKEN, *v.* increase, 2009; ekys, 3 *s.* 3965
- ELAGERE, 2977 "is certainly miswritten. The alliteration requires sl . . . ; perhaps we ought to read sleyghte, skill, dexterity" (Brock), or slahtere, slaying
- ELDE, *s.* old age, 4220; *pl.* ages, 301
- ELDERS, ELDYRS, *s. pl.* ancients, ancestors, 13, 99, 293
- ELFAYDES, *s. pl.* animals of some kind, 2288
- EMANGE, *prep.* among, 2060
- EME, *s.* uncle, 1347
- ENANGYLLS, *v.* 3 *s.* drives into a corner, or surrounds with troops disposed in an angular figure, 3781
- ENARMEDE, *p.p.* fitted, equipped, 910
- ENBRACES, ENBRASSEZ, *v.* 3 *pl.* fit on the arm, 4111, 1753; *p.p.* 2518
- ENBUSCHEMENT, *s.* ambush, 3115
- ENBUSCHES, *v.* 3 *s.* places in ambush, 1981; *p.p.* 1403, 1712
- ENCLINES, *s. pl.* bows, 83
- ENCOROWNMENTES, *s. pl.* coronation-ceremonies, 4197
- ENCROCHE, *v.* seize, win, take, 3212; 3 *s.* 1243; *pret.* 3 *pl.* 2036
- ENCROYSSSEDE, *v. pret.* 3 *pl.* made the sign of the cross, 4112

- ENDENTE, ENDENTTYD, p.p.** indented (Her.), 2052, 3297
ENDORDIDE, p.p. coloured yellow with egg or saffron, or covered with a yellow glaze, 199
ENEWE, ENOWE, adv. enough, 2657, 504
ENFEBLESCHES, v. 3 *pl.* grow feeble, 2484
ENFLURESCHIT, p.p. decked out with ornaments, 198
ENFORCE, ENFORSE, v. reinforce, 364; *imperat.* 2 *pl.* strive, 225
ENGENDERDE, p.p. begotten, 843
ENGENDURE, s. parentage, begetting, 3743
ENGLAYMEZ, v. 3, make slimy, 1131
ENGLAYMOUS, adj. venomous, 3684
ENGOWSCHEDE, p.p. ? 2053
ENGRELEDE, p.p. (Her.), engraved, 4182
ENGYNES, ENGEYNES, s. pl. large weapons for assault, catapults, rams, 2481, 3036, 2423
ENGYSTE, v. assign resting-places or lodgment, 445
ENHORILDE, p.p. edged, 3244
ENJOYNES, ENJOYNYS, v. 3 *pl.* join in company, 2897, 4109; *pret.* 3 *s.* engaged, 2087
ENKERLY, adv. heartily, ardently, 507, 2066
ENNELLED, p.p. annealed, enamelled, 1294
ENPEYREDE, p.p. impaired, 474
ENSEGE, ENSEGGE, v. besiege, 441, 1337; 3 *s.* 623; *p.p.* 1696
ENSERCHED, p.p. "read enserclede, encircled" (Brock)
ENSERCHES, v. 3 *s.* examines, 4311; 3 *pl.* search, 2466
ENSURE, v. guarantee, assure, 1689; 1 *s.* 3734
ENTAMEDE, v. pret. 3 *s.* cut, wounded, 2203; *p.p.* 1160, 2708
ENVERYDE ? p.p. 1. 1691 appears to be confused with 1694
ENVYOUS, adj. actuated by ill-will, revengeful, 2047
ERBERIS, s. pl. walks shaded with trees, 3425
ERCHEUESQUES, s. pl. archbishops
ERLES, s. pl. on deposit, as a pledge, 2687
ERNE, s. pl. ears, 1086
ERRAWNTE, adj. arrant, 2895
ESCHEFFE, v. gain their end, be successful, 2301; **ESCHEUE, achieve,** 3347; *pret.* 3 *pl.* 1620; *p.p.* **ESCHEWEDE,** 1539
ESCHEUEDE, ESCHWEYDE, v. pret. 3 *s.* befell, 3000, 2956; *p.p.* 3021, 3027
ESCHEWES, v. 3 *s.* stands back, avoids, 1116; *pret.* 3 *pl.* retreated, 1881; *imperat.* 2 *pl.* 1750
ESTERNE, ESTYRE, s. Easter, 1006, 554
ETHENYS, ETHYNS, s. pl. giants, 4163, 4123
ETTYLL, v. 1 *s. reflex.* intend, 554; 3 *s.* **ETLES,** purposes, determines, 3077, **ETTELIS,** 520
EUERICHE A, EUERILK A, adj. every, 2037, 212
EUIS. See EYUES
EWYN, s. evening, 1006, 1788
EYGHEN, EYNE. See EGHEN
EYUES, EYUIS, EYUYS, EUIS, EUYS, s. edge, outskirts, 1283, 1760, 2516, 1879, 2886; brow of a hill, 3466
FAAMEN, s. pl. foemen, 303
FADIRE, FADYR, FADYRE, s. father, 3432, 112, 1169

- FADOM**, *s.* fathom, 1102
FAGHTE. *See* FEGHTE
FAIRE, *adj.* fairer, 3306
FAKEN, *v.* 3 *pl.* coil, 742
FALOW, *adj.* brown, yellow, 1402
FALOWEDE, *p.p.* grown pale, 3954
FALSEDE, **FALSSEDE**, *s.* falsehood, error, 3918, 2860
FALTEREDE, *v. pret.* 3 *pl.* quivered, 1092
FANDE, **FAWNDE**, **FONDE**, *v.* try, proceed, 984; *imperat.* 2 *s.* 867; taste, 3370; see to it, 656; **FONODE**, taste, 205; 3 *pl.* 747
FAREWAYE, *s.* course, 1357
FARLANDE, *s.* foreland, 880
FARLY. *See* FERLY
FAUCETEZ, *s. pl.* taps, 205
FAUNGE, *v.* take, receive, 425; 3 *s.* **FANGEZ**, 1005, 1249
FAWE, *adj.* sparkling, 747
FAWNTKYN, *s.* little child, infant, 2440, 2736; *pl.* 845
FAWTE, *s.* default, 160; fault, 2737
FAWUELL, *s.* a fallow-coloured horse, 2765
FAX, *s.* hair, 1078
FAY, **FAY**, **FYE**, *adj.* at the point of death, fated to die, 394, 517, 1912, 2847
FAYE, *s.* faith, 2842, 4252
FAYFULLY, *adv.* faithfully, 1715
FAYLED, *p.p.* 3308, possibly a mistake, = "faldede, folded" (Brock)
FAYNE, *adj.* glad, 1160
FAYTHERLY, **FAITHELY**, *adv.* assuredly, 3864, 4031
FECHDE, *v. pret.* 3 *s.* fetched, 169; *p.p.* 111, 437
FEEMEN, *s. pl.* men working for hire, 2488
FEGHTE, **FYGHTE**, *v.* fight, 367, 1345; 3 *s.* 789; 3 *pl.* 1495; *pret.* 1 *s.* **FAGHTE**, 1174, 3 *pl.* **FAUGHTE**, 2164; *p.p.* 4066, 4121; *p.p.* 3019
FEKILL, *adj.* false, 2860
FELE, *v.* hide, 3237
FELE, *adj.* many, 845, 2092
FELEDE, *v. pret.* 3 *pl.* felt, 1874
FELETEZ, **FELETES**, *s. pl.* loins, 1158, 4237
FELEWES, *v.* 3 *pl.* follow, 2758
FELEYGHES, *s. pl.* fellies, outer rims of a wheel, 3308
FELL, *s.* skin, 1081
FELL, *s.* wild moorland, 2489, 2502
FELL, *adj.* fierce, ruthless, 1401, 2769
FELLY, *adv.* fiercely, 2141
FELSCHEN, *v.* make good? 1975
FENDE, *s.* fiend, devil, 881, 1038; *pl.* 612
FENTE, *s.* opening of the mantle at the chest? 4249
FENYSTIE, *p.p.* finished, 4254
FERANT, **FERAUNT**, **FERAWNTE**, *adj.* iron-grey, 2259, 1811, 2451
FERCOSTEZ, *s. pl.* ships or boats, 743
FERDE, *p.p.* afraid, 403, 2438
FERDE, *s.* fear, 3237
FERDNESSE, *s.* fear, 121, 2258
FERE, 1232. *See* FERRE
FERE, *adj.* sound, unhurt, 2796, 3017
FERKE, **FERKEN**, **FERKKE**, *v.* move, go quickly away, 984, 2071, 2257; 3 *s.* 933, 2900; *p.p.* 1452
FERLY, **FERLYCHE**, *adj.* strange, marvellous, 2842, 925
FERLY, **FARLY**, *s.* wonder, 2440, 2485
FERMES, **FERMEZ**, *s. pl.* rents, tribute, 425, 1005

- FERMYSON, *s.* the closed season for the male deer, 180
- FERRE, FERRE, *adj.* far, distant, 3547, 1232; BE FERRE, *by far*, 1176; OF FERRE, *afar*, 2096; *comp.* 1496; *superl.* 2741
- FERROM, *adj.* foreign, 3578; O FERROM, *afar*, 856, 2100
- FERS, FERSE, *adj.* fierce, 2161; 1451, 1537
- FERTHE, *num.* fourth, 3412
- FERTHYNGES, *s. pl.* small pieces of metal like farthings, 3472
- FERYNE, *adj.* foreign, 3711
- FERYNNE, *s.* fern, 1875
- FESEDE, *p.p.* driven off, 2842
- FESTE, *adj.* fast, firm, 2142
- FESTENESSE, *v.* 3 *s.* fastens, 1118; 3 *pl.* 934
- FETELED, *p.p.* arranged, laid out, 2149
- FETTE, *v.* fetch, 557
- FEUERZERE, *s.* February, 436
- FEWE, *adj.* brown, fallow, 2502. See JAMIESON, *fauch*, *faugh*, *fewe*
- FEWLE, *s.* fowl, bird, 2071; *pl.* 926
- FEWTEE, *s.* fealty, 112
- FEWTERE, FEWTIRE, FEWTYRE, *s.* rest or support for a lance, 1991, 2803
- FEWTERS, *v.* 3 *s.* casts the lance or spear in FEWTER, 3775; *p.p.* with lances in rest, 1711, 1756
- FEX. See FAY.
- FEYDE, *v. pret.* 3 *s.* wiped, 1114
- FEYNE, *v.* feign, 1913; *imperat.* 2 *pl.* flinch, 1734
- FICHENE, *v.* 3 *pl.* pierce, 2098; *pret.* 3 *s.* 4289
- FIFTE, *num.* fifth, 3306
- FILLEDE, *p.p.* satisfied, 1032
- FILSNEZ, *v.* 3 *s.* lurks, 881
- FILTEREDE, FILTYRDE, *p.p.* matted together, 1078; tangled, 780; clotted, 2149
- FIRTHE, FYRTHE, *s.* deer forest; open space between forests and thickets, unused common, 1708, 1875, 2144; *pl.* FRITHEZ, 924
- FISCHE-HALLE, *adj.* whole as a fish, 2709
- FITT, *v.* array, set in order; 3 *s.* 1755, 2072; 3 *pl.* 2139; *p.p.* 2455, FETTEDE, 4067
- FLAMMANDE, FLAWMANDE, *ppl.* gleaming, flaming; resplendent, 198, 945, 1365
- FLAPPES, *v.* 3 *s.* strikes, 2781
- FLAWES, FLAWEZ, *s. pl.* blasts, 773; flakes, 2556
- FLAY, *v.* fley, frighten, 2779; *p.p.* 2441
- FLAYRE, *s.* odour, 772
- FLEETE, *v.* float, 803; *pret.* 3 *pl.* 3602
- FLEMEDE, FLEMYDE, *p.p.* put to flight, banished, 2738, 1155
- FLENGES, *v.* 3 *s.* rushes, dashes, 2762; *ppl.* FLYNGANDE, 2757
- FLERYANDE, *ppl.* grinning, grimacing; sneering, 1088, 2778
- FLESCHER, *v.* 3 *pl.* flisk, fly about, 926
- FLETEREDE, *p.p.* scattered, 2097
- FLETHE, *s.* ? 2482
- FLIEGHES, *v.* 3 *s.* flies, 4002
- FLITT, *v.* 3 *pl.* contend, fight, 2097
- FLOKE-MOWTHEDE, *p.p.* having a flat mouth like a fluke or flounder, 2779, *cf.* l. 1088
- FLONES, *s. pl.* arrows, 3619, 2097
- FLORENEZ, *s. pl.* certain gold coins, 885
- FLORES, *s. pl.* open spaces, meadows, 2694, 3249
- FLORESCHER, *v.* flower, flourish, 3 *pl.* 2555; *pret.* 3 *pl.* 2346; *p.p.* adorned, 771, 1708, 3472,

- 924 ; FLURISTE, thriven, well-nourished, 180
 FLOURDELICE, *s.* fleur-de-lis, 3333
 FLOWE, *v. pret.* 3 *s.* flew, 772, 2100
 FLOYNES, *s. pl.* small ships, 743
 FLYNGANDE. *See* FLENGES
 FLYSCHANDE, *ppl.* slashing, 2141 ; FLYSCHES, *v.* 3 *s.* slashes, cuts, 2768
 FLYTTYNGE, *s.* contest, 2099
 FODDENID, *p.p.* produced, 3247
 FOLDE, FOULDE, FOWLDE, *s.* earth, 315, 1071, 3302
 FOLE, *s.* horse, 449, 2783
 FOLILY, *adv.* foolishly, 2841
 FOLOUS, *v.* 3 *pl.* follow, 1360
 FONDE. *See* FYNDE
 FONDE, FONODE. *See* FANDE
 FOODE, *s.* creature, man, 3776
 FOONDE, *v.* go 366, 2489. *See* FANDE
 FORBRITTENEDE, *p.p.* cut up, slaughtered, 2273
 FORCHIFE, *s.* foreship, 3678
 FORCYERE, *adj.* stronger, 1176
 FORDREMYDE, *p.p.* wearied by dreaming, 3392
 FORE-BRESTE, *s.* front part, 1990, 1494
 FOREBRUSTEN, *p.p.* burst, 2272
 FORELYTENEDE, *p.p.* diminished, 254
 FOREMAGLEDE, *p.p.* mangled, 1534
 FORE-STAYNE, *s.* prow of a ship, 742
 FORETOPPE, *s.* lock of hair growing above the forehead, 1078
 FORETRAUAILLEDE, *p.p.* fatigued, worried, 806
 FORFOUGHTTEN, *p.p.* worn out with fighting, 3792, 4179
 FORHEUEDE, *s.* forehead, 1080
 FORJUSTE, FORJUSTEDE, FORJUSTYDE, *p.p.* overcome in a
 joust, defeated, 2895, 2134, 1398 ; *pret.* 3 *s.* 2088, 3 *pl.* 2908
 FORMAYLL, *s.* the female hawk used in sport, 4003
 FORRAYE, *v.* pillage, search for forage or booty, raid, 2489 ; 3 *s.* FORRAYSE, 1247 ; *pret.* 3 *pl.* 3017 ; *p.p.* 3019.
 FORREOURS, *s. pl.* foragers, foregoers, 2450, 3017
 FORSAKE, *v.* deny, decline, refuse, give up, 2734, 1945 ; *imperat.* 2 *pl.* 1686
 FORSESY, *adj.* powerful, 3300, 3307
 FORSETT, FORESETT, *p.p.* barred the way, beset, 2012, 2018, 1714, 2161
 FORSTERNE, *s.* part of the ship before the steering-gear, 3664
 FORTETHE, *s.* front teeth, 1089
 FORBERMASTE, FORTHIRMASTE, *adv.* first, 1365
 FORTHES, FORTHIS *v.* 3 *s.* leads (of a road), 2827, 1850
 FORPI, FORTHY, FORETHI, *adv.* therefore, 152, 1172, 3009
 FORTHIRE, *v.* assist, favour, 300, 1509
 FORTHYNNKES, *v. impers.* 3 *s.* it forthynkkes me, I regret, repent, 971, 4252
 FORTRODYN, *p.p.* trampled down, 2150
 FOTEMEN, *s. pl.* infantry, 1989
 FOULE, FULLE, *adv.* foully, adversely, 3304, 1154, 2436
 FOUND, *v.* go, journey, 1189 ; *imperat.* 2 *s.* 452 ; 3 *pl.* 495, 3112 ; *pret.* 3 *pl.* 1442
 FOURTE, *num.* fourth, 3300
 FOURTEDELE, *s.* quarter, 946
 FOWLDE. *See* FOLDE
 FOYLE, *s.* leaf of fine gold used as a wrapper, 2704

- FOYNES, *v.* 3 *pl.* thrust, 1494, 2163; *pret.* 1 *pl.* 1898
 FRA, FRO, *prep.* from, 7, 1233
 FRAISEZ, *v.* 3 *s.* frightens, 1248
 FRAISTE, FRAYSTE, *v.* try, test, put to the proof; search; ask; *imperat.* 2 *s.* 435, 3395; 3 *s.* 1227; *p. p.* 2774
 FRAKNEDE, *p. p.* marked with freckles, 1081
 FRANSYE, *s.* frenzy, 3826
 FRAPE, FRAPPE, *s.* company, band, 2804, 2091, 3548
 FRAPPEZ, *v.* 3 *s.* strikes, 1115
 FRAUNCHES, *s.* privilege, right of asylum, 1248
 FRAWGHTE, *p. p.* laden, 3547
 FRAWNKE, *s.* enclosure, 3247
 FRAYEDE, *p. p.* frightened, 2260
 FRAYNES, *v.* 3 *s.* asks, enquires, 3865, 337, 1441
 FRE, FREE, *adj.* noble, 1711, 3247
 FRECHELY, *adv.* eagerly, 3691
 FREELY, FRELY, FRELICHE, *adj.* goodly, noble, beautiful, 3330, 970, 3808; *adv.* 2072, 2142
 FREKE, *s.* man, fellow, 1061, 1174; *pl.* 742, FREKKES, 1360
 FREKE, FREKKE, *adj.* bold, 2821, 2454; *superl.* 1536, 2164
 FREKLY, FREKKELY, *adv.* boldly, 1360, 3927
 FREMDLY, FREMEDLY, FREMYDLY, *adv.* strangely, unkindly, 2738, 1250, 3405
 FREMEDE, *adj.* unpropitious, 3343
 FRENCHPE, *s.* (?) friendship, 656, *cf.* SCHENCHIPE
 FRESCHÉ, *adj.* brisk, 2501
 FRESCHELY, FRESCHELICHE, FRESCLY, FRESCLYCHE, *adv.* eagerly, vigorously, gaily, 3775, 4249, 2097, 2900
 FRESON, *s.* a Friesland horse, 1365
 FRETEN, *p. p.* adorned, 2142
 FRETTE, *p. p.* rubbed, 2078
 FRETYN, *p. p.* devoured, 844
 FRITHED, FRYTHED, *p. p.* fenced or hedged in, 656, 3247
 FRITHEZ, *s.* *pl.* See FIRTHE
 FROMONDE, *s.* (?) FORMONDE (?), something protecting the front of the face (?), 1112
 FROSKE, *s.* frog, 1081
 FROUNT, FROWNTE, FRUNT, *s.* front; face; brow; first line of battle, 3330, 1756, 4122, 1112
 FROUNTERE, *s.* boundary; opposing line; front battle-line, 2861, 2898
 FLOYTE, *s.* fruit, 2707; *pl.* 3246
 FRUMENTEE, *s.* a dish of wheat boiled in milk and seasoned, 180
 FRUSCHE, *s.* rush, charge, 2900
 FRUSCHEN, *v.* 3 *pl.* rush, charge, 2804
 FRYKIS, *v.* 3 *pl.* move briskly, 2898
 FRYTHES, *v. s. pl.* spare, 2159; *imperat.* 2 *pl.* 1734; FYRTHE, *inf.* 3370
 FULL. See FOULE
 FULL, *adv.* fully, 2343
 FULSOMESTE, *adj.* foulest, 1061
 FUNDEN, *p. p.* found, 1176
 FURTHE, *s.* ford, 1714, 1897
 FURTHE, *adv.* forth, 262, 2420
 FY, *v.* flee, 2934
 FYCHE, *v.* fix, dispose, 2162
 FYGURED, 2151; Branscheld suggests "fygures [on] folde"
 FYLEDE, *p. p.* defiled, 978
 FYRTHE, *v.* See FRYTHES.
 FYSNAMYE, FYSSNAMY, *s.* physiognomy, face, 1114, 3331
 GADDES, GADDYS, *s. pl.* goads, pricks, 3621, 3683

- GADLYNGES, GEDLYNGES, *s. pl.* worthless fellows, 2443, 2884
GALEDE, *v. pret.* 3 *s.* sang, 927
GALTE, *s.* boar or hog, 1101
GALYARDE, *adj.* debonair, valiant, 721, 1470, 2949
GAMEN, *s.* game, 2811; *pl.* GAMNES, sports, 1730, 3174
GANGGYNGE, *s.* going, 706
GARDWYNES. *See* GWERDONS
GARETTE, *s.* watch-tower, 562, 3104
GARNESCHIT, GARNESCHIT, *p.p.* furnished with arms; trimmed; 722, 563, 1000
GARNISON, GARYSON, *s.* defence, garrison, 3105, 2655, 3007
GARTE, *pret.* of GERE
GAS, *v.* 3 *s.* goes, 3006
GATE, *s.* going, course; road; 4144, 4308
GAYNE, *v.* avail, 165; 3 *s.* 4303; 3 *pl.* benefit, 1731
GAYNEST, *adj.* shortest, quickest, 487, 3114
GAYSPANDE, *ppl.* gasping, 1462
GEDYRE, *v.* 3 *pl.* gather, 592; *p.p.* GEDERYDE, GADERIDE, 721, 3295; GADERYDE, *pret.* 3 *pl.* 594
GEMOWS, *s. pl.* jointed parts, 2894
GENATOURS, *s. pl.* soldiers riding jennets, 2897
GERE, *v.* cause, make, 3640; 3 *s.* 3592; *pret.* GERTE, GARTE, 3 *s.* 1780, 3709
GERE, *s.* gear; armour; stores; 2539, 3008
GEREFAWCON, *s.* a large falcon, 4004
GERSOMS, *s. pl.* gifts, treasure, 165, 1729
GESSENANDE, *adj.* (Her.) jessant, appearing to emerge from the middle of a shield, 2521
GESSERAWNTE, JESSERAWNT, JESSERAWNTE, *s.* coat of splint armour, 2892, 904, 4238; *pl.* 2909
GESTES, *s. pl.* tales of adventure and heroic deeds, 2876
GETTLESSE, *adj.* without "gett" or gain, 2727
GETYN, *p.p.* got, 886
GHYWES, *s. pl.* gyves, fetters, 3621
GIFE, GIFFE, *conj.* if, 2630, 2623
GIRDE, *v.* smite, strike, 3709; 3 *s.* 1370, 2563; *pret.* 3 *s.* 2791; *p.p.* 3938
GIRSE, *s.* grass, 3944
GLADE, *pret.* of glide, 2972
GLAUERANDE, *ppl.* talking foolishly, 2538
GLAYFE, *s.* lance, or a long blade fixed on a staff, 3761
GLEDYS, *s. pl.* live coals, embers, 177
GLENT, *s.* an awkward stroke, 3863
GIENTES, GIENTTYS, *v.* 3 *s.* strikes obliquely; passes quickly, 4244, 2563, 2780
GLETERANDE, *ppl.* glittering, 595, 3097
GLIFTIS, GLYFTES, *v.* 3 *s.* looks, 3949, 2525
GLOPPYNYNG, *s.* fright, dread, 3863
GLOPYNE, *v.* frighten, be distressed or dismayed, 2580; 3 *s.* GLOPNEDE, 1074; *imperat.* 2 *pl.* 2853; *ppl.* 4329
GLOREDE, *v. pret.* 3 *s.* glared, 1074
GOBBEDE, *adj.* boastful, 1346
GOBELETS, *s. pl.* small ornamental balls, 913
GOBONE, *v.* 3 *pl.* cut up into gob-bets, 4164

- GOLE, *s.* gully, water-channel, 3725
- GOLET, *s.* gullet, 1772
- GOME, GUME, *s.* man, 85, 1773, 3409; *pl.* 2538, 3683
- GORGE, *s.* front of the neck, 3760
- GORGERE, *s.* armour for the gorge or throat, 1772
- GORRE, *s.* dung, 1130, 1370
- GOSESOMERE, *s.* gossamer, 2687
- GOWCES, *s. pl.* for GOWTES (Her.), coloured drop-shaped figures, 3759,
- GOWKE, *s.* cuckoo, 927
- GOWLES, *s.* (Her.), gules, 3759, 3945
- GRAME, *s.* wrath, vexation, 1077, 3008
- GRANES, *v.* 3 *s.* groans, 2562
- GRAPE, *v. imperat.* 2 *pl.* grope, search, 2725
- GRASSEDE, *p.p.* fattened, fat, 1091
- GRAYHONDES. *See* GREHOWNDE
- GRAYNES, *s. pl.* small globules in gems or metal, 913, 3163
- GRAYTHE, *v.* make ready, convey, proceed, advance ready for battle; 2 *s.* 2539; 3 *pl.* 1279; *imperat.* 1 *pl.* 1303; *imperat.* 2 *pl.* 1266; 3 *s.* 1353, 2124; *p.p.* 602, 3096
- GRAYTHELYCHE, GRAYTHELY, GRAYTHLY, *adv.* readily, 722, 1774, 1000
- GRAYTHELY, *adj.* suitable, fitting, 187
- GRAYTHESTE, *adj.* most skilful, ablest, 1201
- GRE, GREE, *s.* favour, prize, victory in combat, 2645, 4298, 2748, 3706
- GREES, *s.* the fat of deer distributed among sportsmen at the hunt, 658
- GREFFEDE, *pret.* 3 *pl.* grieved, 1463
- GREHOWNDE, GREWHOUNDE, *s.* grayhound, 3464, 1075, 4001; *pl.* 1730, GRAYHONDES, 2521
- GREKKES, *adj.* Grecian, 594
- GRENEDE, *v. pret.* 3 *s.* grinned, 1075
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- MAKLESS, *adj.* matchless, peerless, 3875
- MALLE, *v.* hammer, 4037 ; 3 *s.* 3841 ; 3 *pl.* 3038
- MALUESYE, *s.* rich wine from Morea, 235
- MANLY (MAYNLY), *adj.* with might, 2204
- MANHEDE, *s.* manhood, 434, 4278
- MANREDE, *s.* homage, service, 127
- MANYKYN, *adj.* various, 3174
- MARCHE, *s.* border, frontier, 318, 1588 ; *pl.* 77, 603 ; MERKES, 461, 1147
- MARCHEZ-MEN, *s. pl.* borderers, 1237
- MASE, *v.* 3 *s.* makes, 960
- MASONDEWES, *s. pl.* hospitals, asylums, 3038
- MAUGERE, *s.* IN MAUGERE, in hostile keeping, 1588
- MAUGREE, MAWGREE, *prcp.* in spite of, 1238, 426
- MAUNDEMENT, *s.* order, commandment, 1587
- MAWEN, *p.p.* mown, 2507

- MAWNTLET**, *s.* a short mantle, 3632
MAYNE, *s.* might, 4326
MAYNE, *adj.* mighty; vast; 427, 434
MAYNOYREDE, *p.p.* tilled, 2507
MEDILL-ERTHE, *s.* middle-region between heaven and hell; earth, 2951
MEDILLWARDE, **MEDYLWARDE**, *s.* centre (of an army), 2904, 1988
MEKILL, *adj.* and *adv.* great; much, greatly, 1236, 711
MELE, *v.* speak, talk, 990; 3 *s.* 679; 3 *pl.* **MELLYS**, 3652
MELLE, *v.* join; mix with; join in combat with; 938; 3 *s.* 2950; 3 *pl.* 2904
MELLYD, *adj.* hammer-headed (?), beaten with a hammer (?), 4210
MENDYNANTEZ, *s. pl.* beggars, 667
MENE, *v.* tell; question; talk; mean; make moan to; 3556, 2869; 3 *s.* 3478, 3653; *pret.* 3 *s.* 891
MENGEN, *v.* 3 *pl.* mingle, 4173; *p.p.* 3632
MENSKE, *v.* honour, bestow favour or grace, 1303, 2871; *p.p.* 4018
MENSKFULLY, *adv.* honourably, 631, 2322
MERESWYNE, *s.* porpoise, 1091
MERKE, *v.* go, 351; 3 *s.* 2670; *pret.* 1 *s.* 3238
MERKE, *v.* apportion, 1068; *p.p.* 1304
MERKES, 3 *s.* cuts, 2206; 3 *pl.* 4168; *p.p.* 952
MERKES, *s. pl.* See **MARCHES**
MERREDE, *p.p.* marred, 1238, 3555, 3322
METT, *v. pret.* 3 *s.* dreamt, 3223
METTE, *s.* meat; food; 2491; *pl.* 75, 1298
METTE, *p.p.* meted, 2348
METTE-WHILE, *s.* little while, 3903
MEVE, *v.* move, 2001
MISDOO, *v. imperat.* 2 *s.* ill-use 126
Mo, Moo. See **MA**
MOBLES, *s. pl.* property, goods, 666
MOLDE, *s.* earth, 129, 975
MON, *v.* 1 *s.* must, 813; 1 *pl.* 1155
MONETHE, *s.* month, 318
MORE, *adj.* greater, 1018
MORNE-WHILE, *s.* morning-time, 2001, 3223
MORTHIREs, *v.* 2 *s.* murderest, 1315; **MOURTHERYS**, 4259; *p.p.* 976
MORWEN, *s.* morning, 3476
MOSTE, *adj.* greatest; prime; 3322, 4221
MOT, MOTE, MOTT, MOTTE, *v.* 3 *s.* may, must, 346, 136, 227; 2 *pl.* 4104
MOWE, *v. subj.* 3 *s.* may, 3812
MOYLLEZ, *s. pl.* mules, 2287
MUSKADELL, *s.* a sweet wine made from muscat-grapes, 236
MYCHE, *adj.* and *adv.* much, great, greatly; 1166, 2033, 1068
MYNDE, *s.* memory, 1221
MYNSTERS, *s. pl.* monasteries, 3038
MYSCHFEFE, *s.* mischance, calamity, 667, 3437
MYSE-BIDE, *v.* offer injury, 3083. (More usually **MISBEDE**)
MYSESE, *adj.* unfortunate, 667
MYSHAPPEN, *v.* 2 *s.* farest ill, 3454; *impers. pret.* 3767
MYSSE, *s.* harm, 1315, 3057
MYSTE, *adj.* misty, 2506
MYXEN, *s.* vile wretch, 989

- NAKYN, NOKYN, NONKYNS, *adj.*
 of no kind, 2350, 430, 2363
 NANE, *adj.* and *pron.* no ; none,
 213, 565, 657
 NAYE, *s.* (an aye), egg, 3283
 NE, *adv.* not, 230, 1117 ; *conj.*
 nor, 10, 161
 NEDES, *s. pl.* business, require-
 ments, 522, 470, 1329
 NEDEZ, *adv.* perforce, 451
 NEGHE, *v.* draw nigh, 2433
 NEGHE, *adv.* exactly, 2658
 NESE, *s.* nose, 2248
 NEUEWE, *s.* nephew, 689
 NEYNESOM, *num.* nine others,
 523
 NOBLAY, *s.* grandeur, dignity,
 76, 2435
 NOKYN. See NAKYN
 NOMBIRDE, NOWMERDE, *p.p.*
 numbered, 2887, 2658
 NOMBYRE, NOWMER, *s.* number,
 2281, 884 ; *pl.* NOMMERE, 591
 NOMEN, NOMMEN, *p.p.* taken,
 1437, 1905
 NONE, *s.* hour at which a certain
 religious office was held, viz.
 the ninth hour after sunrise,
 about 3 P.M. ; later mid-day
 and dinner-hour, 78
 NONIS, *adv.* nonce, 3297, 1927
 NOT, *v.* 1 *s.* (ne wot), know not,
 977
 NOTEZ, *v.* 3 *pl.* use, 1815
 NOTHER, NOTHYRE, NOWTHIRE,
conj. neither, 2367, 10, 429
 NOTTE, *s.* use, business, 1816
 NOWEN, *adj.* own, THY NOWEN,
 thine own, 1806
 NOYES, *v.* 3 *s.* annoys, grieves,
 1816, 2248
 NURREE, *s.* foster-child, 689
 NYGHTGALE, *s.* nightingale, 929
 NYGHTTES, *v.* 2 *s.* (thou) art
 overtaken by the night, 451
 NYNNE, *num.* nine, 3439
 O, Oo, *prep.* on, in, 656, 1217,
 3736, 3906
 OCHES, *v.* 3 *s.* hacks, breaks,
 2565 ; 3 *pl.* 3675 ; *pret.* 3 *s.*
 4245
 OF, *prep.* from, 2540
 OFFYRE, *v.* partake of the Sacra-
 ment
 OLAWÉ, *adv.* below, 1517
 OLYFAUNTE, *s.* elephant, 2339 ;
pl. 2288 ; ivory, 1286
 OLYFE, *adv.* of life, from lyfe ;
 FELL or BRING OLYFE, kill,
 802, 1139, 3906
 ONE, *adv.* alone, only, 826, 2519 ;
 MYN ONE, by myself, 3230 ;
 THYN ONE, thyself, 466 ; BE
 þAM ONE, by themselves, 3195
 ONE-SEEANDE, *ppl.* looking on,
 525
 ONONE, *adv.* anon, soon, 571,
 1231
 OR, ORE, *conj.* and *prep.* ere,
 before, 374, 529, 1788
 ORDANDE, *p.p.* ordained, 1621 ;
pret. 3 *s.* ORDAYNEDE, set in
 order, 1991
 ORFRAEEZ, ORFRAYES, *s.* em-
 broidered border ; gold fringe,
 902, 2142
 OSAY, *s.* sweet straw-coloured
 wine from Aussay, Alsatia,
 202
 OSLANTE, *adv.* aslant, 2254,
 3923
 OSTAGE, *s.* hostages, 3187, 3208
 OSTAYANDE, *ppl.* waging war,
 3502
 OUER-CHARGEDE, *p.p.* over-
 powered, 1749
 OUER-FALLEN, *p.p.* fallen upon,
 1154
 OUERKESTE, *v. pret.* 3 *s.* over-
 threw, 3932
 OUERLYNGE, *s.* over-lord, head,
 289, 710, 2602

- OUER-RECHE, *v.* afford, pay over, 1508 ; 3 *pl.* reach across, 921
 OUERSETTE, *p.p.* overthrown, 111, 4136
 OUERWHELME, *v.* turn over, 3261
 OUNDYDE, *adj.* wavy, curly, 765 ;
 OWNDE OF AZURE, in undulating lines of azure, 193
 OWTE-ILES, OWTT-ILLES, *s. pl.* isles of the outer seas, 30, 2359
 OWT-LANDES, OWT-LONDES, *s. pl.* far-away lands, 2607, 3697
 OWT-MOWNTIES, *s. pl.* far-away mountains, 3909
 OWTE OUER, OWTT OUERE, *adv.* outside, above, 903, 2339
 OWTHER, *conj.* either, 110, 964
 OWTRAYE, *v.* attack, assault, overcome, 642, 1328 ; 3 *s.* 1664 ; *p.p.* 1952, 2840
 PACOKES, *s. pl.* peacocks, 182
 PALES, PALESSE, *s.* palace, 503, 3913, 718 ; *pl.* PALAISEZ, 1287
 PALLE, *s.* rich cloth used for hangings, often in gold, 1288, 2478, 3142
 PALYDE, *p.p.* furnished with pall, 1287
 PALYD, *adj.* (Her.) striped, 1375
 PARE, *v.* hurt, impair, 4047
 PARTY, *s.* part ; country ; treaty ; company of men for reconnoitring, etc. 212 ; *pl.* 2596, 1584, 1925
 PAS, *s.* way, 3496
 PASSANDE, *ppl.* passing, 2741 ; (Her.) passant, with the head looking straight forward, 4184
 PASTORELLES, *s. pl.* shepherd-boys, 3120
 PAUMES, *s. pl.* palms, 776
 PAUNSON, *s.* armour-piece covering the paunch, 3458. *See* PAWNCE
 PAUYS, *adj.* (?) usual meaning of the subst. is shield, 3460
 PAUYSEERS, *s. pl.* bearers of the pavis or large shield to cover archers, 2831, 3004
 PAVELYOUNS, PAUYLLONS, *s. pl.* tents ; banners, 2478, 2624
 PAWNCE, *s.* armour-piece covering the paunch, 2075
 PAYE, *v.* satisfy, please, 4049 ; 3 *s.* 2646 ; *p.p.* 230
 PAYNE, PEYNE, *s.* penalty, 2329, 1217 ; *pl.* 1546, 1632
 PAYNYME, *s.* pagan, heathen, 1377 ; *pl.* 2835, 1544
 PAYSES, *v.* 3 *pl.* weigh, load, 3037 ; *pret.* 3 *pl.* weighed down, 3042
 PAYVESE, *s. pl.* large shields, usually to cover the archers, 3625
 PECHELYNE, *s.* diminutive of 'peeche,' spot, stain, 1341
 PEKILL, *s.* pickle, 1027
 PELID (Pelt), *v.* 3 *pl.* beat, 3042
 PELOURS, PYLOURS, *s. pl.* (?) prob. throwers of darts, archers, 2831, 3004
 PENDES, *v.* 3 *s.* belongs, 1612 ; 3 *pl.* 2624
 PENSELL, *s.* little banner, streamer, 2411, 2076 ; *pl.* 2460, 1289
 PERFOURNEDE, *p.p.* performed, 672
 PERRIE, PERRYE, *s.* precious stones, 4184, 3461
 PERTLY, *adv.* openly, 2917
 PESANE, *s.* armour for the neck or breast, gorget, 3458
 PIGHTE, *p.p.* pitched, placed ; set (with stones), 1287, 1290, 212, 3354 ; decked, 3364
 PILLION-HATT, *s.* a sort of cap, 3460
 PILOUR, *s.* robber, 2533

- PLASCHE, *s.* pool, 2798
 PLATTES, *v.* 3 *pl.* prob. mis-written for PLANTES, 2478
 PLENERLY, *adv.* fully, 2608, 3498
 PLEYN, *v.* complayn, 1217
 PLUMPE, *s.* mêlée, fray, 2199
 PLUNGEDE, *v. pret.* 3 *pl.* went under the water, 1522
 PLYANDE, *adj.* flexible, curved, 777
 PLYTTE, *s.* plight, 683
 POMARIE, *s.* orchard, 3364
 POME, *s.* ball of dominion, 3354
 POMELL, *s.* ornamental knob or boss, 1289
 PONTYFICALLES, *s. pl.* ecclesiastical dignitaries, 4335
 PORKEDESPYNE, *s.* porcupine, 183
 PORKES, *s. pl.* swine, 3121
 PORTE, *s.* Porte, the Turkish Empire, 2609
 PORTES, *s. pl.* gates, 503, 568 ; port-holes, 749 ; PORTE, 3625, (?) for PORTES, port-holes
 POSTLES, *s. pl.* apostles, 2413
 POTESTATE, *s.* potentate, 2327
 POUERALL, *s.* poor folk, 3120
 POUERE, *adj.* poor, 3540
 POURPOUR. *See* PURPRE
 POWERE, *s.* forces, 1635, 1925, 2155
 POYNE, *v.* 1 *s.* sew, stitch, 2624
 PREKES. *See* PRIKE
 PRESE, *v.* entreat ; bring influence to bear ; press, 1583 ; 3 *s.* 1374 ; *pret.* 3 *s.* 2199
 PRESSE, *s.* throng, tumult, 1477, 1522
 PRICE, PRIS, PRYCE, PRYS, PRYSSE, *adj.* precious, good, noble, 94, 688, 1477, 718, 1545 ; IN PRIS, in costly clothes, 352
 PRIKE, PREKE, *v.* spur on rapidly, ride forward, 2844 ; 2 *s.* 2533 ; 3 *s.* 718 ; 3 *pl.* 503 ; *pple.* 2836 ; *p.p.* stitched, 3608
 PRIKKERE, PREKER, *s.* rider, horseman, 2649, 1374 ; *pl.* 355, 2835
 PRISTE, *adj.* ready ; valiant, 1021, 4106
 PRISTLY, *adv.* eagerly, 2762
 PROFIRE, *v.* hold forth ; offer battle ; *imperat.* 2 *s.* 2534 ; 2 *s.* 2533 ; 3 *s.* 1376
 PROFIRE, PROFYRE, *s.* attempt, 2857 ; offer of battle, 1257
 PROVESTE, *s.* provost, 1611, 1889
 PROWESCHE, *s.* game for valour, 1958
 PRYCE, PRYS, *s.* prize ; esteem, 1924, 2751, 2649
 PRYME, *s.* the first hour of the day, 95, 4105
 PURCHESE, *v.* gain, 3497
 PURPRE, PURPUR, POURPOUR, *s.* purple, 4184, 1288, 1375
 PURUAYEDE, *v. pret.* 3 *s.* furnished, provided, 2832 ; *p.p.* supplied with provisions, 2477 ; made ready, equipped, 1925
 PURVEAUNCE, *s.* ALL MY PURVEAUNCE, all in my power to provide, 688
 PYKE, *s.* staff, 3475 ; *pl.* claws, 777
 PYKES, *v.* snatch, steal, 1636 ; 2 *s.* 2534
 PYLOTES, *s. pl.* pellets, missiles of stone, 3037
 PYLOURS. *See* PELOURS
 PYMENT, *s.* wine mixed with spice or honey, 1028
 PYNE, *s.* suffering, 3043
 PYNNE, *v.* confine, 4047
 QUARTE, QUERTE, *s.* health ; safety, 552, 3810
 QUOD, *v. pret.* 3 *s.* quoth, 140, 1559

- QUITTE, *v.* 1 *s.* requite, 1788
 QWARELLES, *s. pl.* arrows or bolts with square heads, 2103
 QWASTE, *p.p.* quashed, crushed, 3389
 QWAT, QWATE, *pron.* what, 3868, 4008
 QWAYNTLY, *adv.* artfully, ingeniously, 2103, 3261
 QWEN, QWENNE, QWHEN, *adv.* when, 1222, 48, 736, 407
 QWHILLES, QWHYLE, QWHYLLS, *adv.* whilst, while, 4160, 553, 3505
 QWYKE, QWYKKE, *adj.* alive, 1736, 3810
 QWYN, *adv.* whence, 3503
 QWYTHEN, *adv.* (?) 4157

 RAAS, *v.* snatch away, 362 ; *pret.* 3 *s.* RASEDE, 2984
 RACCHES, *s. pl.* hounds, 3999
 RADE, *s.* fear, 3896
 RADE, *adj.* afraid, 1995, 2881
 RADE, *pret.* of 'ryde'
 RADLY, *adv.* quickly, suddenly, 1529, 3815
 RADNESSE, *s.* fear, 120, 310
 RAGHTE, *pret.* of 'reche'
 RAIKE, *s.* course, road, 1525, 2985
 RAIKE, *v.* 3 *pl.* go, 2352 ; 3 *s.* 1762 ; *pret.* 3 *pl.* 237 ; *pp.* 3469
 RANEZ, *s. pl.* thickets, 923
 RANKE, RAUNKE, *adj.* rank, strong, brave, 2271, 2240
 RAPLY, *adv.* swiftly, 1763
 RAPPYD, *v. pret.* 3 *s.* smote, 785
 RAREDE, *v. pret.* 3 *s.* roared, 784 1124
 RASCHES, *v.* 3 *pl.* rush, 2107
 RASKAILLE, *s.* rabble, 2881
 RATHE, *adj.* swift, 2550
 RATHE, RAYTHELY, *adv.* speedily, quickly, 237, 2880
 RAUGHTE. See RECHE
 RAUNSAKE, *v.* search thoroughly, 4304 ; 3 *s.* 3939 ; 3 *pl.* 1884 ; *imperat.* 2 *pl.* investigate, 3228
 RAUNSONE, *s.* ransom, 1528
 RAUNSON, *v.* ransom, exact payment from, 466, 1276, 3275 ; *pret.* 3 *s.* 329 ; 3 *pl.* 293 ; *p.p.* 100, 2667
 RAWE, *s.* rowe ; ON RAWE, one after the other, in order, 238, 2179
 RAWMPYDE, *v. pret.* 3 *s.* ramped, 794
 RAWNDOUNE, *s.* force, vehemence ; A RAWNDOUNE, *adv.* vehemently, 2985
 RAYLIDE, *p.p.* covered, 3263
 RAYMEDE, *p.p.* taken the rule, 100
 REALE, REALL, RIALL, RYEALL, *adj.* royal, kingly, noble, 524, 179, 1993, 2138, 17 ; *superl.* 175
 REALTEE, RYALLTE, *s.* royalty, 228, 512 ; *pl.* 1605
 REBAWDE, *s.* ribald, rascal, 1333 ; *pl.* 1416
 REBAWDONS, *adj.* ribald, 456
 RECHE, *v.* reach, take ; draw ; 3 *s.* 111, 792 ; *pret.* 3 *s.* RAGHTE, RAUGHTE, 2766, 3352, 3546 ; RECHEDE, 3350 ; *p.p.* RAGHTE, RECHIDE, 2666, 1043
 RECHED, *s.* (?) richness, poss. miswritten for 'reches,' costly things, 3263
 RECHES, *s.* riches, 2667, 3571
 REDDOUR, *s.* strictness, 1456
 REDDOUR, *s.* fear, 109, 485, 1418
 REDE, RED, *v.* advise ; discern ; interpret, 1 *s.* 550 ; 2 *pl.* 2369 ; *imperat.* 2 *pl.* 3228 ; *p.p.* 2921
 REDEN. See RYDE

- REFE**, *v.* take away, plunder, bereave; *prct.* 3 s. 959; **REFTE**, 1575; 3 *pl.* 295; *p.p.* **REFEDE**, **REFT**, **REWEDE**, 1820, 1206, 3315
REGALE, *s.* regalia, 4207
REGHTTES, *v.* 3 s. rights, put to rights, 3815; 3 *pl.* 1454, **RYGHTTEN**, 3618
REHERSEN, *v.* relate, tell, 3229, 3452; 3 s. 3206; *p.p.* 1666
REHETES, *v.* 3 s. encouragements, cheers, 411, 3198; *prct.* 3 s. 221
REKE, *s.* smoke, 1041
REKENESTE, *adj.* quickest, readiest, 4081
REKKE, *v.* reck, care, 1 s. 378; 1 *pl.* 2040; 3 s. 995; *prct.* **ROUGHTE**, 3274
RELAYES, *v.* 3 *pl.* pause, 1529
RELEUIS, *v.* 3 *pl.* reassemble, collect, 2278; *prct.* 3 *pl.* 2234; *p.p.* rallied, 1207
RELIGEOUS, *adj.* used substantively, members of religious orders, 3539, 4334
RELYES, *v.* 3 *pl.* rally, assemble, 1882, 429; *prct.* 3 s. rejoined, 1391
RELYS, *v.* 3 s. reels, 2794
REMMES, *s. pl.* See **REWME**
REMMES, **REMYs**, *v.* 3 s. cries aloud, 2197, 4155; *prct.* 3 s. 3894
RENAVÉDE, *adj.* renegade, 2913, 3892
RENGNEDE, *v. prct.* 3 s. reigned, 3272
RENKE, **RENKKE**, **RENNKKE**, *s.* man, 1057; *pl.* 1206, 1882, 1994, 2135
RENNKES, *s. pl.* rows, alleys, 391
RENNEN, *v.* 3 *pl.* run, 200
REPENDÉZ, *v.* 3 *pl.* (?) rear (?) 2107
REQUIT, *p.p.* made good, 1680
RERE, *v.* 3 *pl.* move, 2810
REREAGE, *s.* arrears, 1680
REREBRACE, *s.* armour covering the arm from the shoulder to the elbow, 2566
RERERYS, *v. s.* raises, 4249; *p.p.* 4280
REREWARDE, *s.* rearguard, 1430, 1762
RESAYWE, *v.* receive, 3587
RESON, *s.* motto, 2921
RETENEWYS, **RETENUZ**, *s. pl.* retainers, suite, 1334, 3572
RETOURNES, *v.* 3 *pl.* turn back, 1395
REUAYE, **RYVAYE**, *v.* hunt or hawk by a river-bank, 3275, 3999
REUERSSEDE, *v. prct.* 3 s. turned down, 2070; *p.p.* bound, bordered, 3255
REUERTEDE, *v. prct.* 3 s. changed the direction of, 2918
REUESTE, *p.p.* robed, 4334
REWDLY. See **RUYDLY**
REWE, *v.* cause regret; have pity, 1678; *imperat.* 2 s. 866; 3 s. repents, 3272
REWEDE. See **REFE**
REWGHE, *s.* sorrow, 3859
REWME, *s.* realm, 509, 637; *pl.* 52, 837; **REMMES**, 49
REWTHE, *s.* pity, sorrow, compassion, 888, 2241
REWTHE, *adj.* cruel, causing ruth, 3453, 3560
RIATOURLS, *s. pl.* ravagers, 2034
RICHE, **RECHE**, *adj.* mighty, ruling, noble, 238, 361, 1732, 3989; *superl.* 147, 865
RICHELY, *adv.* sumptuously, 173
RIGGE, *s.* back, 800
RIOT, **RYOTT**, *v.* ravage, riot, 456, 341, 923; (with the reflexive pron.) revel, indulge in feasting, 3 s. 619, 3172

- RIOTE, RYOTTE, *s.* riot, license, 294, 412; *pl.* 388, 3893
- RISTE, RYSTE, *adj.* covered with trappings; ready, 1428, 2235
- RITTEZ, *v.* 3 *s.* and *pl.* tear, rend, 2138, 3753, 3824
- ROCHELL, *s.* a kind of wine, 203
- ROG, *s.* rocking wheel, 3272
- ROGGEDE, *v. prct.* 3 *s.* shook, 784
- ROLLEDE, *p.p.* enrolled, 2641
- ROMEDE, ROMYEDE, *v. prct.* 3 *s.* roared, 784, 1124; ROMYEZ, *indic.* 3 *s.* 888
- RONNEN. *See* RYNE
- ROO, *s.* wheel, 3362, 3374
- ROO, *s.* quiet, rest, 1751, 3272
- ROO, *s.* roe, 922, 4000
- ROSELDE, ROSSELDE, *adj.* (?) "brandished, shaken; *cf.* Sw. ruskla; E. rustle" (Brock), 2880, 2793
- ROSERS, *s. pl.* rose-gardens, 923
- ROSSE, *s.* rose, 3457
- ROSSETE, *adj.* russet, any tone between reddish-brown and gray, 237
- ROWELL, *s.* wheel, 3262
- ROWM, ROWME, ROWMME, *adj.* roomy, wide, spacious, 1454, 391, 3470
- ROWTE, *v.* snore, sleep, 108
- ROWTE, ROWTTE, *s.* troop, band, company, 3274, 1704, 719
- ROWTTE, *s.* route, way, 379
- ROY, ROYE, *s.* king, 411, 3173, 3200
- RUSCHE, *v.* rush; fall violently; throw down violently, 1339, 2880; 3 *s.* 2241, 392, RUYSCHES, 2983; 3 *pl.* 2550, RUYSSCHES, 2913; *prct.* 3 *s.* 2792; 3 *pl.* 120
- RUSCLEDE, *adj.* (?), 1096. *Cf.* "Wars of Alexander," ed. Skeat, l. 4126, resild
- RUYD, *adj.* rude, 1096, 1057
- RUYDLY, RUYDLYCHE, REWDLY, *adj.* rudely, 794, 1877, 2810
- RYALL. *See* REALE
- RYDDE, *adj.* fierce, rough, 4117. *See* Jamieson, Rid
- RYDE, *v.* ride, 1876; 3 *s.* RYDDIS, 3540; 3 *pl.* RYDEN, 2809; *prct.* RADE, RODE, ROODE, 2849, 1953; *prct.* 3 *pl.* REDEN, 488; *p.p.* 52, 100
- RYFE, RYWE, *v.* split, cleave asunder, 362, 2439; 3 *s.* 1474, 3824; 3 *pl.* RYFFEZ, 2913
- RYGHTE, *v. imper.* 2 *s.* decide, 458
- RYNDES, *s. pl.* trees, 921, 3363
- RYNE, *v.* run, 109; 3 *s.* 31, 540; *prct.* 3 *s.* RANE, 1526, RYN- NYDE, 920; *prct.* 3 *pl.* RON- NEN, 922; *ppl.* 392
- RYNSEDE, *p.p.* rinsed, 3375
- RYPE(up), *v.* tear asunder; search for, 1867; 3 *s.* 3940
- RYSSES, *v.* 3 *s.* rises, 3660
- RYUES, *s. pl.* (?) probably some kind of weapon, 1764
- RYUE, *v.* arrive, land, 3896
- SA, *adv.* so, 3796
- SADDE, *adj.* sated, 847
- SADLYE, SADDLYE, *adv.* seriously, earnestly, 331, 4089
- SAGGE, *adv.* sage, 814
- SAGHETYLL, *v.* become reconciled, 330
- SAKLES, SAKELLES, *adj.* guiltless, 3986, 3399
- SALF, *s.* hall, 91, 1296
- SALL, *v.* shall, 1, 2, 3, *s.* 16, 105, 111, 300
- SALUE, *v.* salute, 3 *s.* SALUZ, 87, *prct.* 3 *s.* SALUZED, 82
- SALUE, *v.* salve, deal, 932; *p.p.* 2907
- SALUEZ, *s. pl.* salves, 2691

- SANDES, *s.* messenger, 513
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- SKATHE, SCHATHE, *s.* harm, injury, 1643, 1841
- SKATHLYE, *adj.* harmful, 1562
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- SLOPE, *s.* gap between the hills, 2977
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- SONDIRE, SONDRE, *adv.* IN SONDIRE, asunder, 2182, 1123, 362

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